PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FO'

AUGUST 1975 $1.25

EXCLUSIVE:
THE CIA'S MURDER BY PROXY: HAVE GUNS, WILL TRAVEL
BY TAD SZULC

THE OSWALD–FBI COVER-UP
BY GEORGE O'TOOLE

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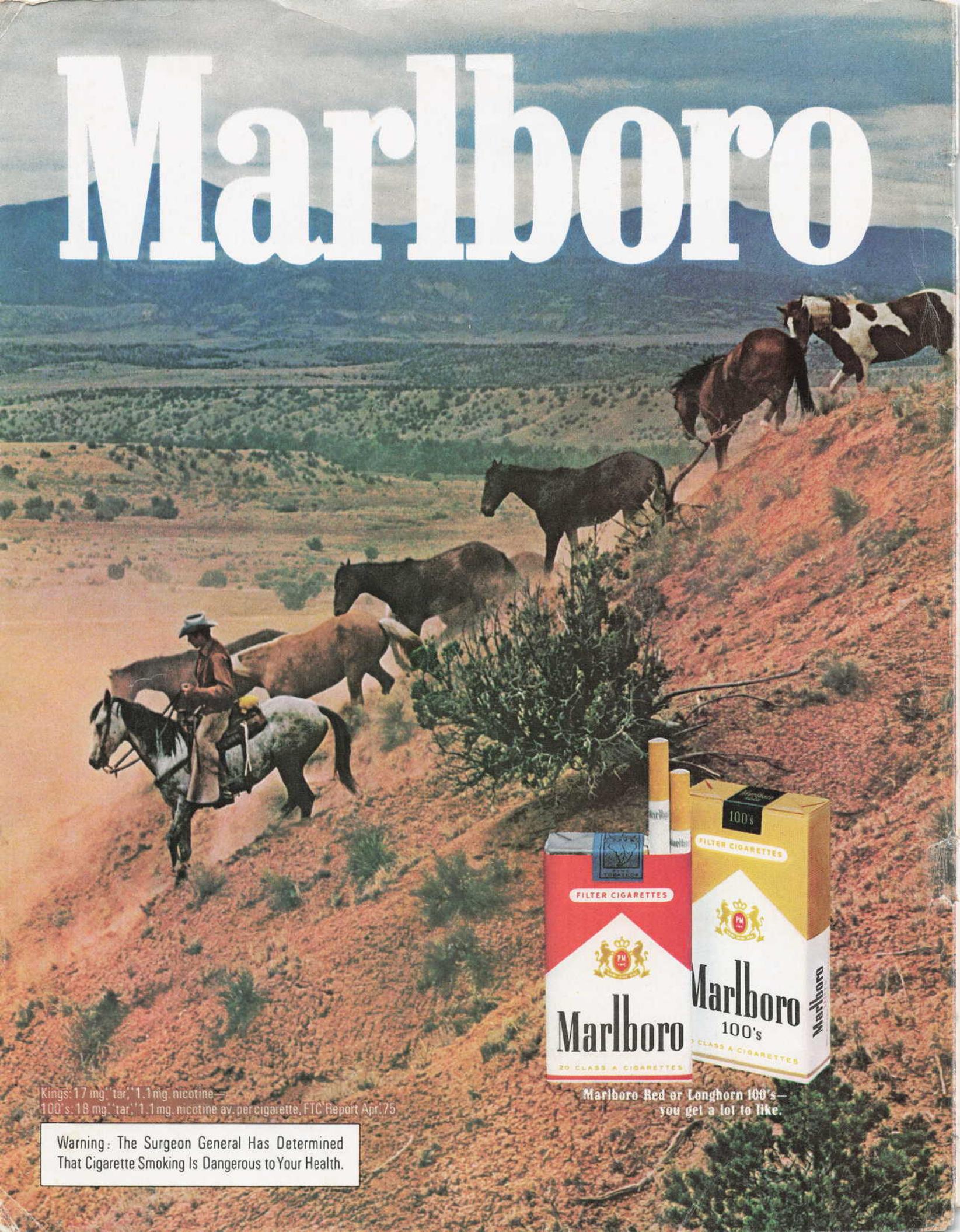

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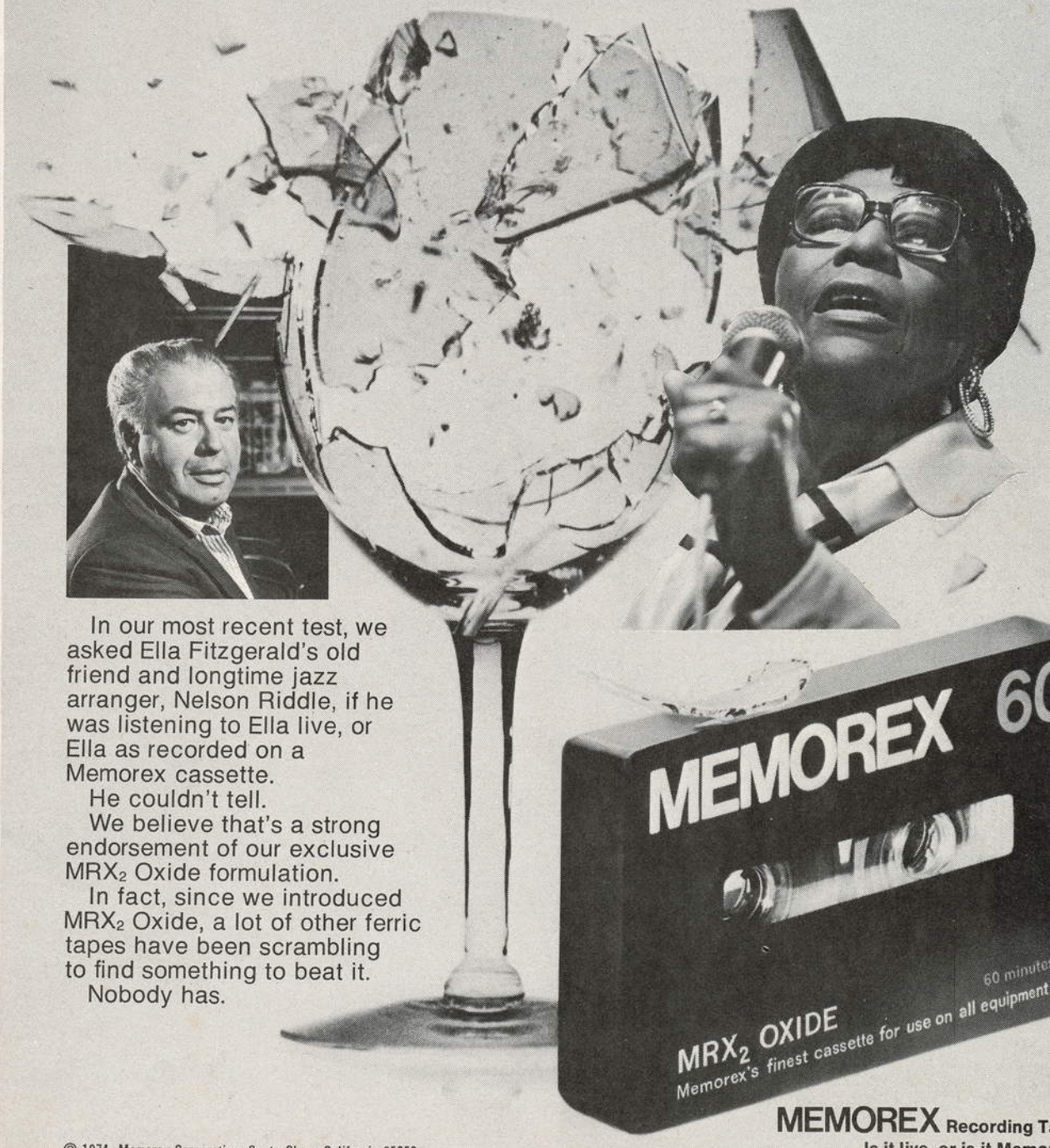

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PENTHOUSE

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HOUSECALL

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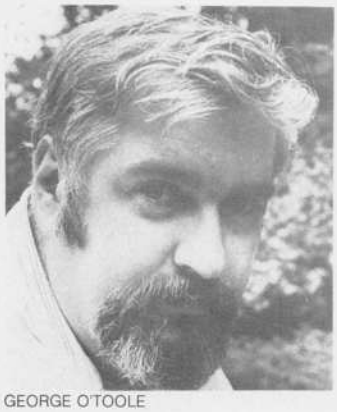
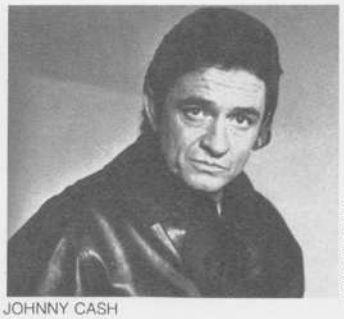

GEORGE O'TOOLE


Ratanne Rubenstein
JOHNNY CASH

TAD SZULC

Gary Witt
JOHN FERGUS RYAN

However repulsive the idea of political assassination is to Americans, we've all been dimly aware that there has been more to the violent deaths of certain foreign leaders over the past two decades than has met the eye. And although it comes as no great shock to read of Soviet or Nazi attempts to murder foreign heads of state, when we are confronted with the evidence of our own involvement in such plots, it's time for us to sit up and take note. That's exactly what **Tad Szulc** has done in *Murder by Proxy*, the fourth in our ongoing series of articles on the CIA and the rest of the U.S. intelligence community. Investigative reporter Szulc reveals that while it is probably true that no *American* CIA official actually pulled the trigger, the agency probably provided the weapon. And such knowledge seems to be widespread among our friends and enemies alike. "Curiously," says Szulc, "it never occurs to the CIA people that the national interest is not necessarily served by secret interventions. More often than not, these violations of the sovereignty of other countries tend to boomerang on us. As a result, the CIA now finds itself in the predicament of being accused of every mischief in the world, real or imagined, guilty or not. The disgrace acquired from the CIA's foreign involvement far outweighs the political advantage." Concludes Szulc: "What we need is a CIA that concerns itself solely with the gathering and interpretation of intelligence."

Just so, and as any reporter knows, sifting fact from fiction is a full-time task requiring much judicious application. How the misinterpretation of intelligence—or the misuse of it—can confound the relevant issues is amply illustrated in **George O'Toole**'s article, *The Oswald–FBI Cover-Up*, an excerpt form his best-selling book *The Assassination Tapes* recently published by Penthouse Press. In a top secret report to the Warren Commission investigating the circumstances surrounding the death of President Kennedy, it is revealed that Lee Harvey Oswald may have been recruited by the FBI in September 1972 to work as an undercover agent. The implications of this intelligence are bizarre—yet so powerful was J. Edgar Hoover, says O'Toole, that rather than risk his wrath the Commission took whatever interpretation of the events the FBI wanted to give it. The FBI, after all, was the only investigative arm of the Commission. If those fateful moments at the Texas Book Depository are reconsidered from the standpoint that Oswald was probably a dupe and an informer, then subsequent developments take on a different tone.

Now tone is what it's all about for balladeer **Johnny Cash**, the uncrowned King of Country Music. It's the mood he sets when he walks onto a stage and raps with his audience. It's the high he achieves when he opens up "Folsom Prison Blues." In an exclusive *Penthouse* interview conducted by author-journalist **Larry Linderman**, Cash reveals some of the inner drive that led him from the cotton fields of Arkansas to the solid gold success of the record charts. "Cash looks raw, speaks plain, and is surprisingly gentle—all qualities he manages to project onstage," says Larry. "He's paid all the dues. He was strung out on amphetamines, did time on pill busts, and damn near killed himself several times over in dozens of road accidents." Who got the monkey off his back? "God," says Cash, simply. "I don't *play* church. The spiritual strength I have is real . . . it's a personal strength I draw on."

For some men, inner strength may mean the difference between life and death. Take the case of **Ed Downing**, of Oil City, Pa. Just how the army bureaucrats battered him around from Georgia to Germany—with a stopover in Vietnam long enough for Ed to earn three Purple Hearts, the Bronze Star, and the Silver Star—is detailed by *Penthouse* staffer **Judith Jobin** in *The Destruction of a Human Being*. It reads like a Three Stooges movie script, but it moves the reader more to anger than laughter. It's a tribute to American grass-roots guts that Downing survived.

A happier learning experience—by far—is presented in *The Education of Litmus Grogan*, our fiction offering, by regular *Penthouse* contributor **John Fergus Ryan**. Ole Litmus may have already had a few hard bangs out of life back in Vile Hickory, Tennessee, but he's due for some more by the time he gets to Memphis. Arriving with five dollars in coins (shaken loose from his piggy bank), Litmus soon finds both love and rejection at a local den of iniquity known as Claude's Tabernacle—where the elite meet to beat. A duly beaten Litmus—flags flying—readily succumbs to the charms of Miss Billie Flodene Bitch, only to be snatched away from that horn of plenty by Bertha Jo Buttschmoocher, a waitress who gets tired of waiting. Will Litmus pass the test? Tune in to Ryan and turn on your Bunsen burner.

Moving on from the Litmus Papers to other capers, we commend to your attention the report by sexologist **Rhea Philip** on *Trisexuality*—this being the maximum physical integration between three people of mixed gender or otherwise. "Trisexuality sees people as fashion," says Miss Philip bluntly. "You treat your lovers like suits. You pick them out, wear them until they look dated, and then throw them away." But between the fucking and the chucking are countless permutations known heretofore only to Eros and Masters & Johnson, and the young ladies who open our Forum mail.

It's enough to set the cerebrum racing, this seemingly incompatible spectrum-jumping from J. Edgar to a fictive degenerate you could take home to mother (but not leave alone in the same room with her). Add to the mix a dash of **Xaviera**, a flash of fashion, and *Penthouse* pictorials that give pause—and you wind up with something cool to swing with on a summer evening. Right?

"If you want to give a flying fish some competition ...try Hydrofoil Skiing in Corfu."

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"Carol, who'd been looking like an airborne water nymph, lost her balance first. I took the plunge shortly after. But we both agreed that, with practice, no hydrofoil could foil us.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Kanoni Cafe in Corfu." Wherever you go, people with taste agree C.C. is the only Canadian. For them, it has a unique smoothness, mellowness and lightness no other Canadian whisky can match. For 116 years, it's been in a class by itself. "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Time for tea

I would like to share a recent experience with tea loving *Penthouse* readers all over the world. Being of British descent, I naturally have a strong liking for tea, but never before have I had it as good as this.

With my naked wife lying spreadeagle on the kitchen table, I proceeded to place a fresh tea bag in her moist pussy. After letting the juices brew for about fifteen minutes, I removed the tea bag and began licking and sucking to a flavor I had never before known in a woman. This delicious pink entrée is definitely my cup of tea.—*R.D., Hyde Park, N.Y.*

Real relief

Before dating my present girl friend, I had continuous, severe sore throats. The doctors could not find a medical reason for my ailment, but since I have been engaging in oral sex (at least three times a week) my sore throats have disappeared.

While on a business trip for three weeks, my sore throats reappeared, but as soon as I got back to my lover's vagina, my soreness disappeared. I don't know if pussy juice (in general) has any cure for my sore throat, but my girl friend's juices sure cure all.—*D.H., Tucson, Ariz.*

Beach beauties

I am writing in to express my appreciation (not to mention my delight) after seeing your *On The Beach* pictorial (May 1975). I am pleased that you have decided to publicize that men and women *together* are sexy. Women's magazines have done men-women pictorials, but yours is by far the best.

Geoffrey Rian has captured the sensuousness of skin against skin and the warm glow that allows lovers to abandon themselves to the pleasures of love. He successfully conveys the wide variety of tactile sensations possible in lovemaking with intoxicating fervor. Mr. Rian has created in me an uncontrollable desire to run off to the sea and ravish my husband on a deserted beach.

I would also like to comment on your female pictorials from a woman's point of view. I feel they are far more sensuous and your women far more natural than the ones appearing in other men's magazines. Instead of creating an unreasonable image of women for men to desire, you seem to be showcasing a more real woman (i.e., she has physical flaws and you're not afraid to leave them in the pictures). So keep up the good work and *more more* pictorials!—*Carol Caird, address withheld*

Total seduction

I couldn't agree more with the woman who wrote *Come off it* in the May Forum. I have had a lot of men who tried to prove their manhood (to themselves, I think) by knocking the hell out of me for hours at a time. By the time they came, I was too tired and too sore to feel anything, but I was grateful to have them off me.

I have met this man who can come in ten minutes and sometimes sooner—sometimes as soon as he enters me. And I love it! He is very passionate and takes his time in arousing me. He makes love to my body *and* my mind. I climax like I never have before.

I don't think he climaxes early because he can't help himself, but from the passionate feelings he has inside himself. It's not just an ego trip for him, and he doesn't jump off as soon as it's over. He lies there inside me relaxing—still playing and moving, which brings me to another climax. And I think that I like the look on his face afterwards the most.

Yes, I couldn't agree with you more. Who wants a man who can hump all night?—*Name withheld, Manville, N.J.*

Pump it to me?

A friend of mine and our girl friends spend a lot of time thinking up sex stunts. You may like to hear about one of our most interesting ones.

We got hold of an old bicycle pump—the kind you work by hand—and securely attached a condom to the hose (one of those long toy rubber balloons will do). We lubricated my girl friend's cunt with Vaseline and pushed the condom inside. Then we started pumping air.

The girls say it is a terrific thrill. We've also taken turns sticking it up our asses. When they did it to me, I had an almost immediate orgasm. I guess it is something like having the prostate massaged, which I'm told causes an involuntary orgasm. I hope others will have as much fun with this stunt as we've had.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

Marine maneuvers

When my wife is out of town, I smear my vital parts with the oil from tuna fish cans, lower them into the goldfish bowl, and the effect upon the fish is simply a wonder to see. They almost drive me wild with their excited nibbling. I hope other readers will try my methods for a more bubbly sex life.—*A.B., New Haven, Conn.*

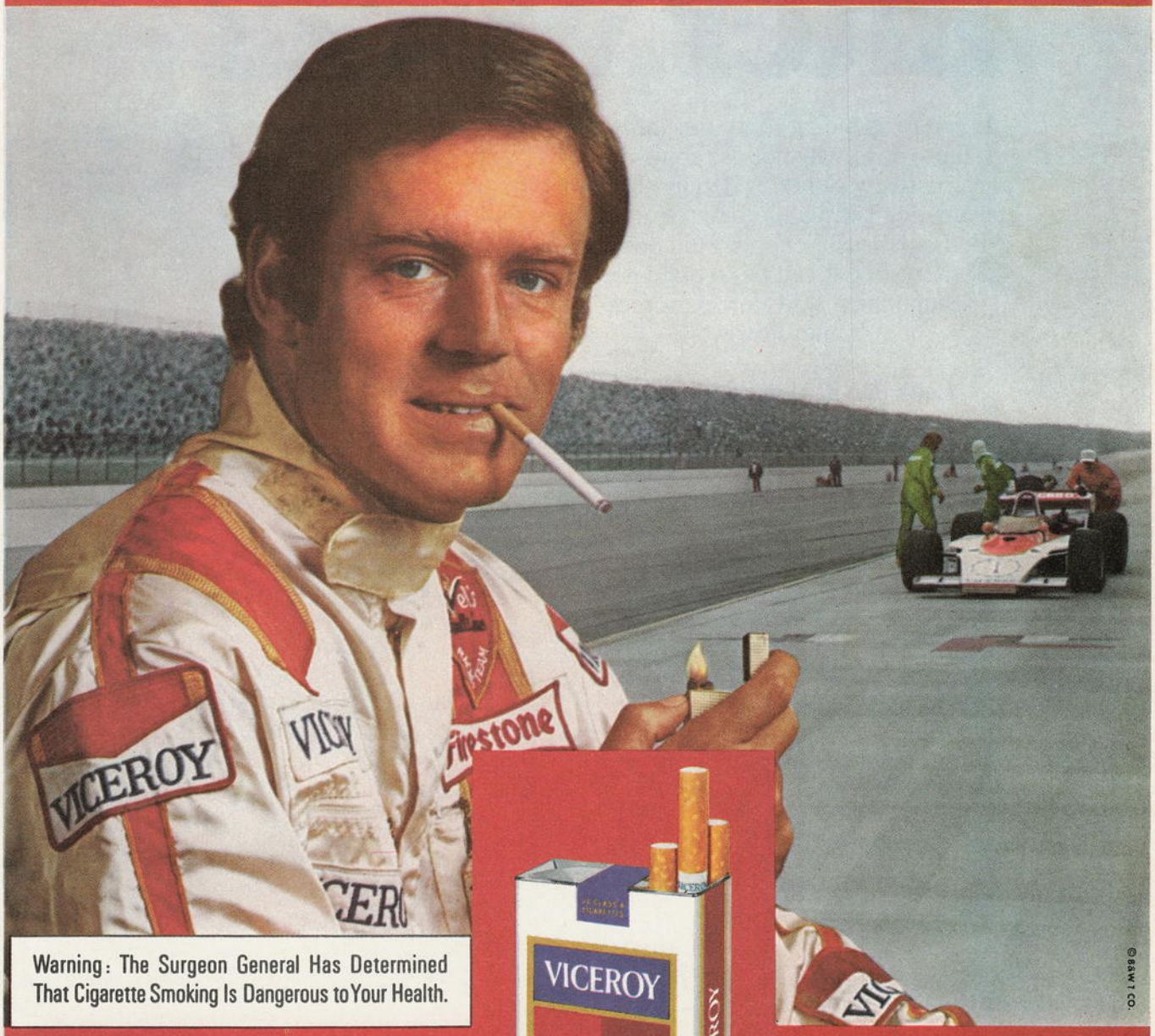
Right on all accounts

Being the boss in a large office, I used to resort to self-abuse at my desk in my office while watching the secretaries walking by my door. One day one of my secretaries, Joan, came in and caught me with the goods in hand. Her eyes lit up at the sight of my stiff ten inches. It only took that one glance for her to know exactly what she wanted for she quickly began fondling my equipment. Then she began to moan and before I knew it she was under my desk enveloping my full potential. While she was doing her thing, a business associate came in. It was a little tough keeping my composure, but the sexual excitement I felt carried over into my business, and I signed him to a big contract without him ever knowing my secretary was there. Now, every time I have a tough account to handle I call in my secretary to give me a boost.—*G.L., Troy, Mich.*

Elevator ecstasy

I recently had an experience which may be of interest to others. I am an executive for a firm

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."



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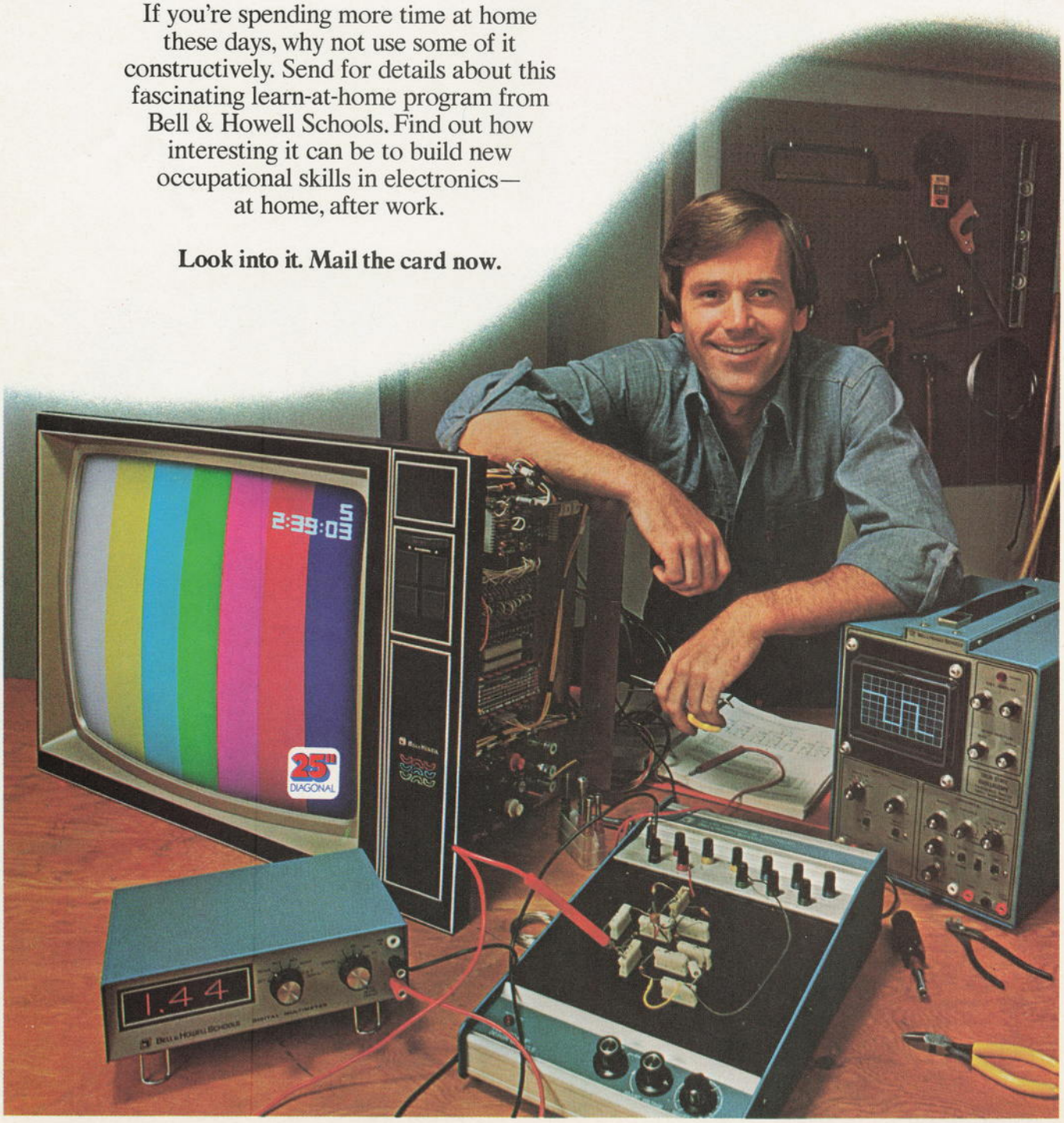
Look into it. Mail the card now.



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Why this program is designed to make learning electronics especially interesting.

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We'd like to think you'll rush home from work each evening—anxious to haul out your course materials and get down to business!

Let's talk about what we do to keep you interested.

For one thing, we don't just send you books.

Oh, books are important. In fact, this program includes a complete set of carefully prepared texts. And there's no way you can get along without them.

But if you decide to spend some of your time learning electronics at home, you're going to get a lot more than books. You're going to take your jacket off, roll up your sleeves and actually get your hands on modern electronic equipment. You're going to explore it... experiment with it... put it together yourself!

If that doesn't *already* sound like something pretty interesting to do after a day at work, take a closer look.

With the very first lesson, you get a Lab Starter Kit to help you grasp the basics.

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Probably that same evening, you'll want

to start working with these components. Following the instruction manuals and course materials—and using the principles you've learned—you'll actually begin to build three modern test instruments. Once assembled, they make up a complete home electronics laboratory you'll use for testing, troubleshooting and circuit analyzing.

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Instead, we've built our cars to deal with the world as it really is.

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The 131 squarely faces the problem of survival. If you've gotten used to trading in your car every 2 or 3 years, the 131 should come as a pleasant surprise.

The engine was tested for over a million miles. The valves last twice as long as ordinary valves. The rings are plated with chromium. They last far longer than ordinary rings.

The Fiat 131 faces the problem of rust. Its entire underbody is sealed against the elements. The exhaust system is made of a special steel, impervious to corrosion. The wheels offer the most advanced protection against rust in the world today.

The 131 faces up to the inevitability of accidents. The passenger compartment has been designed with particular attention to passenger safety. It is protected by steel rings at the floor, waist and roof. The gas tank is tucked away behind the back seat, protected by the wheels and trunk. In a head-on collision, the steering column collapses.

The 131 gives passengers in the front seat more legroom than the $9,000 Chrysler Imperial. Yet it's shorter than a Vega. It deals very nicely with parking and traffic.

Last, the 131 faces the spiraling costs of owning a car. It's designed to be economical not just on gas, but on day-to-day maintenance and repair.

In times like these, isn't the reality car starting to sound more and more like a dream?

*Based on U.S. Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy test results. Overseas delivery and leasing arranged through your dealer.

FIAT

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
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AUGUST

located on the top floor of a tall building and I quite regularly work late. One evening I left the office around 7:00 P.M. and got on an empty elevator which stopped some five floors later. I was joined by two girls in their late twenties who, I assumed, were secretaries for another firm. As usual, there was no conversation while we descended a few floors. Then—quite suddenly—the elevator stopped and we realized it was stuck between floors. I used the elevator phone to summon help and we were told that it would be at least an hour before a mechanic could arrive to get us out. Naturally, with no air stirring, it became warm and one of the girls suggested that we all take off some of our clothes and relax. The other said, "Good idea," but stopped after removing her coat. The other girl and I removed our coats also.

After some time, we became more friendly for now we definitely had something in common. The girls continued to complain about how warm and stuffy it was, so I jokingly suggested that they would be cooler if they removed their sweaters. You can imagine how surprised I was when one said "Okay, why not," and did! She persuaded the other girl to join her, and when I saw two pairs of nicely formed tits beneath their skimpy bras, I began to have an erection. One of the girls, seeing my bulge, unsnapped her bra displaying one of the nicest pair of tits I had ever seen. I noticed that her nipples were glowing cherry red. Both girls began to undress me, rubbing my swollen prick, which by then was free and eager to work. In a minute we were all without clothes—but certainly no cooler. One girl sucked my prick while I fingered the other. I soon came and the girls started working on each other. Somehow, during the nearly two-hour wait I managed to fuck both girls and get blown a second time.

We heard noises indicating that "help" was on the way, so we quickly dressed and looked presentable for our rescuers. At the first floor we shook hands, commented briefly on the experience, and went our separate ways. I have not seen the two girls since, but I often think of the evening, and smile to myself as I take the elevator to and from work.—*Name and address withheld*

The good Samaritan

Last weekend as I was walking in the park, a car pulled up on my right, and the driver asked directions. The driver was a lady I judged to be in her early fifties, and as I leaned on the door to direct her I saw her skirt was about halfway up her thighs. I gave her very detailed and lengthy directions, so I could take a long look.

Encouraged by the fact she had made no move to cover her legs, I asked if anyone had told her lately that she had a beautiful pair of legs. She said, "Not lately enough," and believe it or not, she pulled her dress a couple of inches higher, revealing the tops of her hose and asked me if I really liked them. I assured her I did, and draped my hand on the inside of her left thigh.

As the talk got more personal, I moved my hand the remaining few inches to her crotch to find she was not wearing panties, so with my thumb playing around the clitoris, I "let my fingers do the walking." Soon two of them were inside a generous and receptive vagina which had been pushed forward for easier access.

Believe it or not, in less than five minutes as we talked (though no mention was made of my busy fingers) cars passed and a number of people passed, and I brought her to a good climax.

After taking a minute to gain her composure, she said, "Thank you, you have been a great help to me." She raised a hand showing a wedding band, leaned over and kissed me lightly, and drove away.—*R.G.M., address withheld*

BB relief

I have a very interesting discovery to share with your readers. As an active college student I have found that conventional intercourse with my girl is simply not enough. I have found myself engaging in sexual fantasies during class and unable to rise from my seat at the end of class due to a tremendous hard-on about to explode from my jeans. This is not an infrequent occurrence but a daily plague that happens two, three, four, or five times every day. I am sure my problem is a familiar one to other college studs. But I have invented the ultimate sexual apparatus and I call it the Pumping Portopussy!

Simply fill the reservoir of a rubber with a few oiled BBs, and put it on before leaving for class. While you walk to class, the BBs will slowly move up and down the shaft of your rock hard cock, and before reaching the building I guarantee you will have the most violent, satisfying orgasm of your life. That should last you until class is over—when you can get another shot from your own portable BB gun.—*Name withheld, Chapel Hill, N.C.*

Lotion in motion

The other day I was sitting on the beach watching the ocean. From the top of the path that leads to the beach a girl came slowly walking down the path, carrying a beach bag. She appeared very tan with light blond hair. As she stepped down from a large rock to the sand I saw she was about twenty years old or so, and had on a pair of cutoff jeans and an old faded workshirt with a blue scarf tied around her neck. She walked along the shoreline toward me and stopped occasionally to pick up a rock or shell. I gazed out toward the ocean and watched the sea gulls floating in the kelp.

When I turned again to look at the girl I saw that she had approached closer and was looking up the beach. It was late afternoon and no one else was left on the shore. Soon she started walking closer to me and then she sat down on the sand about twenty feet away. She was a very attractive girl and I could see that she was taking a book from her bag to read. After a short while she unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it off. She was wearing a very tight striped T-shirt, tucked into her pants. She put her book down and stretched her arms out behind her in the sand. The T-shirt was pulled tightly across her tits which stood out very nicely. She stayed this way for a number of minutes then stood up and walked down to the water. As she walked away from me, the cheeks of her ass poked out from beneath her short cutoffs and were quite white compared with her long tanned legs. I sat and watched her as she stood in the water and splashed her feet.

When she turned to come back, I saw that her breasts bounced lightly up and down in her sheer shirt. She walked toward me and stood directly in front of me. She asked if I had any suntan lotion, but I was too amazed to answer for some seconds. The shirt which I had thought was very tight was no more than blue and white striped lines painted around her body. Her nipples poked out hard from beneath the white paint and as she stood over me I could see them getting even stiffer. I said I did have some lotion, and she stooped down beside me and said she had a burn on her back and could I put some lotion on it. I stared incredulously at the provocative striped tits dangling in front of my face and said yes. She turned around and knelt. As I rubbed her back the painted stripes began to come off on my hands. Her back was arched in front of me and as I rubbed in the lotion, I told her she had another burn beginning to show. She said, "Oh please, put lotion on it." I reached around her back and under her soft blond hair, and squeezed both of

"Cigar smokers have a lot of style. I say it's time somebody got it all together for them." John Weitz

I'm John Weitz, the men's fashion designer. I'm a cigar smoker.

When I first got the taste, I don't even remember.

From my sports days, maybe. Racing cars. Sailing boats.

The way cigars *look*, though, is something I really like.

You don't just smoke a cigar, you know. You wear it.

To me, the time was right to get the whole cigar "look" together.

That's what the Tueros people thought, too. And they asked me to do the job.

"We think many men are ready for a really distinctive approach in a trim looking cigar," they said. I agreed.

"Let's tailor the shapes for today, coordinate them with smart looking, no-nonsense packaging and keep the prices sensible," I said.

They agreed. The result is new Capitán cigars.

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The tobacco experts tell me the combination of mild imported filler and rich tasting African Cameroon wrapper is what gives Capitán its distinctive flavor.

As for the Capitán pack and bands, I tried to keep them simple. Smart. Like a personal cigar case.

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*Offer expires December 31, 1975.

No. 7 shown actual size.

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her soft breasts with my oily hands.

She groaned lightly as I started to use gentle milking motions to bulge her breasts out with my palms and rub the lotion all around her stiff nipples. I kept this up for some time while kissing her neck. She suddenly stood up and said she had one last burn and could I cream it. Without an answer she unzipped her cutoffs and kicked them off, exposing a beautiful shaved cunt glistening with suntan oil. She stood over me with her legs partly spread. I reached up and inserted my index finger between her pouting lips, pulling her down to me. I said I would be glad to cream her burn. —*Name withheld, Carmel, Calif.*

Head job

I have read your letters about how some readers get off on hanging their balls in fishbowls, their dicks in vacuum cleaners and blenders, etc. I too have discovered a new form of masturbation.

It started at a party I attended with my girl friend. After imbibing several beers I had to relieve myself. While standing at the toilet a young female suddenly burst in. Her eyes nearly popped out when she viewed my crank. My girl friend has measured it at fourteen inches.

As she was sitting on the toilet aggressively stroking my cock, she made a comment as to how, when seated, my dick would surely be flushed away. We both laughed at the thought, but it took hold in my head.

When she had finished draining herself, I asked her if she would be interested in seeing my penis flushed down the toilet. She laughed—thinking I was joking. However, no sooner had she risen from her throne than I sat down and dangled my cock in the bowl.

The cool water was very nice and refreshing. My crank hung nearly into the pipes. At my command, she flushed the toilet. It is practically impossible to describe the intense pleasure that I experienced. A rush of cold water swirled around my cock and sucked it deep into the plumbing. Fortunately the house had good water pressure, so she flushed again and again. The surge of water tugging on my cock sent me to heights of pleasure that I had never imagined. Soon the feeling was too much and my rod sent forth what seemed like gallons of come.

I have since engaged in this practice on numerous occasions. It's a great prelude to having intense sex with my girl friend, who incidentally gets a charge out of watching me. I heartily recommend this activity to any and all well endowed men. Long live American Standard!—*T.B.R., Tempe, Ariz.*

Rubber release

I was recently turned on to your magazine by a friend and was pleased to see such a high reader interest in masturbation. Since I consider myself a connoisseur of sorts, I thought it might be interesting to relate the most stimulating of my recent experiences.

Last week while enjoying a bath, I became frantically horny, and feeling no urge to endure such feelings, I took immediate recourse. I grabbed my faithful rubber duck and eased it headfirst into my anxious pussy. When I squeezed it, it throbbed deliciously and emitted squeaks startlingly similar to those of my lover during climax. In a matter of seconds, my own shrieks of ecstasy all but drowned out my precious duck. You'd be amazed at how faithfully I've been washing myself in the last week.—*J.C., Redlands, Calif.*

Love thy neighbor

I would like to share an exciting experience that I had a few years ago with my next-door neighbor. When I was sixteen, I always went to my neighbor's house on Sundays to watch my favorite program on their color TV. Their names were Jim and Sue and I was treated like their son.

One night when I went there to watch TV, Sue let me in and we went to the TV room. I asked Sue if she knew when Jim would get home, and she said in seven hours. We were watching TV and Sue asked me if I had ever massaged anyone before. When I told her no, she grabbed my hand and said she'd show me how. We went into the bedroom and she took off her blouse, leaving on her bra, and telling me not to be embarrassed. She lay down on her stomach and instructed me to rub her back. After about a minute she told me to undo her bra. When I'd unsnapped it, she rolled over and threw it on the floor. She begged me to "rub my tits, *please*—please—rub my tits." I rubbed her and my hard-on started to rip a hole through my jeans. Then I looked down and she had taken her pants and panties off already. She dragged my head into her cunt, and yelled that she wanted me to lick her pussy. Then she took my dick between her lips and sucked like it was driving her insane. She only stopped long enough to tell that if I came she would spank me. We kissed, licked, and sucked at each other in the sixty-nine position for at least an hour. Then she rolled me over on my back and sat on me putting my dick into her pussy as she lowered herself on me. She had me reach up and play with the tips of her tits, as she rocked back and forth over me. She asked me to tell her when I was going to come. When I told her, she took me into her mouth and sucked till I was through. It was the most wonderful climax I have ever experienced, and afterwards, whenever Jim worked overtime, Sue always called me to come over. That's what I'd call neighborly love. They moved two years later, but it was wonderful while it lasted.—*Name and address withheld*

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Would a canoe do?

I have been a faithful reader of *Penthouse* magazine for the past year or so. In that time, I feel I have become less inhibited and better educated sexually. I am strictly heterosexual and up until a year ago the only variation from the missionary position I had experienced in my sex life was doing it dog style. After reading Forum, I started to experiment every time I was with a willing woman. I fucked sitting, standing, sideways, in the kitchen, on the roof of my apartment, in the tub, in a cave, and in a few other places and positions. However, one particular occasion stands out in my mind, and I would like to relate it to Forum faithfuls.

In the spring of 1974, my best friend and I planned a float trip on the Current River and arranged to take our girl friends. The girl I was dating at that time was in nursing school and was well versed in human anatomy. I nicknamed her Doc and we were quite a team in the sack, wherever it was. John and I picked up his date and Doc on Friday evening, and started the one-hundred-and-thirty-mile trip from Columbia to the Current River. We drank and smoked the whole trip, and by the time we got there, I was too tired to do anything but set up the tent and crash. The next day dawned crisp and clear and I woke up with a boner a cat couldn't scratch down. I rolled over expecting to find Doc in the sleeping bag next to mine. To my disappointment she was already up. After we ate and broke camp, we packed the canoes and started on our trip downstream.

Soon after we were on the water Doc and I slowed down and let John and his date move far ahead of us. When they were out of sight, I began to study Doc's well endowed physique. She was wearing a haltertop and it was barely able to contain her massive chest. I was getting aroused just looking at her and the thought occurred to me I had never fucked in a canoe! The thought drove me wild! If there was a way to do it, I knew I would find it. I waited until we hit a long stretch of slow moving water, then I called Doc's name seductively, and when she turned, I grinned impishly, pointing to my crotch. She knew immediately what I had in mind and she returned my grin while she removed her haltertop. The sight of her tits set me on fire! I quickly stripped, and started working my way forward towards her. In the meantime, she had shed her jeans and bikini briefs and started back to meet me in the center of the canoe. I leaned back on the camping gear and hung my legs over the side of the canoe while Doc eased herself on top of me. She grabbed my throbbing cock and slid it into her hot, wet pussy. Gingerly she started moving back and forth on me. The gentle rocking of the canoe, along with the realization of where we were made me ready to explode inside her, but I was unwilling to let such a beautiful experience pass so quickly. Somehow I told Doc to stop and get off. Sitting up I noticed the canoe had turned sideways and was heading for a sandbar. I quickly straightened it out and then proceeded to use the handle of my paddle as a dildo on Doc. Of course, it was too wide to push in her, but I banged the hell out of her clit with it. Doc climaxed with a groan and was wanting more of the paddle, but I needed some action, too.

She was lying on the camping gear now and I was at the bow of the canoe. I had her slowly roll over on her stomach with the front of her pelvis lying on the edge of a sleeping bag. She positioned perfectly for a dog style fucking, so I gave it to her. In about five minutes I shot my wad and Doc climaxed almost simultaneously. Without a doubt, it was the greatest fuck I have ever had. We had drifted onto the bank in the meantime, so we beached the canoe and washed off. After lying on the bank and drying in the sun we dressed and hurried to catch up with the others. A word of caution to inexperienced canoeists. Don't try this unless you like fucking underwater.—*Name withheld, Columbia, Mo.*

Wheeling and dealing

I got a big charge out of Rose Ann Bergen's *Sex On Wheels* in your April issue. I've hacked in Denver for nearly ten years, and a smart cabby like a sharp bellboy can make a fast buck if he knows his way around.

I supplement my income with an understanding wife who likes the sexual freedom that goes with our arrangement. I've had fares (male and female) who've asked if I could fix them up with some woman. I make for the first public telephone, call my wife, and say, "I got a guy with hot pants . . . sober . . . and I've already quoted him twenty bucks," or, if it's a doll, I'll ascertain whether she wants to eat it or be eaten, and this information I pass along on the telephone. My wife enjoys it either way, and depending on what she thinks of them after they get into bed, I sometimes get home after work and find them still there. Like a couple of weeks ago, when I got home in the morning my wife was asleep with a cute broad. I showered and shaved and climbed in between them; ate them both, fucked them both, and later got a blow job from this cute broad. There was a twenty on the dresser, and before she left she added another twenty to the first one!

Sometimes I take as many as three or four guys to my house during the night. They get screwed or blown, or both, and they're on their way by the time I call again. And guys looking for a quick blow job get it from me in the backseat on a side street with the meter running.

It's surprising how many women will proposition you. Nine out of ten times they've got a place, so all you have to do is follow them when you say you'll do whatever it is they want. It's no stand-up quickie with their skirts raised either; they strip and want you to do the same. I've got a zipper case in the cab with prophylactics, mouthwash, a bottle of bourbon and a bottle of scotch, for late night sex, when everything is closed.

Business is good and you can bet I'm making money.—*E.D., Denver, Colo.*

Female forum . . .

Unlike Mrs. 38C-26-36 in the May issue, who calls other people sick for their pleasures—while stuffing any unidentified cock into her mouth—we are *not* writing to put anyone down, but to try to get some people up.

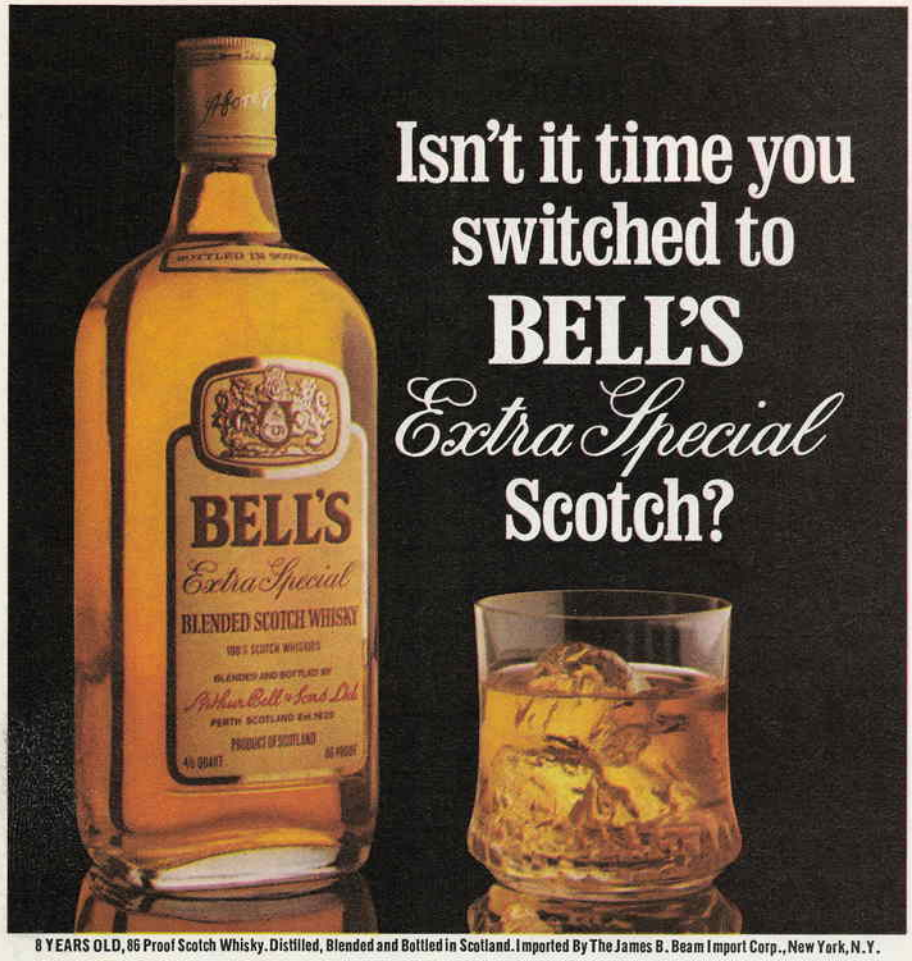
We are five women who, contrary to women's lib, love being sex objects. We love our husbands and we love their cocks. We have given up soap operas for porno flicks; *Good Housekeeping* for *Penthouse* and *The Story of O*; and bridge and tea parties for "comparison coffees." Comparison coffees are get-togethers with at least the five of us, and occasionally a visitor, at which we discuss several techniques, new ideas, and very rarely, a problem.

The five of us are the very best of friends (as are our men) and we enjoy the power we have over them. We dress in a way that we know will cause at least a tickle between their legs. We never wear bras. Our blouses are as thin and snug as comfort allows, and around spring our miniskirts come out and we put away our panty hose and panties. Our men approve wholeheartedly because they know the cocks we love to love are theirs. We tease and sometimes suck other cocks but only to make their cocks bigger, harder, and ready.

One way that we make football weekends more enjoyable for all is to make a stag party of it. When

Come as you are

Penthouse magazine is a portable party, and you're invited. Partake of fascinating talk and entertaining stories every month; join beautiful women and such good company as Harrison Salisbury, Karl Hess and Tad Szulc. Simply R.S.V.P. by filling out the order form. Return it with your remittance and we'll put you on our guest list for a year. Choose the time, choose the place and don't dress.



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there is a game on TV, we gather at one of our homes, and in alphabetical order beginning with the host, each man picks a score. No one may choose zero. Once the game begins, the hostess is given the list of men's names and the scores chosen, and when—and if—the score equals one of the men's guesses, the hostess performs fellatio on him until the score changes. Halftime means a break for the teams and the hostess. Our game has not increased our knowledge of football, but it has increased our enjoyment of the televised games. The men seldom come, as a tribute to our technique and their self-control, so that when we get home there is some marvelous loving for all.

We mentioned before that we go to porno flicks. We go with our men but we also go in the afternoon while the men are at work. Usually all five of us go, wearing our maxicoats and shoes and nothing else. Once inside the theater we allow our coats to fall open to give the audience a little bonus. Needless to say, we wouldn't dream of doing this except in a porn house where everyone is adult. We have done this on trips with our men too, and we always make a trip or two to the candy counter, or women's room—pulling our coats closed just as we go through the door to the lobby. After one of these sessions, when the men get home, they are in for some spirited loving.

Our men wear their cocks proudly—down one leg of snug pants so that we can always see where they are and give them an occasional affectionate touch or squeeze!

So Mrs. 38C-26-36, take your cock blindfolded and drunk if it gets you off, but don't call other people sick for what they do. We prefer our cocks long, hard, and visible so we can watch it disappear as we feel it on the back of our throats. The liquor of love we suck from our lovers is intoxicating enough for us. We'll take our cocks straight, thank you. What we do, and what you do, hurts no one, so why should we be judged by anyone but ourselves and our God?—*B.M., G.K., S.S., Mrs. T.D., Mrs. K.B., address withheld*

. . . haste is a waste

Every month I read your letters—especially the ones on muff-diving, cunt-licking, going down (or whatever you want to call it), and I just want to set the record straight on what a woman likes and what she doesn't.

I have been eaten by a number of men, and I must say that no two men do it quite alike. Some men just sort of lick around the surface of the cunt, afraid to stick their tongues in. Other men pound their tongues in as though it were a dick, and push it in and out as though they were trying to fuck you with their tongues. I say nay to both these techniques.

The way I like to be eaten is like this: first of all, I like the man to start by kissing me all over and getting me all hot and bothered. Then he has to start touching me all over with his hands (deliberately leaving out the pussy) until I'm squirming all over the bed. When you get into bed with a man and he starts going down on you right away, it's just a lot of wasted effort if you're not already aroused. But when a man goes down on you and you're steaming hot and begging for it, it's just terrific.

I like a man to hold my cunt lips way open and take little licks and nibbles at my clit. It drives me wild. If he just sticks his tongue in without holding my cunt open it sort of dulls the feeling. After he licks my clitoris for a while, then I like him to start sucking on it (but not too hard). And after that, he can do anything he wants, because I will have already come about two or three times. What's extra and superwild is if while he is licking at your clit, he alternately takes little licks at your asshole. It's the best feeling in the world.

And to end this letter I just want to say something to the man who said a woman's cunt smells like fish. I think my cunt has a beautiful smell. I think the worst smelling thing in the world is a man's cock. It's an absolute turn-off to me.—*Judi, New York, N.Y.*

Fondle by phone

For three years I received regular phone calls from an unknown girl, until I moved from Toronto to another city in Canada. I wonder if other readers have had such luck. Let's hear from them.

My caller, who never let me know her number or her name, was superhorny. I named her Claire. If my wife answered the phone, Claire would feign a wrong number. However, I had given Claire a fairly good idea when to call me so I'd be alone in the house. Sometimes she'd call twice a week; sometimes once in six weeks, depending how horny she felt.

Most times she would ask me to undress as she talked to me. She loved to get me to masturbate, naked, before a mirror. She asked me to tell her in detail how I felt and she pleaded for a rubbing, stroking, throbbing progress report. When she sensed I was ready to come, she would order me to stop holding my rod and listen. I then listened to her raunchy words, usually about some favorite fantasy of hers, as she began undressing.

When she was ready, Claire would tell me to resume whacking off, because she too was playing with herself, lying naked on her bed, wet and horny, with her legs wide open. We had many fantastic heavy-breathing, huffing and puffing climaxes by phone over the years. Bless you, Claire, from a grateful middle-aged male.—*Name and address withheld*

Clothes encounters

I have been reading your magazine for only a short time, but I think your readers would be interested in my rather unique experiences.

My parents were separated when I was seven and my mother had to take a full-time job. A few weeks before my fifteenth birthday, I came home from school and noticed some of my mother's clothes on a chair. Out of curiosity and with nothing better to do, I undressed and put on her slip and dress. My whole body tingled and I knew what I would do. I would rush home from school each day, and with great excitement, try on some of her clothes. I even experimented with nail polish, eye shadow, and mascara.

One day while I was fully dressed and made-up, my mother came home unexpectedly and found me. After a moment of shock to her and a great deal of embarrassment to me, she laughed and told me that she had noticed some of her clothes were not in the same place that she had left them. She said she wasn't mad and even jokingly said she had two children, a boy named Mike and a daughter named Micki! Since she did not object, I saw no reason to stop wearing her clothes and I would often meet her at the front door when she came home from work.

I came home from school on my birthday and there were several presents in the living room that read Happy Birthday, Micki! I quickly opened them and was overjoyed. My mother had bought me a wardrobe of my own. I still can remember finding two bras, a package of bikini panties, panty hose, a slip, shoes, a yellow miniskirt with a yellow print blouse, nail polish, and makeup. I put the clothes and makeup on and anxiously awaited my mother's arrival.

As I waited for my mother, my seventeen-year-old cousin Carol called to wish me a happy birth-

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day. We had always been close so I invited her over to visit. She said she would be right over. The look on her face was something to behold when she opened the door and saw me dressed as a girl. We both started to laugh and I told her the whole story, and made her promise to keep it a secret. She said she would, but only if I went out with her for a walk around the block!

Over the next few years, I would often "dress up" and go out with my mother or Carol. I would go out alone shopping sometimes and that is how I met Olivia. She is divorced and in her early thirties. I was in the dressing room of her dress shop one day and she "accidentally" burst in to zip up my dress. When she saw the bulge in my panties, she smiled and said it confirmed her suspicions. She then proceeded to pull down my panties and give me the first blow job I ever received. As a matter of fact, it was also my first sexual experience of any sort. She said that she would tell no one of "our" secret and we began to see each other socially. No one ever realized that Micki and Mike were actually one and the same person.

Since I was out of school and looking for a job, Olivia offered *Micki* a job because her only salesgirl had just quit. I have been working in the dress shop for over a year now, and not once has a customer suspected a thing. Olivia and I are getting along well and are even thinking of marriage. When things are slow in the dress shop, we often go in the back room and either fuck our brains out, or Olivia gives me a head job while I'm conveniently wearing the crotchless panties and panty hose she orders especially for me. She also loves it when I wear the frilly garter belts. But what we prize most is the strap-on dildo that I bought her. I imagine that most of your readers can't imagine the complexities and diversions of my sex life, but one thing for sure—it's never boring!—*Name and address withheld*

Light my fire

Thank you *Penthouse* for telling it like it is. After reading the letter from the New York firefighter, I wish to relate similar experiences and feelings that I have had in my fourteen years on the fire department. I work in a small, conservative southern California city very near Disneyland.

Although I have a fairly normal sex life I must relate to you some of my job-related eroticisms. It started at a large conflagration while I was performing my duties with radio and bullhorn in hand. While I was shouting orders, I became aware of the extremely large erection I was getting. The more orders I gave the more intense my erection grew. Finally as the action subsided, and the fire was almost extinguished, I could stand it no longer. I went to my command vehicle and masturbated. The next day at the fire critique, we played the tape recordings of the fire. Our department tape-records all radio transmissions during large fires. Again my penis became hard and I had to leave the meeting and go masturbate in the chiefs' latrine.

My wife is fully aware that I like to shower wearing my helmet and full turn-out gear. She not only knows this, but participates, as she is a member of the firefighters' wives auxiliary and has her own fire helmet and turn-out gear. A common occurrence is that after showering, we retire to our bedroom that is equipped in the following manner: flashing red lights are positioned on the two nitestands with a single blue flashing light above the bed denoting the command post; around the room at various places are old fire hydrants, fire alarm boxes, and pictures of old fire apparatus. We remove our turn-outs with exception of our helmets and boots. We usually start with oral sex with my wife sucking my penis while my tape recorder plays some of the more eventful conflagrations that I have commanded. Although my wife will not allow me to ejaculate in her mouth, just before I climax I signal her and she pulls down her face shield and I ejaculate on it. Next we usually have a rear entry position with me slipping my feet into her boots.

However, since my promotion to assistant chief I have found the pressures of command diminishing my sexual prowess. Recently while viewing the movie *The Towering Inferno*, I unconsciously unzipped my pants and masturbated until my wife stopped me and asked me why I would resort to this type of action in public. Needless to say, I was embarrassed and speechless.

I also do some actions that I have not told her about. One of them is wearing panty hose under my fire department uniform. While I was working on the line with the men I always had an underlying fear that I would be hurt or injured and taken to a hospital and my perversion exposed. I would have probably lost my job. But now I do not participate in fire fighting activities and this fear is not so great.

One consoling factor in my activities is that the other day while sitting on the stool in the chiefs' latrine, I noticed one of my battalion chiefs in the next stall and although he was trying to conceal it he was wearing black lace panties with the crotch cut out. I was very shocked to see someone with similar interests but also somewhat relieved. I talked to this officer and we shared our experiences as transvestites.

Thanks to *Penthouse* I hope that letters like mine will help others to be more open and honest. Please don't publish my name or address for obvious reasons.—*Name and address withheld*

Games people play

I have finally had an experience which I would like to share with your other readers. This happened to me about two months ago, and I have been thinking about it ever since.

At college I was generally a stud, and by a calculation that I once made, I fucked over thirty different women during the three years that I was at school. Once I dropped out and got married, I screwed only one woman—my wife. This was until that afternoon when I came home early from work, when I thought my wife was still playing bridge with her friends.

I came in without their knowing it, and I stood at the door watching what they were doing. My wife was on the floor on her back with my next-door neighbor's wife lying across her licking fiercely at her cunt. On the couch, the other two bridge players were fondling each other's tits. As I watched this, I could feel my cock getting hard, but I didn't want to interrupt anything so I could keep watching them.

Suddenly one of the women on the couch looked up and saw me. She quickly came over to me and unzipped my pants, releasing my throbbing love muscle. She began to give me a blow job, and we quickly moved over to the couch where I began to finger the other woman. My wife and her friend now noticed what was going on, and I began to lose my hard-on as my wife looked at me. However, she soon solved this problem by coming over and lowering herself onto my sweaty face.

The fourth bridge player came over and began to suck my wife's boobs; her warm pussy was now covering half of my face, and she was having one orgasm after another.

We rolled onto the floor, and knocked over the bridge table. While covered with two decks of cards, we formed a sucking chain. After about three minutes, we all came at once; the lady sucking me got the best mouthful of protein she ever had. Who said you can't play bridge with five people?—*S.L. Dukes, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Candid camera

I am a sixteen-year-old male and I am an avid reader of *Penthouse*. I would like to relate to my fellow readers a story which has happened to me.

Recently I had a friend over to my house. We decided to take a swim in my pool. I excused myself to go to the bathroom. When I went into the house I heard some voices. I quickly ran back outside and told my friend that he had to go because I wasn't allowed to have any friends in the pool without my parents around. When I went inside, I saw it was my mother's friend, who was

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cooking meals for me while my parents were on vacation. I went into the living room and this is when I saw her with some man whom I had never seen before. They were coming into the room and kissing passionately, I hid behind a couch in embarrassment.

They sat down on a couch in front of me. All of a sudden they started making love. He put his hand on her thigh and slowly went up her skirt. He pulled down her panties and I started to get very hot, but held back from even breathing loudly for the fear of getting caught. She then started taking off his pants and revealed a gigantic cock, it must have been ten-inches long. She took off the rest of her clothes and she started blowing him. When he came she swallowed it all except for some that ran down her cheeks. I came at the sight of this. They then started fucking. I thought that this would be my chance to get away. I went upstairs to my room. I got my camera and came back and hid behind the couch. They were still screwing and I took twenty pictures.

After a while she got up and explained that he would have to go because I'd be getting home any minute. They both got dressed and she walked him to the door. I hid the camera under the couch and ran outside. Ten minutes later I came in the house through the front door. I sat down in the kitchen and she served my dinner. While I was eating I told her that I had seen the whole thing and that I had twenty pictures of it. She pleaded with me not to tell anyone. She then offered me fifty dollars for the pictures, I refused and told her she could have the twenty pictures and the negatives for twenty different days of fucking. She turned white at this and said no but I threatened to tell her husband and she finally agreed. I had been dying to get my hands on her ever since she moved to the neighborhood last summer. She was twenty-eight and stacked. I told her that tonight would be the first fuck. She agreed so I began taking off her clothes and she seemed to be enjoying it. I took her up to my parents's room because they have a double bed. I then stripped down and she told me that I had a pretty nice cock for a kid. (My cock is about seven and one-half inches long.) I told her to blow me she didn't even hesitate. She really enjoyed it—almost as much as I did. When I came she swallowed it all and then I licked her cunt dry. We then fucked for about fifteen minutes and my cock wouldn't go limp. She got really turned on. She must have had five orgasms. I could feel her clit quivering. We rested for about five minutes and then she told me that she had to go home because her husband would be getting home any minute.

For that week, and two weeks after that, we fucked every day. I gave her the last picture and told her how much I had enjoyed it.

About two weeks later she came to the door and I told her that my mother wasn't home but she came in anyway. All of a sudden she reached for my cock. We had sex right there on the floor, and we have been having sex for the last three months on the average of three times a week and we both love it.—*Name and address withheld*

Group effort

Shortly after my wife left me, I had a couple of old friends move in with me. They both told me about this "nympho" who lived next door to the two sisters they were dating. I have never come across a nymphomaniac before so it sounded interesting as hell. That night they introduced me to her and the six of us went back to my place. In thirty seconds flat, I was fondling her tits with no argument from her. Before we even finished passing the first joint around we were in the bedroom.

I didn't think much about it when she still wanted to fuck after we finished the third round, but I began to have doubts when she was still ready after the fifth. I'm no super stud, but I usually have no trouble going the distance with a chick. But this chick, she wanted to fuck me to death. I lasted till 4:30 A.M. then had to quit. On my return to the living room I realized my friends had already taken their girls home and returned to my place. So I sent one in as my sub. After an hour and a half he came out and I sent the other in. When he came out two hours later, I went back in. I only lasted another hour. At 9:00 A.M. I decided it was time to take her home. I was so sore I thought there was nothing left, but she seemed none the worse for wear, and was still ready to go back at it. So, if a friend should ever offer to turn you on to a "nympho," decline. It's hell on the ego, it's a waste of time, and murder on the rest of you. —*Name and address withheld*

Two for one

I have just finished perusing several issues of *Penthouse* for the first time, giving special attention to the provocative accounts of sexually liberated people in the Forum. Learning of the wide assortment of experiences was extremely stimulating, and I'm curious to know if any readers have had a similar experience to the one I'm about to describe.

It began innocently enough, as most things do, when I was doing weekly landscaping work for a handsome, young, suburban couple one summer. The woman, I'll call her Judy, was a foxy brunette who generally hung out on her patio sunning her attractive, svelte body in a micro-bikini whenever I did my work in her garden. We often had long discussions about many things, including sex, and we became very friendly. After only a short time we had learned of the adventurous spirit in each other and with each passing week our garden encounters became more and

more intimate, not to mention sexually arousing.

One hot day she invited me into her house for a drink, which was a first. I was going crazy fantasizing about the possibilities. She handed a beer to me and just stood in front of me, smiling wantonly. She noticed me gazing at her beautifully bronzed body and also saw I was slightly uncomfortable. Just then she told me she was turned on to me and could really dig making love to me. She came over slowly and kissed me gently with her soft lips and probing tongue. My discomfort was fast giving way to excitement. I pulled her close to me and she arched her body so her crotch was firmly against my burgeoning erection. I untied the top of her bathing suit and exposed the loveliest, most responsive nipples I've ever felt. I was nibbling at them, putting them between my teeth, and flitting my tongue back and forth across them which drove her wild. She reached down and practically tore my shorts off. She grabbed my cock and began stroking it like it's never been stroked before. Then she got down and began sucking me royally. I couldn't help but explode into her mouth, which turned her on as much as me. She lay down right there on the floor and told me to fuck her while I was still hard. I got on top of her and couldn't believe how wet and warm she was. After what seemed like seconds she reached a tumultuous climax.

While we lay there sated, I expressed some mixed feelings. I told her that I was reluctant to become entangled in an affair. I knew she was happily married. She assured me that theirs was an open relationship and she wouldn't do anything to threaten it. Sure enough, the following week both Judy and her husband were home while I was there. The three of us began talking and soon the encounter between Judy and I came up. After some discussion, the three of us adjourned to the bedroom.

I had been somewhat familiar with group sex but never anything like this before: after engaging in the "conventional" activities of three-way sex common to the sexually free and adventurous, Judy suggested we both make love to her at once.

At this point she was lying in between the two of us. She turned towards me and began sucking on my cock, until it was good and hard. Then she got right on top of me, dabbing the tip of my stiff member in and out of her slit. Finally she let the whole shaft in up to the hilt. While we were fucking, I felt something funny going on and I thought it was Mike's finger joining my cock inside her. He was on top of her behind, supporting his body with his two arms, so I knew it couldn't be his finger. Then Judy let out a huge groan of ecstasy as Mike's penis entered her tunnel of love, rubbing alongside my own. Judy was undulating her hips madly, delirious with the pleasure of having two hard cocks inside her honeypot at the same time. All three of our bodies quivered at the height of excitement towards an incredible three-way orgasm, rocketing and plummeting on the bed, until we collapsed into exhaustion and delirium. We felt so close and so open we began to laugh with pure joy.

I would certainly be interested in knowing if any readers have experienced anything like this. It is surely worth trying, especially with several males around.—*D.S.K., Long Island, N.Y.*

Sex record

Last summer I was forced to accept a low-paying position as a swimming instructor at a boys' camp at a nearby lake. After a short time, acute boredom set in and I began to look around for more stimulating activities. Much to my dismay, a fellow instructor informed me that the nearest town was at least ten miles away, and having no car, an excursion there was out of the question. There were no females working at the camp, and it seemed that the nearest potential lay was way past walking distance.

One evening, I was awakened abruptly by a curious sensation in my genital area. Because of the humidity, I often slept in the raw and I pulled off the covers to see what it was that was arousing me so. To my surprise, my pillow had broken open and the feathers were rubbing against my penis, giving me a full erection. It was then that I realized that this was the answer to my problems. I put my pillow back together as best I could and hopped back in bed, resolving to put my discovery to use the next day. However, after tossing and turning for an hour, I realized I wasn't going to sleep, and I decided to put my idea to use then and there. Looking around the room, I tried to find something that would allow me to utilize my discovery. My eyes came to rest on the stereo on the other side of the room and on the turntable in particular. Out of my bureau, I procured a tube of plastic cement and proceeded to perfect my invention. I put the glue on an old record, and placing it on the turntable, I emptied the contents of the pillow onto the sticky record.

Now my invention was complete and ready for use. I switched on the turntable and put the speed at 16 rpm. Then I eagerly placed my erection into the slowly rotating feathery mass which lay before me. I was astonished at the sensation. I switched the speed to 33 rpms which caused even greater excitement. After a few moments of this, I flicked the lever to 45 and this caused even more unbelievable pleasure! When I switched the speed to the highest point, 78 rpm, I experienced the most electrifying orgasm I've ever had.

Needless to say, after that the summer went by rather quickly, and before I knew it I was back in civilian life. I now have a fairly active sex life but whenever I can't find an outlet for my horniness, I occasionally revert to this reliable standby. For those of you who think that tar and feathering went out with the Civil War, try this revolutionary idea. —*Name and address withheld*

Pretty maids in a row

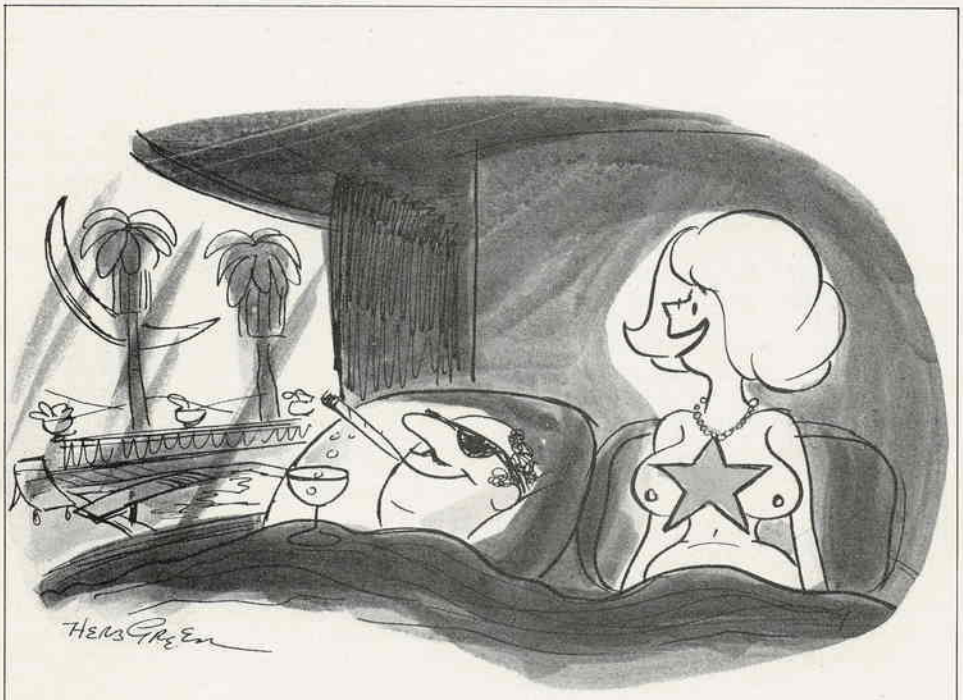
We attend a small university in New York, and we recently had an unusual experience in the dormitory which we would like to share with other readers. One day, two of my roommates and I were sitting in the living room of our suite having breakfast. Since we had just taken showers we were wearing nothing but towels. At this point the maid entered, and began to sweep the floor. She was a middle-aged woman who wore a loose-fitting uniform and spoke with a slight lisp. Embarrassed by my near nakedness, I got up to leave the room. However, as I walked behind the maid, the end of her broomstick caught underneath my towel and pulled it off.

As I gasped in shock, the maid turned to my crotch. As she hungrily gazed at my penis it began to swell with desire. Overcome with lust, she began to lick her lips and she whispered in a husky voice, "I've cleaned many a floor, but now I'm going to clean your pipes." She immediately fell to her knees and enveloped my straining organ with her warm, moist mouth.

My two roommates who were watching in astonishment began to get excited and obviously wanted to get in on the act. As they rose from their seats, their towels dropped to the floor revealing their large erect organs. Slowly we all dropped to the floor, and after removing all the maid's clothes, began to engage in the most amazing sexual experience I have ever encountered in all my years of lovemaking.

While I thrust my throbbing meat into her incredibly large mouth my two roommates entered her vagina and anus respectively. She moaned loudly and nearly bit off the head of my cock. As the four of us were just reaching orgasm, there was a loud knock on the door.

The door burst open and two maids walked in. "Well, it looks like Sarah's up to her old tricks again!" they exclaimed. While we lay naked and helpless on the floor, one of the newcomers began to beat us smartly with a broom, while the other dropped her drawers and began to urinate softly on our genitals. As the broom stung our fannies and the warm yellow fluid dripped on our balls, the three of us shot our loads. The three



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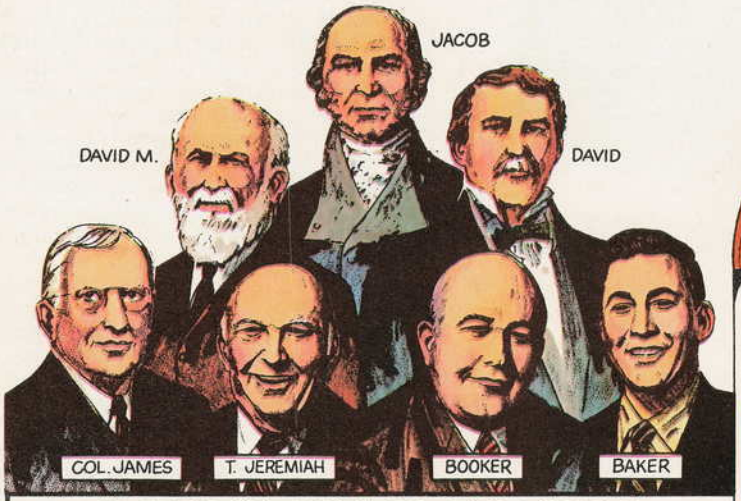

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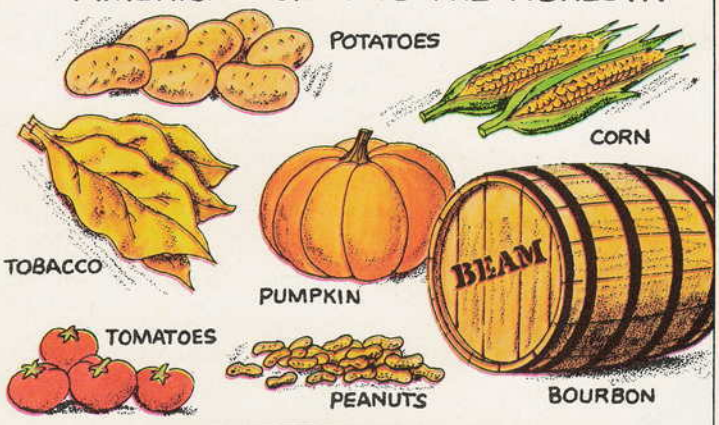

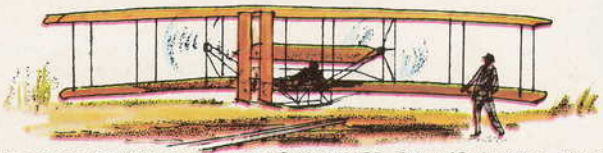

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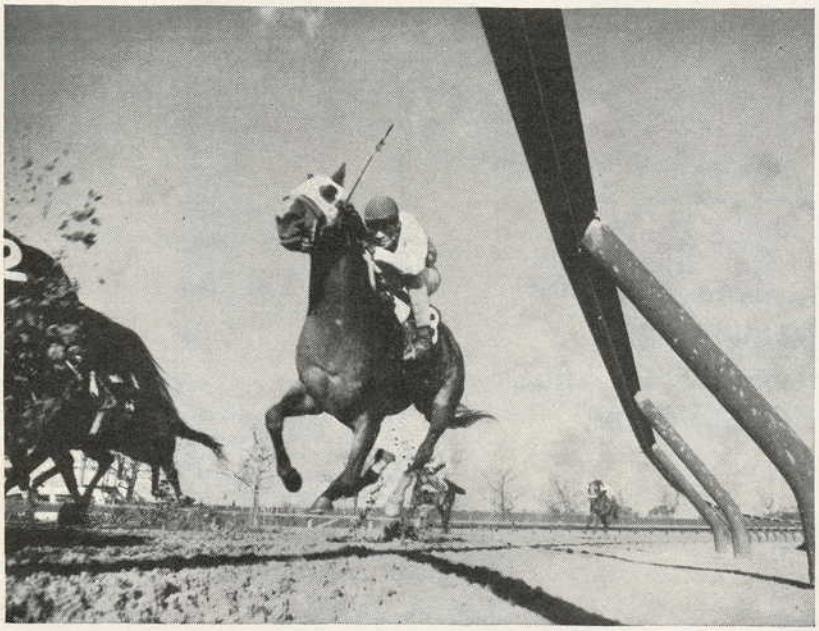

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maids quickly got dressed and left us panting and spent on the floor. We have never seen these maids since!—*Peter, Michael, Mike, Bronx, N.Y.*

Bach to the organ

In my years as a college student, I have never participated in what might be termed "kinky" sex. I'm a music student and play organ at the college chapel. One day, I invited a girl friend to assist me turn pages while I was performing a difficult Bach fugue. We arrived well before the concert in order to practice the spots where she would turn the pages. During this rehearsal, the vibrations from the bass pedals seemed to excite and stimulate her beyond her willpower and at that point, she slid down from the bench onto the organ pedals and began to accompany me on my skin flute.

Luckily, my girl friend was a musician of sorts, and understood the crescendo of the piece and played accordingly. (With Bach, the *stretto* is unmistakable; and along with the increase in volume and tempo within the music, came a corresponding *stretto* in her performance.) By this time, she was humming in harmony and I was punctuating the difficult passages with grunts and groans. Finally, we came to the climax of our respective performances as I modulated to the tonic and she choked with my emotion. My erection subsided as the last chords echoed and faded away in the chapel nave.

Much to my surprise I heard applause. Apparently, a few people had wandered in, attracted by the unorthodox style of my playing. I suppose the grunts and screams which I voiced were considered to be my strenuous attempts to get the sounds I wanted from the organ. Of course, only I knew who the true maestro was, and I applauded privately and sincerely. The only sensation I have ever found to equal that rehearsal was the encore that followed during the actual performance.—*Nicholas, New York, N.Y.*

Frat fun

I am presently a sophomore at Syracuse University living in a small house with fourteen other guys and occasional girl friends. Our house planned a party with a sorority house for one Saturday night, but due to lack of funds and interest we had to cancel it. Saturday night everyone in our house had gone out except myself, Tom, and Eric. We were watching TV when four of the women from the house came over with bottles of wine and a cake they had baked. They suggested we have our own party so we eagerly invited them in to watch TV and drink wine.

We sat around getting drunk and I was staring at the girl across the room from me. My head was feeling too heavy to care if she noticed me. Her name was Beth, and I was staring at her crotch for the longest time getting into the way the seam in her dungarees disappeared up her cunt. We had just had our Easter vacation and all four women had nice rich tans from Florida, where they had gone together. I made a comment about how great Beth's tan was and whether she might have a few patches of white skin hidden somewhere. Tom said he thought Ellen had a better tan than Beth, and in defense Beth lifted her sweater to reveal her gorgeous navel and dark tan.

Ellen was not to be beat, so she unbuttoned her jeans, unzipped her fly, and bared flowery white panties, covering an obviously bushy mound of pubic hair. She lifted her shirt with one hand and pulled down her panties with the other to reveal her white flesh sharply contrasting with her deep brown stomach. I only caught a glimpse of pubic hair, but the thought of seeing the rest excited me to the point where I had to nonchalantly rearrange the position of my erect cock. Cindy claimed that Beth was still darker and Ellen demanded to have

Cindy enter the competition. Almost seeming honored by this demand, Cindy opened her pants and pulled them down below her hips. I couldn't believe my eyes. There were three girls standing in front of me demanding that I look at their cunts. Cindy asked our opinion and when Eric, Tom, and I applauded and whistled Beth pulled down her pants and then her panties. She walked right up to us pulling Ellen and Cindy up too. "Now," she said, "take your time and tell us who wins!" Beth was in front of me with her blond pubic hair almost in my face. We each claimed the girl in front of us to be the winner. "Forget it. You guys are too distracted to make a good decision," Ellen said. We demanded they all take off their pants and panties completely to be judged. They did as we asked.

When we declared it a tie, they demanded that they now judge us on whose penis was nicer—not longer but nicer. Eric and Tom began to take off their pants and Beth came over to me and began to undo my pants. I put my hand into her crotch as she unzipped my dungarees and I felt the warm wetness of her cunt. She removed my pants and underpants and began pulling on my cock as I slid two fingers in and out of her hot wet cunt. She yanked my cock between her legs and as we both kissed passionately she went limp on me, and slid down the length of my body kissing my chest and my stomach and my wet cock as she knelt down and spread herself out on the floor. As I felt myself about to come, I thrust my cock deep into her inviting mouth but she pulled away quickly and clamped her fingers around my cock like a vise. She straddled my face and I pulled her steaming pussy down on my mouth. I darted my tongue in and out of her salty cunt, lapping at the folds of her cunt with my lips. She continued to suck and caress my cock until the sensations and thoughts produced the greatest orgasm I have ever had. She drank my come gladly and pressed her drenched pussy down on my face. I sucked her and licked her insides until she screamed and collapsed on top of me.

She then took some wine from a cup and poured it over her breasts and into her hands. She rubbed her breasts hard and slow. They slid out from under her hands and glistened in the light. She was beautiful. She moved over to me and began rubbing my cock with wine. The sensation felt fantastic and soothing. She started to suck my balls while stroking my limp cock, and her white breasts were lowered into my open mouth. She tasted of wine and my head was spinning as I practically inhaled her tits. My cock was beginning to grow and she lowered her cunt down onto it. Her cunt was wide open and dripping wet. We rolled over and I began slamming my cock up into her tightened and sweaty flesh. It was fantastic!

Eric and Tom seemed to have gotten their share that Saturday night. We invited the women over for another weekend but they weren't making any promises. Whatever, I know that I'm always going to have a bottle of wine handy and compliment lovely women on their deep rich tans.—*Barry, Syracuse, N.Y.*

Up, under, and into

I have been reading with great interest the letters on autofellatio and can understand how a normal male would find the letters unbelievable. I would have dismissed them as coming from men with far-out imaginations if I, myself, were not capable of a similar type of autointercourse.

I can well understand the pleasure one can give oneself with his own lips upon his own penis. Knowing exactly when to lick, suck, or nibble would certainly be extremely enjoyable. Though not capable of such back-breaking gymnastics, I am able to apply pressure upon my erect penis

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with the innermost part of my buttocks. I must explain that while I am able to experience a rock hard erection, I am lacking in the muscles that would cause my erection to stick straight out. Instead, my erection hangs straight down. This has never hindered my sex life, as I am able to point it straight ahead or upwards by hand. By the same method I am able to point it between my buttocks. I should explain that I am not double-jointed, a freak, nor an exhibitionist, and have never mentioned this ability to anyone. I must also explain that my balls must be very loose when I do it because they must part to opposite sides so that my stiff penis can follow the path between them to reach the crease of my ass. Admittedly the angle is wrong, but after much practice, I have been able to get a fairly large portion of the lower two-thirds of the head into my ass.

I know it is a cliché, but all I can say is the sensation is indescribable, as there must be many nerve endings around my asshole. Once I have worked my penis into my ass, I am able to bring myself to a full orgasm without touching my penis. I immediately feel the come around my ass as my penis throbs out of position.

While not as pleasurable as regular intercourse, I must also admit that it is almost a religious experience to literally fuck myself. Now that I have written you about my ability to stick my penis up my own ass, I hope to find that this is a very common ability practiced by others. Humorously speaking, I believe the angle of the dangle must be less than perpendicular, and in direct proportion to the size of the rise and the square of the hair around the hole for the pole.—*Name and address withheld*

Masturbation fascination

My wife and I have been married for four years and usually I'm not too tired to have sex, but one night, not so long ago all I wanted to do was go to sleep. My wife, on the other hand, was very tense, and asked me if I would mind if she brought herself off. I was too tired to care, and said I didn't mind at all.

After a while, I got to thinking about it, and asked her what she was doing to stimulate herself. For an answer she just had me put my hand over hers while she played with herself.

I did and I started to wake up again. Then I asked her if I could watch—she said sure, and I pushed the covers down to the end of the bed and reversed positions.

Just the sight of her hand rubbing in a circular motion around her vaginal lips and clitoris really started to wake me up. Then she started running her other hand across her tits and squeezing them. Then she put both hands to work on her vagina, running one hand up and down the length of it, and with the other she inserted two fingers into her cunt. When she started moving her hips up and down to the rhythm of her stroking hand, my cock got so stiff that I had to finish what she had started.

I've seen movies where women bring themselves off and it was stimulating, but to lie in bed and watch my wife do it was something else! So every once in a while I'll watch her doing it—massaging her vagina, moving her hips and playing with herself, till I finally end up with my penis in hand and we both satisfy ourselves, or finish it together.—*B.F., Colorado*

What turns women on

The erotic qualities of shiny, clinging materials seem to affect women as well as men. A girl I used to date made us a look-alike set of swimsuits from black ciré wet-look material. I had misgivings about wearing my brief trunks in public, because the elastic legs made them puff out like plastic

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baby pants, or very short bloomers. When I finally did wear them to the beach, instead of the smirking glances I expected, I got some very favorable attention from quite a few members of the fair sex. This seemed to be just what my girl wanted. It aroused her, and we went back to her apartment.

A year later, when my seamstress girl friend and I had gone our separate ways, I again wore my "funny" trunks to the beach, and again they drew the attention of the ladies. One girl commented on my "sexy" swimsuit and asked if it was made of rubber. I let her examine it more closely back at her place. She wanted me to keep it on while we balled. (It wasn't easy!) And two days later I scored again, thanks to my slithery trunks.

I have scored five out of the seven times I have worn the trunks. I don't know whether it is the design or the material, or the combination of both, or just coincidence, but something is working in my favor! Perhaps a new female turn-on is just coming to light!—*D. Miller, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Sextistics

After reading the letter in Forum (April issue), *Around the world in eighty lays*, I couldn't help but sit down and send these facts which might be of interest to your readers. Do you know that: the average intercourse or lay requires fifty strokes of six inches each, or three hundred inches a lay?

The average healthy girl can take four lays a week, or twelve inches, or one hundred feet of penis a week, which means she needs 5,280 feet of penis a year. Since a mile is 5,280 feet, most girls get about one mile of penis a year. So girls, if you aren't getting your mile of penis a year, you're getting screwed and don't know it.—*R.B., Fort Worth, Texas*

Vasectomies

Recently you published a letter from a man wishing to notify your readers that the aftereffects of vasectomy could be detrimental. Although all surgery carries some risk, complication rates for vasectomy are very low compared with other contraceptive methods (about 2–4 percent in large U.S. studies). Moreover, most of the complaints are usually short-term and minor.

Vasectomies performed on healthy, psychologically well-adjusted men, do not significantly affect male hormonal balance, sexual desire, capacity for erection, or ejaculation of semen. For the men with serious neuroses or sexual maladjustment, vasectomy may not be advisable. Other situations in which vasectomy may be contraindicated for psychological reasons are: hypochondria in relation to other bodily functions; borderline impotency, homosexuality, doubts about masculinity; a troubled marriage, including incompatibility with wife; disagreement or coercion by spouse; belief by either partner that vasectomy is a temporary measure that can be easily reversed.

In developed countries including the United States, from 44 to 73.1 percent of the men who had vasectomies reported increased enjoyment of sex which they attributed to their newfound freedom from anxiety about their partners becoming pregnant. Further information and referral to doctors for both male and female sterilization is available from the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., 708 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.—*Betty Gonzales, Public Relations Director, Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., New York, N.Y.*

Black on white

I am a young and single black man of above average appearance and affluence. I've read *Penthouse* and *Forum* for years, and *Viva* since its inception. There have been times when I felt prompted to write a letter to *Penthouse* and *Forum*, commenting on one thing or another. For example, there has been a conspicuous absence of pictorials featuring black women in *Penthouse*, and I've wanted to call this to your attention. Additionally, there has been an absence of articles and letters on one of the western world's most talked about sexual subjects: sex between black men and white women. I doubt that this is because of a lack of reader interest. In any case, this is the subject of my letter, and it is sent with hopes that it will bring a flood of responses.

I never attempted to count or list the many girls and women that I've fucked in my life, but a hundred would be a safe estimate. Further, I would guess that over half have been non-blacks. There have been teenagers (when I was younger), women between the ages of twenty and fifty-five, single women, married women, women from the south, north, east, and west. There have been one-night stands and longer relationships. Be assured that my sexual experiences have been considerable and I've thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

One would think that after fucking so many white ladies, the added thrill of the contrast in color would have disappeared long ago. It hasn't, although I'm not as aware of it. What remains is the apparent joy that my white partners seem to get from sex with me. And since I'm no superstud, I can assume that the fact of color has something to do with it. White women, in my experience, are very oral and I've enjoyed more than a few hundred climaxes as a result. They are sexually adventurous, and very willing to experiment. I've been in threesomes with two white women, or another black guy and a white woman.

Over half of these women (again, I haven't kept track) have volunteered that they enjoyed sex with me (or other blacks) more than they did with white guys. Their praise has been of technique, not cock size. And many have said that they have been curious most of their lives about black guys, particularly because of the taboo issue.

It's really ironic; white men in America have systematically excluded blacks from the economic, political, and social mainstream, yet white women welcome us to their beds and between their thighs.—*B.J., address withheld*

Viet vets . . .

With all the help that your terrific magazine has been to the Vietnam-era veteran, I wonder if you would give some exposure to the Wheelbarrow Club.

We are presently organizing as a fraternal order of enlisted fliers who have participated in combat operations since WWII, including Southeast Asia. I would appreciate hearing from any interested members seeking to join or asking for more information. Keep up the good work. Thank you very much.—*CWO Guy H. Kennedy, Jr., VP-50 c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601*

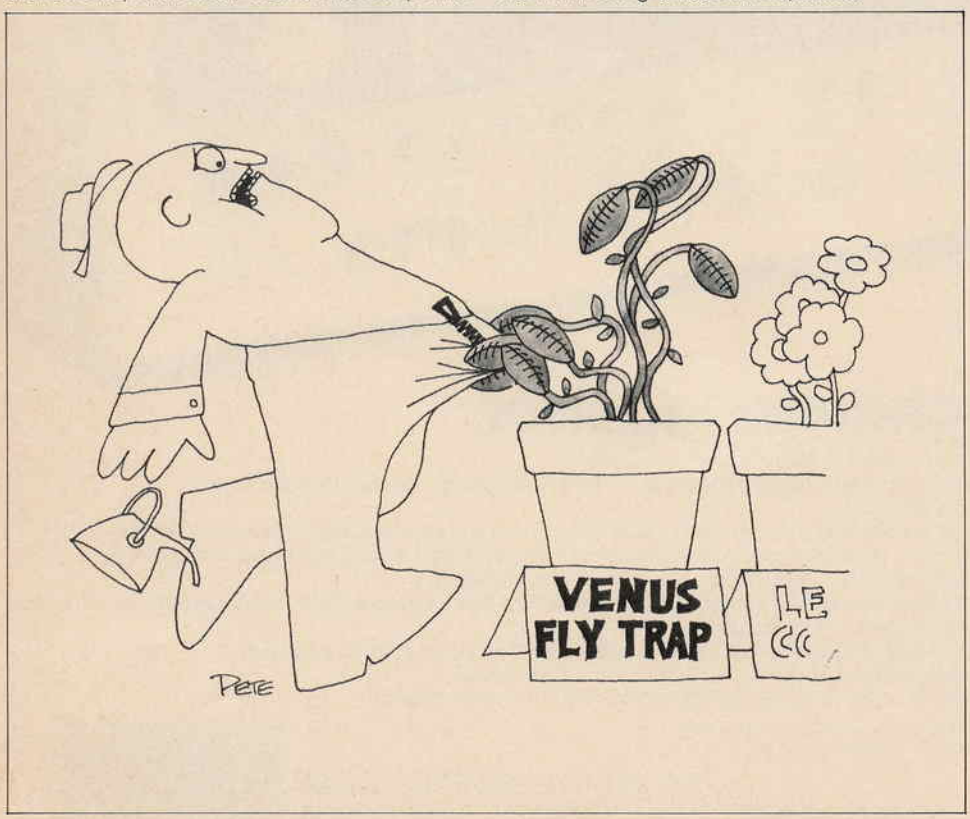
. . . in Vermont

Vermont now has a statewide veterans' program known as the Project to Advance Veterans' Education (PAVE). This program, which is controlled from Burlington, establishes full-time Veterans' Affairs Offices on most college campuses in Vermont.

These campus offices offer services such as: extensive programs informing veterans of their VA education and vocational benefits; on-campus remedial and tutorial programs with some campuses offering GED/College programs for veterans who might not have a GED or high school certificate; and educational and personal counseling. Other services include referral programs for jobs, housing, and VA medical treatment and disability claims assistance.

PAVE has the services of Vietnam-era veteran law students who counsel and assist veterans who want reviews of bad discharges. PAVE publishes a monthly newsletter, *The Basic Issue*, and the individual campus offices distribute periodic informational veterans' articles.

The veterans who work for the Vermont Project to Advance Veterans' Education, which is not quite a year old, have and will continue to offer assistance to Vietnam-era veterans like themselves. Thank you very much for your tremendous



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series on the Vietnam veteran, and also for adding our organization to your list of self-help programs.—*Robert L. Mullen, Project Coordinator Vermont State Colleges, 322 South Prospect St., Burlington, Vt. 05401*

. . . in the pen

Your article on amnesty in the March issue has led me to write concerning my own experience with Vietnam—being a veteran of said war and at present a convict.

I was drafted in 1968 and spent a year in the highlands of Nam, eventually becoming a platoon sergeant in an infantry company. I was decorated with a Bronze Star with oak clusters, and a commendation medal, also for valor. I began using hard narcotics during this tour and as I was never discovered I received an honorable discharge and a good conduct medal, after completing my two years as an assistant drill instructor at Ft. Ord.

Since my discharge I've been in innumerable drug programs (VA), the California Rehabilitation Center four times, and I'm currently serving a six-month to fifteen-year sentence at Soledad. I've been through a methadone maintenance program (also VA) and it damn near killed me. I've used nearly every type of drug therapy conceivable, and these have only confirmed the obvious to myself, that is: I won't stop using drugs until I'm dead or no longer have the desire—and I don't know what can replace that desire. After living day to day in a combat situation, and seeing my partners die and being crippled, then coming back to a country where people cared little for what you had done, and trying to make a living from nine to five, just didn't help my sense of direction. But there were always narcotics! Not as good or as cheap as in Nam, but still a release, escape, whatever.

I've been in and out of college, supported by the GI Bill, trying to find a place for myself other than in this cell, or with a needle in my arm. Now, at twenty-five, I've spent more than five years behind bars. I refuse to rationalize my situation totally by my experiences in Nam, but I willingly place some of the blame there. I'm due for parole in October of '76, and will start again with $200 of the state's money and no home or job. Prognosis anyone? I've told myself too many times that I'm damn tired of being locked up and I will make it—and I mean it!

The VA refuses to sponsor any more of my education as I've failed too many times to complete a set objective. The state will not, or cannot, provide any trade education that I would be able to keep and hold as a profession. I'm not saying that I could not get the training that they suggest, such as baking, welding, dry cleaning, etc. But if I couldn't keep it together enough on the street doing something I enjoyed, what makes them believe I could make it out there dry cleaning people's clothes?

I've got nothing but respect for the evader and only wish I'd have had the guts to do the same. —*Norman A. MacDonald, Soledad, Calif.*

. . . in favor of aid to refugees

I was shocked and dismayed to read in the newspaper a day or two ago of the reaction of some of my fellow citizens to the acceptance into the United States of the Vietnamese refugees. Regardless of one's feelings about the whole Vietnam debacle, I find it inexcusable that our country, with its great tradition of offering solace and safety to oppressed peoples from all parts of the globe, should say that these frightened, desperate people should be turned away.

I have served my country for nearly twenty-five years in various parts of the world. In 1967 I was ordered to Vietnam. My personal feelings were that service in a third war at the age of forty was a lot to ask of a man. It meant two and a half years spent apart from my wife and two growing children. It meant personal risk for me. Nevertheless, I went. I gave my best and more. I am proud to be a member of the Foreign Service of the United States.

It matters not what you or I—or anyone else—thinks of the wisdom or correctness of our action in Vietnam. The fact remains that we *were* involved, that we did encourage and aid the South Vietnamese from 1954 onward to resist the Vietcong and later the North Vietnamese. This involvement ended in disaster.

Perhaps we should have let events take their natural course in 1954; perhaps we should have pulled out in 1962; perhaps we should have allowed the country to fall in 1965 . . . *perhaps*. Hindsight is always so clear. The fact is that we did not do any of these things. As a result, countless thousands were killed or maimed and today some of those who relied upon us, worked for us, have fled in terror for their very lives. Certainly the very least we can do is offer them a safe haven in a hospitable land!

I would like to help if there were some way that I could. I hope that when I return to the United States I will be able to do so. For the moment I believe that the best thing I can do is to make Congress aware that there are serious, thinking Americans who would cry "shame" to their fellow citizens who want to forget the whole mess!

I would like to forget, too. Unfortunately, I have a conscience. Surely my country has a conscience, too. There is only one action that such a conscience would permit: admit the Vietnamese refugees, appropriate the money necessary to care for them, to help them until they are able to care for themselves. Surely, this is the very least we can do! Should the American people and their elected representatives fail in this matter, I truly feel that I would, for the first time in my life, be ashamed to say that I was an American!

I trust that we will do what is right and just and that we will carefully consider the question and vote whatever legislation may be necessary to admit and give a fair chance to these very unfortunate people.—*Richard W. Newman, Agency for International Development*

. . . against aid to refugees

What's going to happen to all those gooks we're bringing into our country? It looks to me like another hundred thousand for taxes to support. It seems like it should be brought to a vote of the people. Let the public decide if they should stay. Why do the politicians, especially the president, think they can make any and all decisions?

I'm interested in what Forum readers think of starting an organization called Vietnam Veterans for Deportation of the Vietnamese. Any chance? A lot of those refugees were criminals and crooked politicians back in their country. They're the reason why South Vietnam fell. Why should they have the protection and the benefits of our society while the poor people stay behind and suffer the consequences? The politicians in Washington want to protect their dirty friends from Saigon, but why should the silent majority have to support them with our hard-earned tax dollars? Vietnam should belong to the Vietnamese—all the Vietnamese. Send the cowards who fled to the U.S. back where they belong.—*J.W., Des Moines, Iowa*

Anger at E. Howard Hunt

I've just finished reading your May interview with E. Howard Hunt. It's too bad Mr. Hunt didn't like it in prison, but it's kind of late for him to be screaming about prison reform. The poor have been bitching about reform for years, but I suppose that's because prisons have been strictly the poor folks' domain until recently.

But, anyway, Howard, chin up! You're going to love the new improved Bureau of Prisons. Now every Sunday, every man who's been good that week gets a fucking lollipop. Wow, *that's* prison reform!

I'd also like to mention, Howard, that prisoners in the Soviet Union have conjugal visits. Hm-m-m!—*John Davidson, Oxford, Wis.*

"We'd like to see the a la cart menu."

I feel it is my duty to express my feelings on your interview with E. Howard Hunt. I was an inmate at Danbury all the time that Hunt and Gonzales were there.

First let me make it clear that Mr. Hunt is a blatant liar. He was *never* a prisoner; he was treated like a guard. As a matter of fact, he informed the staff of everything he could. Some of his privileges were as follows: no real work because he had special passes that excused him from prolonged standing, lifting, bending; he was allowed clean linens every day while the rest of us got them once a week. He did not eat the food we ate, or at the times we ate. He even had a pass for milk and sandwiches after 8 P.M.

To put people like him in prison is the biggest farce. I committed what the law states is a crime, and I'm paying for it. Mr. Hunt and his associates were treated like kings with maid and butler service. He also had unlimited use of the telephone. I could go on and on describing the special treatment he got.

I'm just trying to let you know how furious I am that this man has the nerve to say he was a prisoner.—*Name withheld, Long Island City, N.Y.*

I can't feel sorry for Hunt although he begs for pity. "Look at me I served eleven months!" Big deal. If there was any justice, Watergate wouldn't be a political laughingstock. I firmly believe the higher-ups of the gutless wonders of the CIA deserve to spend more time in Hunt's shoes. You've screwed your countrymen for "national security" so shut up and pay your dues.

Free speech, free press, and freedom of the individual from persecution only works when everyone tells the whole truth or plays by the same rules. Go ahead tap my phone. I freely admit I'm a subversive personality. I like photographs of naked girls and laughter and I hate any kind of suppressive tactics in any name.—*David L. Crisler, Glenwood, Iowa*

Sex for cons

I am writing in regard to a letter I read in your January issue. It dealt with conjugal visits for cons. I've read that today the prisons are like boiling volcanoes waiting to erupt. Conjugal visits could be the answer. It would release hostilities and tension. Violence could then decrease within the prisons.

For once prison could devote time and energy toward rehabilitation rather than controlling the inmates.

I would like to see an article dealing with conjugal visits. Maybe your interest could help. Sex is sometimes taken for granted, but it's a necessity of life. I can't think of any crime which is punishable by taking away a necessity of life.—*K.L. Hoff, address withheld*

July corrections

In the July 1975 issue on page 129, the model number for Onkyo *should have been* TS 500.

In the July 1975 issue of *Penthouse*, credit lines were inadvertently left out of the View From The Top photographs of Ruben "Hurricane" Carter (by *William Sauro* of the *New York Times*) and of Nico (by *Gerard Malanga*). Our apologies to both for the omission.—*the Editors*

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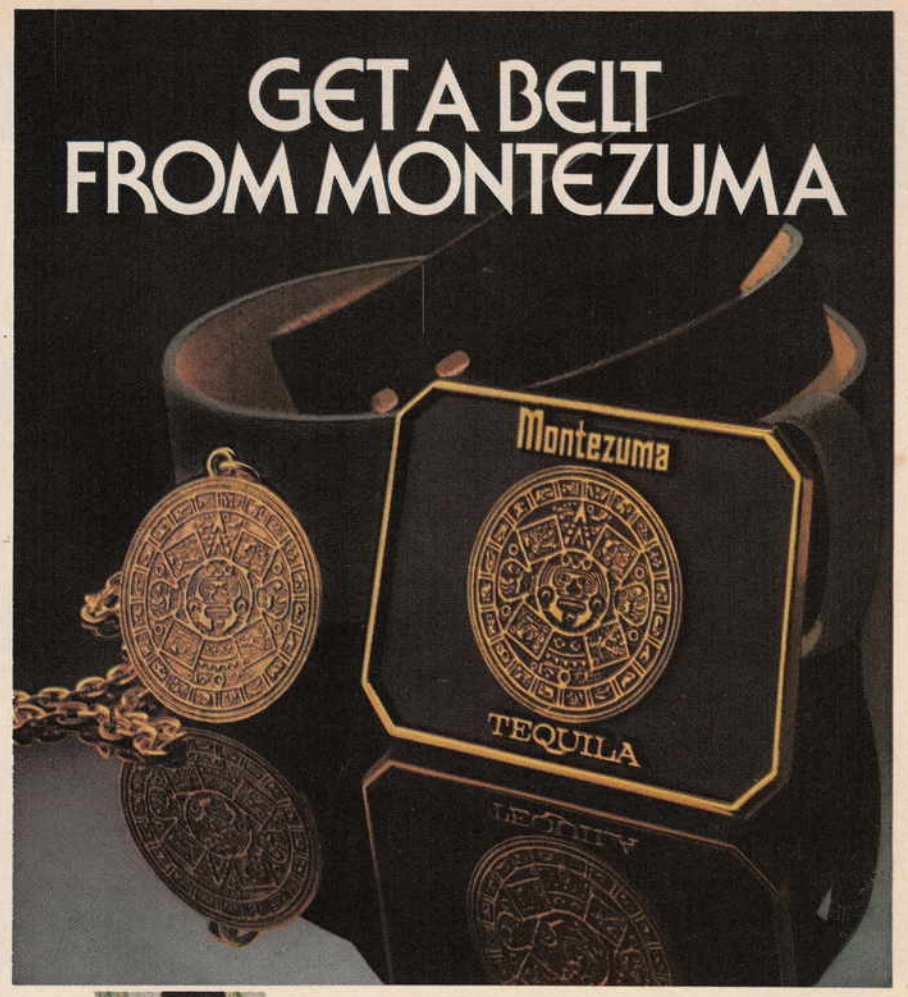

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Our cigarette is More.

ACTUAL LENGTH.

Put your cigarette against it.

Compare your cigarette to ours and you'll find that ours is More. The first 120 millimeter cigarette. More in every way except price.

Long, lean and burnished brown, More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than a 100mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get more going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

They smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

They're More.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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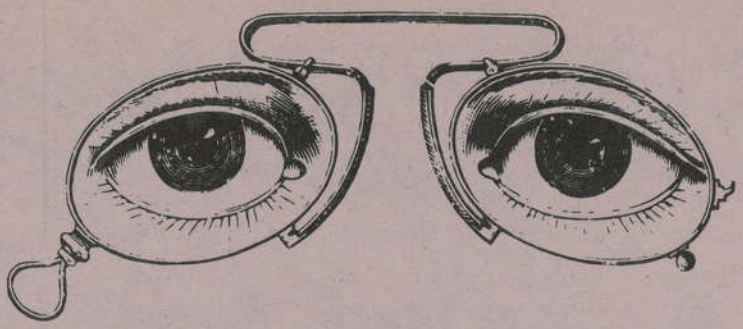


VIEW FROM THE TOP

NUCLEAR POWER: WHAT CAN GO WRONG *WILL* GO WRONG

Ever since the Babylonians constructed the Tower of Babel, man has been trying to use technology to get into heaven. The Babylonians' plan was admirably straightforward. They thought that heaven was in the clouds, and if they built a staircase high enough they could walk right in. Of course, they never quite made it.

Our knowledge of engineering is better than the Babylonians'. But our judgment may not be. We're using atomic technology in the hope of attaining a very diminished version of heaven on earth. What we are striving for isn't even paradise. All we expect to achieve through our atomic projects is a slightly cheaper way of generating electricity.

That's not nearly as lofty a goal as the Babylonians aspired to. And because it is less lofty, it is ironic that we are risking more for it. When the Tower of Babel fell, its builders ended up back on the ground where they began. They may have been bruised and broken, but at least their failure was harmless. Not so with us. When our atomic projects fail we will end up with a flesh-and-blood version of a biblical afterlife. We have it within our power to create hell on earth.

An Atomic Energy Commission study of possible nuclear accident scenarios shows that failure of even a middling atomic power plant could kill 45,000 people. (That means a slow, painful death, as the victims' insides rot out with radiation poisoning.) And it could render an area the size of Pennsylvania an uninhabitable wasteland. There are fifty-five reactors capable of this sort of destruction dotted across America today. Sixty-three additional reactors are presently under construction, while 117 more are on the drawing boards.

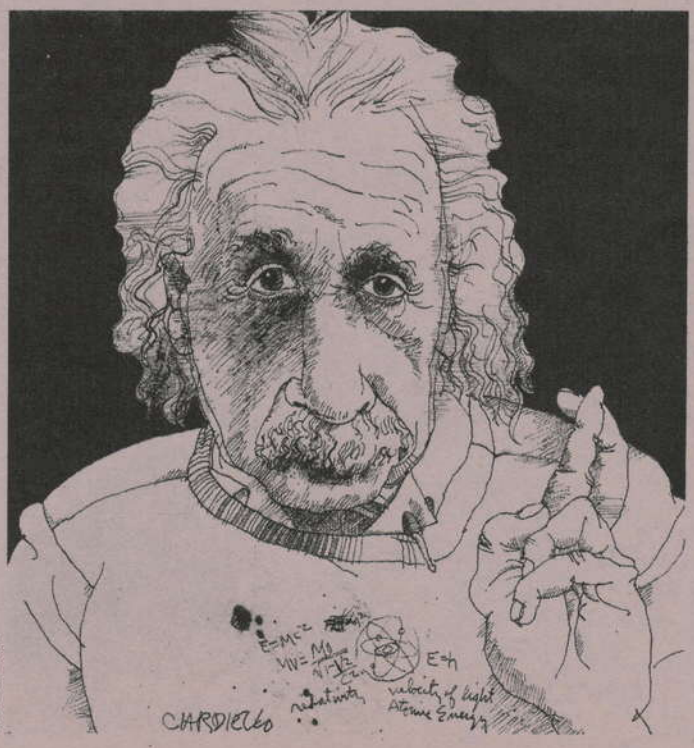
But these are the more benign atomic reactors. An even more deadly liquid-metal, fast-breeder reactor is in the works. The "fast breeder," as it is known to the burgeoning atomic energy trade, has a fuel core of about one ton of concentrated plutonium. Plutonium is so toxic that one pound of it, evenly distributed in the atmosphere, would be sufficient to give lung cancer to everyone on earth.

An explosion in a fast breeder could pollute thousands of square miles and kill millions of people. Yet the Atomic Energy Commission, recently sanitized as the Energy Research and Development Administration, is agitating to have as many as two thousand breeders in operation in the United States by the year 2020. Think what that means. Just to haul away the radioactive waste produced daily by such a system would require one hundred railroad cars. But that's the simple part. Where would the deadly waste be hauled? It wouldn't be a question of dumping it into a sanitary landfill. Experts agree that it would have to be kept under protective storage for roughly a half-million years.

Another Ice Age could come and go during that time. But the government "planners" expect to still be sitting there, guarding mountains of plutonium waste during the transition through another glacial epoch.

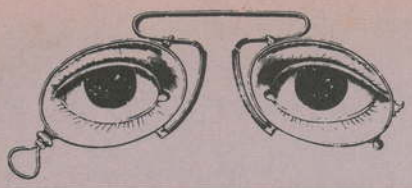
There are other solutions under consideration by the government for disposing of its atomic poison. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger came up with one. He said it might be better to get rid of the waste once and for all by packing it into rockets and blasting it off to the stars. That would be a way of rekindling interest in the space program. Every time a garbage rocket was launched, the whole world would be on the edge of its seat like the victim in a game of Russian roulette.

Our own government is not the only one which is impressed with the illusion of infallible science. The Shah of Iran has been interested in newfangled ways of generating energy—and after Lockheed and Pan Am, what he has wanted most to purchase in America are nuclear power plants. Since the Shah is a cash-and-carry customer, there are more than enough American proponents of nuclear power lining up to sell anything he might need to set up a few installations. Negotiations have been under way with the U.S. government for provision of the necessary nuclear fuel. The only hitch in the emerging agreement is that Congress is insisting upon safeguards so the Shah can't turn the plutonium he gets into bombs.



Joe Ciardiello

Let's hope that the Shah's deal falls through. Perhaps that way he'll decide to take revenge by hiring the entire staff of ERDA right out from under the U.S. government. He could make them all millionaires and move them to the Iranian desert where they could set about building the "fast breeder." We can also hope that it works better than the first one they attempted near Detroit. *It* suffered a "meltdown" and had to be sealed and abandoned. We can wish that they fare better than the Russians did. (Their experimental fast breeder blew up unexpectedly early in 1974.) We can wish them all the best, hoping that—unlike the builders of the Tower of Babel—they don't make a mistake. And if they do make a mistake, what better place to turn into a desert than a desert?—*Jim Davidson*



SCENES

THE MANIFESTATION OF ROBERT DELFORD BROWN

In 1964 Robert Delford Brown petitioned the state of New York to incorporate his First National Church of the Exquisite Panic. The proliferation of flamboyant, evangelical-style religions had not yet begun; even so, the state board members had sensed the flippant attitude of the artist involved, and the petition of incorporation was denied. Delaware, however, took a more liberal attitude and, true to its reputation for embracing all corporations, granted official status to Brown's Greenwich Village church.

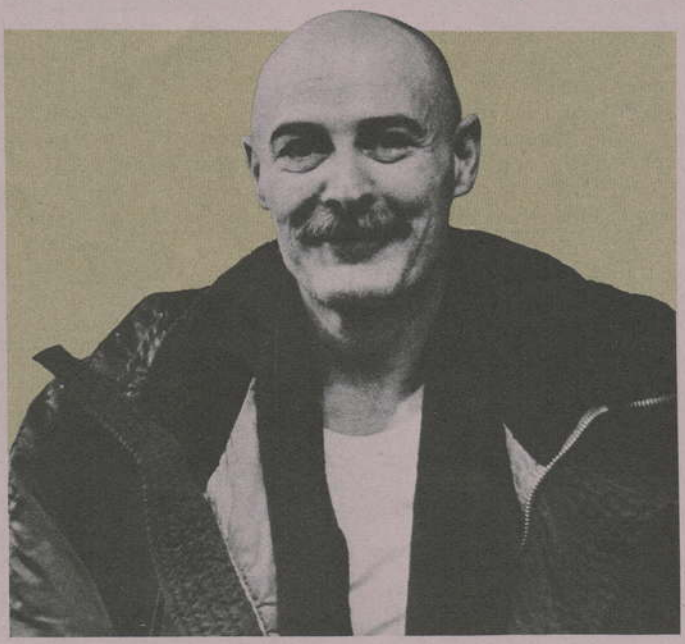
To date, the First National Church of the Exquisite Panic, Inc., has no members or standard ritual, but does profess the faith of Orthodox Paganism. The official slogan is: "Remember one thing—there is no hope." Robert Delford Brown is the founder, leader, president, and resident saint of his church, and he is now living, working, and exhibiting his art in The Great Building Crack-Up Gallery while transforming it into the Temple of Hilarity—that is, the headquarters of the First National Church of the Exquisite Panic, Inc.

In the credo of Robert Delford Brown's church, "Self-control is not, nor has it ever been, of any positive worth . . . all achievements worthy of remembrance have been committed by men and women who were concerned exclusively with the wanton ravishment of their sensoria." And so Brown's Temple of Hilarity—what might qualify as a living room for most people—is decorated primarily with erotica that ravishes one's sensorium: ceramic wall hangings of penile and vaginal art, porno tapestries by Robert's wife Rhett (*Penthouse*, January 1975), and a series of art prints on fetishism, which Robert Delford Brown considers to be as important as any *ism* in art history.

"The fetishist art prints took a year and a half out of my life," says Brown, referring to the 1965–66 pornography arrests against him. He ran into trouble when he began collecting images for his prints—images from Victorian pornography, Victorian medical books, 1940's Times Square period porno, and various specialty items that he ordered through the mail. "Hell, I didn't want to collect this material like a common criminal," reflects Brown, "and so I just sent the companies checks with my name on them and signed notes like, 'Please send me ten of your Oriental action-bondage series.' " His requests for material led to the arrest, but charges were later reduced to disturbing the peace. The most unusual images came from antique German medical books, which Brown had to import through a doctor who could prove a clinical interest in the stuff. The doctor then literally had to prescribe them for the artist.

To compile and process the material took over ten years, and the final fetishist prints were not exhibited until the fall of 1972. The fantasies expressed on the prints are common and uncommon: a Victorian exhibitionist that he calls "The Flasher" ("It's my self-portrait"), a series of breast-torture prints entitled "The Martyrdom of Saint Barbara" ("I was inspired by Rubens's 'The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian' "), male spankings, and piss slavery.

"People have a funny way of destroying themselves in the name of pleasure," says Brown, pointing to the Saint Barbara prints. "People are so uptight about sex that they can't relax enough to enjoy it. The idea of these prints was to defuse sex. Most of these images had never been outside a wallet. You blow an image like that up to the size of a billboard and then you have something new." The silk-screen process for tinting the photos was turned down by seven labs, and Brown eventually had to receive a statement from the Guggenheim Museum saying that he indeed was a "serious artist." Even then, the lab that finally processed the photographs worked on them over the weekend "when the women employees were not there," recalls Brown. "I guess they were afraid that the women would go out and fuck a fireplug if they saw the photographs."



Brown on defusing sex

After fighting the courts, the printing labs, and outraged art critics, Robert Delford Brown thought he'd try something "that wouldn't shake everybody up." Brown's idea of something uncontroversial was the Mister Jesus Christ Contest. "I just felt the time was right," shrugs Brown. "After all those jokey, blasphemous things like *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Godspell*, who could possibly get upset by a Jesus Christ contest?" But the artist ran into trouble immediately when he tried placing an ad for the contest with New York newspapers:

Contestants will be required to pose for thirty minutes before a garlanded styrofoam cross. Winners to be chosen for their originality, spirituality, and tastefulness.

1st Prize: A one-way ticket to Jerusalem on Lufthansa airlines, via Frankfurt, Germany.

2nd Prize: Six beautiful rose bushes to grow your own crown of thorns.

3rd Prize: A lovely set of hammer and nails.

The newspapers' refusals to publish the ad led to the contest's cancellation, and so the public was rudely denied the pleasure of witnessing yet another Robert Delford Brown exhibition. Previous exhibitions—or, as Brown prefers to call them, "manifestations"—include "The Meat Show Environment," 1964 (". . . a fearsomely beautiful sight of tons of meat, gallons of blood, hundreds of yards of lingerie fabric, and other sights . . .") at an old Greenwich Village meat market; and "Turd Forest," 1968 (". . . large cylinders suspended from the ceiling and covered with brunette hair clippings . . .") at the Great Building Crack-Up Gallery.

"Manifestations" to follow are a series of lectures on Orthodox

Rod Swenson

Ms. Wendy Blodgett challenges Miss America

Paganism ("I'm not quite sure what that will be yet," Brown offers in qualification) and the reconstruction of a wax museum set for da Vinci's "The Last Supper," which was destroyed by fire. "No, I won't repair the melted figures," says the artist, thumbing through some photos of the destroyed wax figures. "They look much more interesting, much more bizarre, all melted and dripping." Tentative title: "The Last Last Supper."

"Draw me a line and I'll step over it," says the Reverend Saint Robert Delford Brown. He isn't exactly the toast of the art world, and it isn't exactly hard to see why. He has his fingers in too many mediums for your average art critic, but fortunately Brown doesn't spend much time contemplating his fate: "For years I thought the reason I wasn't getting a response from the art world was that I wasn't pushing hard enough . . . then, of course, I found out I was pushing too hard."—*Glenn O'Brien*

MS. ALL-BARE AMERICA

"Ms. All-Bare America will become the most important beauty contest in this country," claims pageant promoter Rod Swenson. "It's America's honest beauty pageant. We give people what they want to see."

Although Swenson never refers to his contest's innocuous big sister in Atlantic City, he has no qualms about scheduling Ms. All-Bare America's strip on the same day (September 6) as the Miss America contest. "A beauty pageant where the most beautiful parts of the body are covered is just pure hypocrisy," contends Swenson. "Our contestants are honest. That's what brings our audience out. That's why the media come. Our contestants are real. They put themselves *completely* on the line. They've got guts."

Wendy Blodgett, last year's winner and the first Ms. All-Bare America, has a lot more going for her than guts alone. In addition to the cash and prizes she's won with the crown, Wendy has appeared on major television and radio shows, had her own press conference at the famed Sardi's restaurant in New York, and was recently flown to England where she was photographed as the June *Penthouse* Pet of the Month. What more could a girl want?

To be held this year at New York City's Beacon Theater, Swenson expects his show to be a natural sellout: "Remember, this thing is not a fantasy. It's for real! Ms. All-Bare America is something you're never going to see on TV. At least not for a few years."—*Tom Holtz*

FILMS

QUESTS

Michelangelo Antonioni's latest film, *The Passenger*, is the story of a dissatisfied fellow who gets the opportunity to take on the identity of a dead man, and, meaning to change his way of living, instead establishes the pattern of his own death. Like several Antonioni movies (*L'Avventura*, 1960; *The Eclipse*, 1962; *Red Desert*, 1964; *Blow-Up*, 1966), it has to some degree the form of a mystery. And as in those movies, the mystery admits to many tempting clues—but no solution.

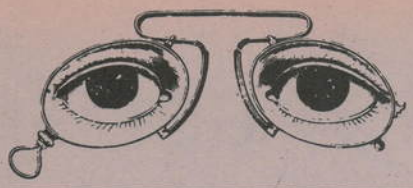
At least through the mid-1960's, Antonioni ranked with Ingmar Bergman as perhaps the leading directorial vision in establishing the terms of the then-stylish cinema of intellectual respectability. Recently he has fallen sadly out of favor. *The Passenger* is supposed to be the film with which he again asserts his international preeminence, after his disastrous American venture with *Zabriskie Point* (1969), and after partial reinstatement by way of a superb TV documentary he made about mainland China a few years back. I'm not so sure.

The hero of *The Passenger*, David Locke (Jack Nicholson), a British TV journalist, meets his new self while on assignment in Africa, covering an obscure and largely elusive local revolution. Another man in his hotel dies —alone—of a heart attack, and Locke, who discovers the body, decides they look enough alike to make the change in passports, photos, and personal effects. But soon his newfound freedom becomes a new entrapment, because his other self turns out to be a gunrunner, supplying arms to the revolutionaries and being pursued by the very government on which David has been doing his story. Meanwhile, back in London, Locke's wife (Jenny Runacre), despite her previous indifference to her marriage, finds herself obsessed with the memory of her husband, and she decides to research the facts of his death. Now actively sought by foreign agents, by his own wife, and even by his former producer, David, joined by an enigmatic young woman (Maria Schneider), sets off across Europe to keep the appointments listed in a dead man's engagement book.

Besides Africa, the locations include London, Munich, architectural landmarks in Barcelona, and the countryside of rural Spain. At times *The Passenger* resembles those deluxe movies of international intrigue where so many ordinary events take place in so many exotic places. But in an Antonioni film there are, of course, complications. This movie is more nearly *about* its story than a dramatization *of* the story, and so it can work some changes on its basic themes. It doesn't analyze its hero, but it does analyze his situation, and appreciates that ideally you can translate the act of fleeing into a gesture of flight. Once, in a cable car high over the harbor of Barcelona, David extends his arms in imitation of a soaring bird;

Gideon Bachman/Liaison

Antonioni: No solutions



once, later, the girl repeats the gesture while looking back from the rear seat of a speeding convertible down the fast-retreating country road that David has told her signifies the past times of his life.

These are lovely, privileged moments. But they are countered by the fact that as fast as David runs away, his past keeps closing in behind him. His supposed death has kindled his wife's new interest. The impulse toward escape calls into being the act of pursuit, and the idea of confinement as well. There is no escape. Or, to put it more obscurely: "It's we who remain the same. We translate every experience, every situation into the same old codes." This is characteristic dialogue from the movie—and a key to the authorship of the screenplay, partly written by film critic Peter Wollen, whose semilogical use of the word "codes" has not quite hit the general vocabulary yet. It tells you, rather more explicitly than you might need, at just what level your sense of despair should be functioning.

The Passenger is full of heavily elliptical, aphoristic screenwriting—and a sort of aphoristic filmmaking as well. Antonioni has always been the prime literalist of the imagination. When he wants to convey a hidden meaning he will lead you to the hiding place, show you how the lock works, and *then* throw away the key. The characteristic Antonioni camera movement, which has become virtually a tick in *The Passenger*, will begin the shot looking somewhere up on the ceiling, slowly crane down, and then gradually track or pan right—to reveal an area that may now be empty but that was, or will be, full of something important, if only you can pick out the clues. The effect of this program is stunning the first dozen times you experience it. I have experienced it now more than a dozen times, and am less and less stunned and more and more annoyed by a method that wastes such time and attention on its own means of confirming that there is something out there you can't see. The climax of the movie, in which the camera in a hotel room accomplishes a long slow track toward—and almost through—an open window, while the crucial violent action takes place on a bed behind it, has all the signs of an Antonioni tour de force. Boldness, visual beauty, intelligence—but a certain emptiness once you have the idea, as if the profundities were mainly in the conception and not in the understanding.

I think it significant that from a cast including such fine actors as Jack Nicholson and the little-known Jenny Runacre (*Husbands*, *The MacIntosh Man*), Maria Schneider's should be the most interesting performance. She is no better an actress here than she was in *Last Tango in Paris* (and she is also generally fully dressed). But she is a haunting and problematic presence—which is all the quality and quantity of personality *The Passenger* requires.

Nicholson, Schneider: Confinement and escape

Monty Pythons: Madness and medieval nightmares

Once upon a time, Arthur, King of the Britons, was galloping around his kingdom collecting knights for his Round Table when, all of a sudden, the clouds opened and God appeared in the sky, commanding him to go and get the Holy Grail.

I must regress. Arthur hadn't really been galloping. He had been doing something more like cantering. I don't mean his horse had been cantering. He doesn't have a horse. He has a squire who canters with him, all the while making horse-hoof noises with two halves of a coconut shell. How did the coconut get to ancient England? Let me not tell you. Let me suggest you see (if you have not done so already) *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, where that, and equally weighty matters, gets all the attention you might expect—given the project and its promoters.

Actually, Arthur's situation could be worse. It could be like that of his knight, Sir Robin, who also has no horse but does have a whole retinue of squires, including an insufferably melodious minstrel who serenades him with accounts of his past exploits like: "Brave Sir Robin ran away . . . /When danger reared its ugly head,/He bravely tossed his hat and fled. . . ." And so on, with words I may not have exactly right, but that closely enough approximate the mood and spirit of this movie, which its own PR men proudly proclaim sets cinema back 900 years.

Thirteen hundred years might be more like it. Some have seen the film as satire, but on the whole, I doubt it. Who's going to satirize a sixth-century king of Britain—or some late medieval romances—in 1975? Better to look upon it differently, say, as

twentieth-century situation comedy with a past. It differs somewhat from what I've seen of the "Monty Python's Flying Circus" TV show in that it has a plot to which its skits are necessarily incidental and for which its running gags—like the coconut-shell horses—become the introduction to an hilarious, but also sometimes terrifying, world view.

Everybody by now must know the movie's famous high points: the huge Trojan rabbit (a strategy that fails); the ferocious, and eventually legless and armless, adversary who wants to go on fighting Arthur—with his teeth; the parody portrayal of Sir Kenneth Clark, who dies in knightly combat while attempting some on-the-scene art-historical commentary for us moderns. My own favorite passages include Sir Lancelot's willing entrapment in a castle full of hapless maidens ("We are but eight-score young blonds and brunettes. . . .") who flash a phony Holy Grail sign from time to time to see what it can get them, and King Arthur's adventure with the gigantic Knights-Who-Go-"Nil." They go "Nil," which strikes fear into all who hear it, until their dread demand is granted—for a nice little bit of shrubbery with a white picket fence around it—whereupon they immediately become the Knights-Who-Go-"Eki! Eki! Eki!," so they can scare up another patch of shrubbery, pleasantly landscaped into the first.

I've no idea how most people take such nonsense. It strikes me as so good a combination of medieval nightmare (where the enemy makes all the ground rules and always changes them) and "Goon Show" madness, that it exactly justifies bringing the legendary Matter of Britain to Monty Python—and Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones, and Graham Chapman and Eric Idle, and all the other talented people (with cinematic asides to Olivier, Eisenstein, and Kurosawa) who make this movie work.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

CLEAN BRAIN

Brainwashing was the contribution of the Korean war to the American psyche. From the moment it was named by some American PR genius, this ominous Oriental combination of torture and superpsychology was embraced as an explanation for the shocking fact that Americans could be wooed and won by their Communist captors.

There was no longer surprise when the same thing happened in Vietnam. There was comfort in the knowledge that nothing was wrong with American motives. The Reds had simply concocted a diabolical rinse that washed motives out of the brain.

But Vietnam has its very own shocks—and they continue despite President Ford's pronouncement that the war is over for us. One brain—Red-washed—now identifies the rinse as old-fashioned Christian American conscience. It's not a hell of a brain, to be sure, but its conscience is irresistible. With Lee Bergman as a collaborator, it has produced a book, *A Hero's Welcome: The Conscience of Sergeant James Daly and the Army Establishment* (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50). Sergeant Daly's naïveté pleads powerfully for the reality of his experience.

Daly, a black American from Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto, was captured by the Vietcong and spent five years as a POW in both South and North Vietnam, ending up in the Hanoi Hilton. In his last few months of captivity he joined the Peace Committee of antiwar POW's and upon his return was twice threatened with punishment by our own army—but he was finally released.

Daly's conscience had been strongly reinforced by the Jehovah's Witnesses before he joined the army on the "guarantee" of noncombatant service. The toughest efforts of the army failed to brainwash him—even a threat upon his life by his platoon leader when he refused to load his rifle in the field.

But the diabolically clever Communist brainwashing worked. They started by teaching him the history of Vietnam's 2,000-year struggle for independence and worked up to the imperialist motives for the U.S. presence there. No threats and no torture, except the boredom of repeating Vietnam history each time he got a new teacher.

James Daly's brain remains laundered; he still believes Communism has been good for the Vietnamese, but he is no Marxist. His conscience belongs to Jehovah.

REVOLTING GRUNTS

The Vietnam war very nearly destroyed America's army. When the *Armed Forces Journal*, a kind of *Penthouse* for generals with a tank in the centerfold, publishes an article called "The Collapse of the Armed Forces," you know things are bad.

Bergman, Daly: Laundered minds

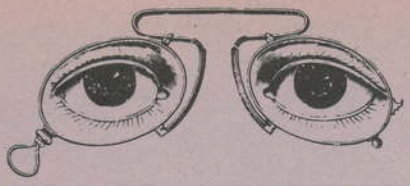
Just how bad, those of us outside the profession couldn't realize until the scene was painstakingly detailed in a heavily researched book, *Soldiers in Revolt* by David Cortright (Doubleday, $7.95). Every aspect of the Armed Forces' manpower ills is covered in depth, with tables.

But never mind the tables. What about mutiny? I thought it had gone out with Captain Bligh, but Marine Colonel Robert Heinl in *Armed Forces Journal* reported at least five episodes in the navy—three within a month—that "fully qualify within the legal definition of mutiny."

Then there's fragging, a word invented in Vietnam—just shoot the lieutenant. The army admits to 551 cases in Vietnam, but Cortright has collected reports that indicate the number ran into the thousands. Then there is drug abuse, which has been more written about than any other development. Then there is the "staggering level of desertions." Then there are conscientious objectors, which in one year outnumbered draftees. Then there is the growth of the GI counterculture. Finally there is the problem of just getting men into the service.

Cortright doesn't think the volunteer army will solve any of these problems. It will just scrape the bottom of the unemployment barrel and intensify the army's far-from-solved racial problems.

He sees the heart of the problem as the imperialist use of the armed forces. But he is hopeful. "The massive wave of public opposition in recent years," he believes, "has been enormously important in restraining military adventurism."—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

CAN A BLUE MAN SING THE WHITES?

Whenever a new wave of white soul music sweeps across the land, endless debates about "ripping off black culture" and "colorless music" follow. Okay, granted that for close to a century new styles in American pop music have come out of forms pioneered by black musicians. Many of them—with names like Scott Joplin, Robert Johnson, Fats Waller, and Arthur "Big Boy" Cruddup—died virtually penniless, while their white contemporaries raked in the big bucks. But in a land where blacks are outnumbered nine and one-half to one, our society must absorb black music before its originators will see a fraction of the cash that should by rights be theirs. (The record company and managerial rip-offs are another story.) Assimilation has often meant that white performers simply copy black styles, chord for chord and phrase for phrase. At the same time they bring the music to audiences that would not or could not have listened to it before. Nowadays Stevie Wonder albums outsell Rolling Stones albums by nearly two to one, yet an Average White Band still has a better chance at the high-paying gigs than its black counterpart.

All of which has little to do with the actual quality of the music being produced by soul music's blue-eyed admirers. Blacks have given white soul musicians their seal of approval by putting them on the R & B charts, a solid testimonial to their funky talents. Instrumentally, today's players of the pale persuasion have learned their lessons well. They can cook with the greasiest of Southern rhythms or spin the sweetest of Philadelphia harmonies. But by and large they tend to suffer from one weakness: like many a long-haired country band, their vocals simply don't measure up to those of their mentors. Maybe it's a question of not having the pipes, or not having the grit to go along with the polish. In any case, a truly distinctive stylist has yet to emerge from their melanin-starved ranks.

Take the Average White Band, a soul sextet from Scotland who scored a number one hit with "Pick Up the Pieces." The tune was an infectious disco smoker, chock full of bumpin' riffs reminiscent of James Brown's "Get On the Good Foot," and mercifully unencumbered by lyrics, except for the title repeated over and over at strategic intervals. Largely on the strength of their single, the AWB has become a headline act—with two albums high on the R & B charts. Unfortunately, in person the group is less than stellar. There's no denying that they're skilled musicians diligently exploring the textures of contemporary soul, but their lack of a take-charge dynamic lead singer is a handicap they never quite overcome. Hamish Stuart sparks the band with his itchy-twitchy lead guitar, but his voice often overreaches. A Marvin Gaye he's not. Alan Gorrie, AWB's other vocalist, is at his best when he takes a more modest approach, à la Stevie Winwood in his pre-Traffic days, but he can't seem to infuse the group with the excitement it so sorely needs. Now no longer an all-white aggregation (former Bloodstone drummer Steve Ferrone replaced Robbie McIntosh, whose accidental drug death last September generated headlines about Cher's involvement as a witness), the Average White Band still sounds about the same as any second-rank black band.

Disco play helped introduce the U.S. to Kokomo, a ten-piece London-bred hybrid, which includes former members of Joe Cocker's Grease Band. Their seven-minute, forty-five-second remake of Bobby Womack's "I Can Understand It" became an instant favorite of disco DJ's. Its eminently danceable instrumental passages and frisky backup vocals marked it as one of the slicker soul productions this side of Motown. Kokomo's vocals bear the stamp of the Vandellas, the Temptations, and Stevie Wonder, but they only really hold up when powered by the group's insistent up-tempo rhythms. A New York disco DJ is credited with having discovered another exotic dance favorite, "Hi-Jack" by the Spanish group Barrabas, while on vacation in Caracas, Venezuela. But before you could say those magic words "cover version," Herbie Mann recorded his hit rendition; the authentic Latin pulse of Barrabas's original, however, is still the greatest. On Barrabas's debut American album, Fernando Arbex, composer of "Hi-Jack" and the group's producer, has managed to blunt José Luis Tejada's (lead) lame pronunciation with the help of black back-up singers, the Waters, while letting his five instrumentalists show off their fluency in the soul idiom.

It's more than coincidence that the hottest of the current white soul bands come from across the Atlantic. The British have always treated R & B with nothing but *respect*. The Rolling Stones' first album included their feisty tributes to Chuck Berry's "Carol" and to Marvin Gaye's "Can I Get a Witness?" A dozen years later (has it really been *that* long?), the Stones' latest effort includes Jagger's version of "Ain't Too Proud to Beg" (originally by the Temptations) and one tune on which Blue Magic makes a guest appearance as a choir of vestal virgins, but what's missing is the conviction Mick once had in his voice. And rock's ace mimics, Elton John and David Bowie,

Barrabas: A Latin pulse in the soul idiom

Kokomo vocalists

have successfully parodied the Philly soul sound and landed on the R & B charts with their singles, "Philadelphia Freedom" and "Young Americans."

Actually the phenomenon of white bands gaining acceptance on the soul market is hardly new. Back in 1958, over half the top singles on the R & B charts were by white artists, and as late as 1963 it was still a quarter. Even when musical categories atrophied in the sixties, all-American blue-eyed soulsters like the Righteous Brothers and the Rascals were being heard on the streets of Watts and El Barrio. But these days the Righteous Brothers are reduced to singing nostalgic creosote about "Rock and Roll Heaven" while former Rascal Felix Cavaliere turns out well-meaning but uninspired music with the help (?) of producer Todd Rundgren. Only the aptly named Soul Survivors have reemerged as funky as ever. Eight years ago they had a smash hit with "Expressway to Your Heart," the first million-seller for the production team of Gamble and Huff. Now the lords of Philadelphia, G & H have returned the favor by putting out a fresh Soul Survivors album that sparkles with self-assured vocals and musicianship—yet has passed unnoticed.

Whether the latest rash of white soul groups will revitalize rock is anybody's guess. For the moment, at least, it's the brightest spot on the pop horizon.—*Steve Ditlea*

JAMES BROWN: BACK TO AFRICA—SEVENTIES STYLE

Since the heyday of black nationalism in the mid- and late-sixties, the "Back to Africa" movement—long a central issue in black ideology—has remained unresolved. The advocates of migration have become less vocal; the many black Americans who did go back in the sixties found their cultural values so changed in three hundred years that "assimilation" was next to impossible.

Today, however, many black entertainers see Africa as a lucrative market for their product. CBS Records is already making plans for an "African Market" campaign. Parts of Africa have already developed a pop sound—termed "highlife"—with historic roots in military and European dance bands, which gave colonial Africa a sound to imitate and the Western training to facilitate it. With the coming of African independence, more and more black American music began influencing "highlife"; the demand for real live Americans to fit the bill has grown steadily even though the performers have not always been willing to make the trip. When the trip is made, it usually takes the form of some special event. In 1971 Roberta Flack, Eddie Harris and Les McCann, Wilson Pickett, the Staple Singers, Ike and Tina Turner, the Voices of East Harlem, and Santana were flown to Ghana to perform for the country's fourteenth Independence Day celebration. More recently, the Jackson Five did some shows in Senegal. The Spinners, Sister Sledge, and the Fania All-Stars were among the performers at the music festival held prior to the postponed Ali-Foreman fight in Zaïre. James Brown went on tour in Senegal and was invited to perform for the president's birthday celebration in Gabon.

In the United States, James Brown is regarded as the King of Soul. In Africa, he is king of all he surveys. An African visit from James Brown takes on all the ceremony usually accorded to a visiting head of state. Indeed, Brown does regard himself as an ambassador from black Americans to black Africans. For his most recent (January 1975) visit to Gabon, an oil-rich West African nation, he was met at the airport by screaming thousands and an honor guard. Motorcycle-escorted limousines whisked him to an audience with the president at which they exchanged gifts and patted each other on the back. This was followed by an audience with the king's pet lion and an appearance before the screaming thousands of the capital city—James Brown blowing kisses from the back of a Mercedes-Benz convertible. After his exhausting afternoon, Brown was ensconced in the presidential villa. For the next five days he was involved in a constant round of press conferences, special receptions, and command performances. At the conclusion of his Gabon visit, Brown was invited by the president to accompany him on a goodwill tour scheduled for later this year.

On his way back to the States, Brown reflected on his newfound audience and power:

"This is the first time I've ever received *this* kind of treatment. I've been to Africa many times but this is the first time I've ever received this kind of treatment in my life *anywhere*. It's a new experience, it's a new awareness, it's a new awakening, and it's a new beginning. I have a new concept as a man."

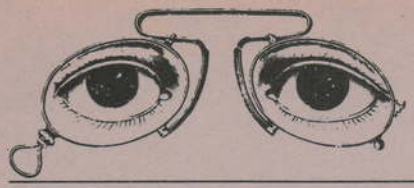
However, Brown sees his involvement in Africa as something more than a new outlet for his career: "This is not just an ordinary engagement. Every century has a messiah; people look on me as a messiah in Africa because they see I can bring all black people together. The Africans may have the money to save black people."

Brown insists that his current interest in Africa is not directed towards enhancing his personal wealth: "Everything I do is for black people. I don't need the money. I've grown into a *world* figure, international sounds too small. From now on I'm gonna be involved with the world. When I stopped the riots in Washington, one of the national magazines called me the most powerful black man in America. They've also said I'm the most powerful black man in the world."

Brown will return to Africa as

Wendi Lombardi

Brown as messiah



one of the more than two hundred and fifty black American performers involved in the Second World Black and African Festival of Arts and Culture scheduled to take place in Nigeria late this year. So far the festival has been plagued by organizational problems, but if it does take place, the event might just live up to the hype of being "the biggest thing that has ever happened in Africa."—*Vernon Gibbs*

KEITH JARRETT: SYNTHESIZER BACKLASH

Piano players—like millionaires—can't take it with them. In the jazz world particularly, the piano player suffers more than most *if* he declines to take the electronic route—to load up with synthesizers, heavy on the ohms and amps.

Keith Jarrett is an exceptionally able piano player who has resisted the rising tide of electronic intrusion. Mr. Jarrett may not call his music *jazz*, but he works in places that book jazz groups and has himself been a member of several important ones.

Pianists like Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea surround themselves with layers of electronic sound to synthesize themselves onto the nation's record charts. Use of the synthesizer is rapidly becoming convention in the jazz-rock-whatever world, but Jarrett sticks to the natural sounds of acoustic piano. He believes electronic music is bad for both the musician and the audience ("It causes cavities"). This has certainly not endeared him to the rock 'n' roll fan, but Jarrett's anti-electric bias is quite positive. To him, happiness is a Hamburg Steinway.

Strangely, for a piano player with conventional ideas about sound, Jarrett was once a member of Miles Davis's group. Now Davis is generally regarded (for his sins) as the enigmatic founding father of the whole jazz-rock movement—widening people's tastes to the point where jazz meets rock. But Keith Jarrett emerged from his Miles Davis experience untouched by that side of it all. While the pianist keeps his high regard for Miles, he has very mixed feelings about the musicians surrounding the trumpet player today.

Miles Davis was one of the two groups joined by Jarrett that increased popular appreciation in what was then a rigidly defined jazz market. In 1966 Jarrett became a member of the Charles Lloyd quartet, the first jazz group to break through with any force to the flower children of the sixties. Lloyd's avant-garde jazz won some recognition and respect from the rock world, giving Jarrett clout in both worlds. Miles Davis followed, and now Jarrett works by himself with his own group and also with vibraphone player Gary Burton.

Jarrett: Resisting the tide of electronic intrusion

His work on the road and all over the world with the Lloyd quartet formed Jarrett's strong opinions about pianos and places where you play pianos. As with all good jazz artists, Jarrett has paid his dues and has arrived at a stage in his career where he can choose his gigs. You can't be too careful for Jarrett; on one of his solo piano albums German record producer Manfred Eicher spent a concentrated ninety minutes adjusting a microphone one millimeter either way to achieve the best sonic effects. It is an attitude toward work that appeals to Jarrett, who checks ahead—and before he signs any contract—on clubs and concert halls. He gets interested in curtains, stone walls, or plaster—anything that might change the acoustics.

Keith Jarrett worries about the dying art of making pianos, that the great older craftsmen are not being replaced. As the world goes, so go the piano makers.

Meanwhile Jarrett goes his own somewhat unfashionable way. He lives in New Jersey, does not listen to jazz music, never practices, and stands his ground for natural sounds. He now records for the Impulse label, which over the years has always had a controlled regard for experimentation in jazz. (It was John Coltrane's major label—and they respect Jarrett's desires not to move into electricity.)

They know better than to provide him with—horrors—an upright piano.

Or—worse—a white piano.

"I would *never*, not ever, play a white piano. They belong to Busby Berkeley movies," says Keith Jarrett.—*Ian Dove*

CURRENT RELEASES

Common Sense/John Prine (Atlantic SD 18127). Prine's early followers adored him more for his stories than his songs. He is still a great storyteller. Prine's control of the band makes this an exceptional LP.

Will o' the Wisp/Leon Russell (Shelter SR 2138). Russell has refined his voice and he no longer finds it necessary to use it as a screechy irritant. Cut by cut the album is brilliant, perhaps Russell's best since *Carney*. "Back to the Island" and "Lain Right Here in Heaven" are standouts.

Straight Shooter/Bad Company (Swan Song SS 8413). The margin of difference between this LP and the group's previous one, *Bad Company*, is so slight that you might think they were cut from the same sessions. Once again, the songs concern love neanderthal-style. If you liked the first, you'll probably like a second helping.

The Myths and Legends of King Arthur/Rick Wakeman (A&M SP 4515). Will Rick Wakeman, former keyboard genius of Yes, tackle the classic tale of Bambi next? Is any story too moldy for his inspired vision? This album is fraught with the same phoney dramatics and sad misunderstandings that wrecked his last LP, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. Wakeman is beset by the notion that it is his burden to revive all the great classics for the teen world.

Southern Nights/Allen Toussaint (Warner Brothers MN 21986). Toussaint carries the traditions of New Orleans music in his head and brings them to a new day with every record he cuts. The sound of his voice is muted and mimetic—seeming to float in from the next block. "Southern Nights" is an excellent cut and should establish Toussaint on the airwaves once and for all.—*John Gibson*

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HOW THE U.S. PLANS —AND COMMITS— SUBVERSION AND ASSASSINATION ABROAD.

MURDER BY PROXY

BY TAD SZULC

Political assassination is so repulsive to Americans that for years we have considered only madmen, or Soviet and Nazi agents, capable of it. But today, the CIA—and therefore the United States government—stands accused of plots to murder foreign leaders. And the agency may be greatly affected by the outcome of current investigations of such charges.

In all fairness to the CIA, there is no proof thus far that CIA agents have themselves committed assassinations abroad. Former CIA Director Richard M. Helms made this point earlier this year when he said flatly, "I do not know of any foreign leader that was ever assassinated by the CIA." But Helms's statement, angrily shouted at Washington newsmen questioning him, was no more than an artful *technical* denial. (Helms, losing his cool, used this occasion to shout at CBS's Daniel Schorr "son of a bitch" and "killer," and to apply one of the filthiest sexual epithets to Schorr.)

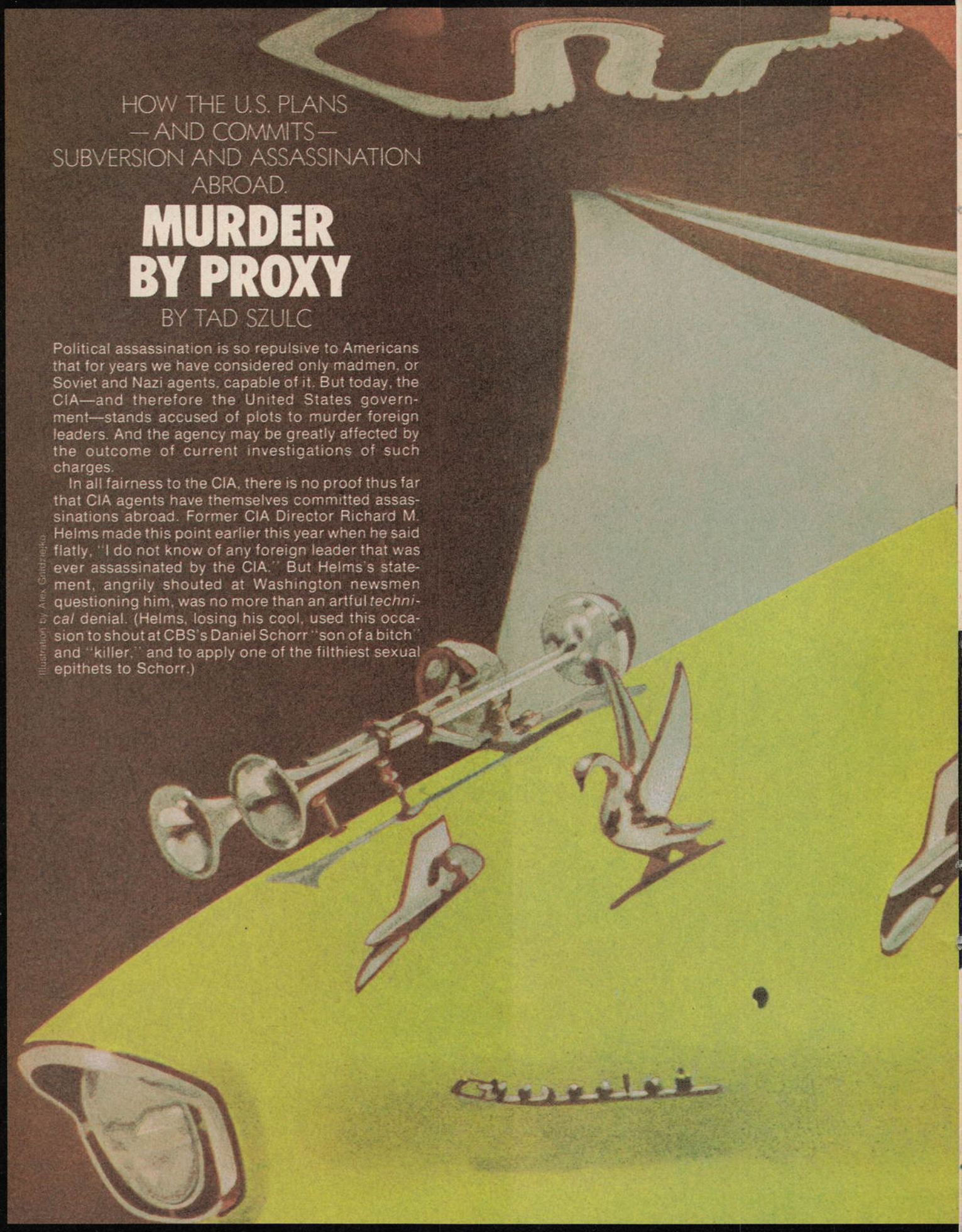

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

Though it is probably true that no *American* CIA official ever actually murdered a foreign leader, there is plentiful material to suggest that foreign nationals employed by the CIA have attempted to assassinate, and sometimes succeeded in assassinating, key figures overseas on orders from Washington. The name of the game seems to be murder by proxy.

What is know at this juncture about CIA assassination plots?

• For one thing, they were the subject of the so-called "oral" report CIA Director William E. Colby presented to President Ford shortly after the scandal broke out last December over allegations that the agency had been involved in domestic spying. The content of this report is not publicly known, but key sources in the Rockefeller Commission and the Senate select committee investigating the CIA informed *Penthouse* that political assassination was one of the important areas of their secret inquiries. This may explain why Helms, wholly out of character, lost his composure before newsmen minutes after testifying before the Rockefeller Commission in April.

Senator Frank Church, the chairman of the Senate Select Investigating Committee on Intelligence, concluded after hearing testimony by Helms and other past and present agency officials that the CIA's formal denials of involvement in assassination plots "were correct but not complete." Church, however, spoke early in May, before his committee began full-fledged hearings.

• Godfather-like, the CIA drew the Mafia into a plot to kill Cuba's premier Fidel Castro by literally letting out a contract on him. According to documents held by the FBI, the agency had contacted Sam Giancana, described as a Chicago rackets *capo*, and John Roselli, a man with Mafia connections, to carry out the assassination. Roselli, presumably, was going to be the hit man, either staging a sharpshooter execution of the Cuban premier or trying to murder him with poison capsules provided by the CIA. The agency, it appears, had hoped that the murder would be pinned on the Mafia, which had lost its gambling operations on the island with Castro's advent.

That the CIA had considered killing Castro on a number of other occasions—estimates among informed Washington sources run from six to thirteen actual attempts or plots—is now virtually a matter of public record. There are also indications, not fully corroborated, that two exiled Cubans working for the CIA were sent into Cuba during the early 1960s to kill Defense Minister Raul Castro, the premier's brother. Intelligence sources said that the two Cubans subsequently were members of E. Howard Hunt's Watergate "plumbers" teams.

• It is also believed that the CIA, possibly in concert with the U.S. army's Special Forces, was involved in orchestrating the 1961 assassination of the Dominican Republic's dictator, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. The assassination was carried out by a group of Dominicans on a lonely road outside the city of Santo Domingo, but it is virtually certain that the CIA was fully informed of the operation and may even have supplied "technical assistance" (rifles) to the Dominicans, according to an intelligence source. Interestingly, the first word of Trujillo's assassination came in a White House announcement while President Kennedy was visiting Paris, which suggests astoundingly rapid reports from the U.S. representatives on the spot.

Penthouse investigations also brought out the following new material concerning abortive CIA assassination plots abroad:

• In the late 1950s, senior CIA officials in Asia proposed the assassination of Indonesia's President Sukarno as part of a broader plot to overthrow his left-leaning government. At least one American pilot, employed by the CIA, was captured by Sukarno's forces during the coup attempt. To kill Sukarno, the CIA, according to intelligence sources, planned to fire a shell from a ceremonial 105-mm cannon in front of the presidential palace while Sukarno spoke from a balcony. This plan, however, was vetoed on the highest levels in Washington.

• In 1958, a plot was concocted to kill China's Premier Chou En-lai during a visit to Rangoon, Burma. This was at the beginning of the Soviet-Chinese split, and apparently the CIA reasoned that Chou's death would aggravate the developing split. The notion was that Chou was a moderate and thus posed an obstacle to a possible Soviet-Chinese confrontation. Furthermore, intelligence sources said, the CIA planned, by the dissemination of "disinformation" through intelligence channels, to lead the Chinese to believe that Chou was killed by the Russian KGB.

This murder plot, which was also stopped by Washington, provided for a Burmese CIA agent to place untraceable poison in a rice bowl from which Chou was expected to be eating at a government dinner in his honor. This particular kind of poison, intelligence sources said, would have acted within forty-eight hours and there would be no trace of it if an autopsy were performed. The plan was countermanded at the last moment.

Obviously, assassinations abroad are not the principal activity in the total CIA operation. Generally speaking, the CIA collects intelligence by all possible means, technological as well as human, as well as engaging in "covert actions" that range from overthrows of foreign régimes to the control and subornation of foreign leaders in and out of governments and every form of "black" propaganda.

Over the years, the CIA has been involved in such paramilitary activities as the 1954 overthrow of the Arbenz régime in Guatemala, the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, the creation of the "secret army" in Laos in the early 1960s, the intervention in the Congo in 1964 (with the use of Cuban pilot veterans of the Bay of Pigs), Operation Phoenix in Vietnam (the flushing out and assassination of over 20,000 Vietnamese suspected of Communist ties or sympathies), and the organizing of Cambodian and Thai mercenaries in Indochina.

But the CIA has also engaged in unsuspected operations ranging from the 1957 and 1958 secret supply of technical assistance to Israel for the development of nuclear weapons, to the 1974 effort to raise a sunken Soviet submarine from the floor of the Pacific.

• A recent example is the apparent decision by the Ford administration to have the CIA leave "stay-behinds" in Vietnam after the fall of Saigon to maintain the flow of intelligence and to try to destroy American-made war materiel captured by the North Vietnamese. It is unclear if the "stay-behind" agents are all Vietnamese; there may be a few Americans among them.

• The nuclear operation in Israel remains to this day one of the government's most sensitive secrets. It is generally known that Israel possesses a military nuclear capability. But the degree of United States secret cooperation provided through the CIA has not been known.

According to senior intelligence sources, the operation was carried out by the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, then headed by James Angleton, the man Colby fired last December at the time the agency was accused of illegal domestic activities.

(Actually, Angleton's firing was related to the preeminent role he played in the relations between the CIA and Israeli intelligence, something which both Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Colby had resented for a long time. The domestic spying controversy was a convenient excuse for doing away with Angleton and his strongly pro-Israeli personal views.)

Although the details of the Israeli nuclear enterprise are still top secret, it is known that in the wake of the 1956 Suez war, the Eisenhower administration resolved to provide Israel with all possible help in developing an atomic weapon. The Israelis had the theoretical knowledge, but they needed technological support at their Dimona nuclear research center in the Negev Desert.

According to top intelligence sources, the CIA was charged with the responsibility of providing this support to the Israelis—and Angleton directed the effort. Several nuclear scientists were secretly sent to Israel to work with Dimona scientists. The most important of them, according to intelligence sources, was a British-born physicist, now an American citizen working for the U.S. government in Washington, with special and esoteric ties to the CIA.

Persons close to Angleton have confirmed this account in recent interviews. Reflecting Angleton's own position, however, they have denied assertions from other sources that the CIA team made fissionable material—plutonium—available to the Israelis from United States stocks.

The controversy over the CIA and the rest of the United States "intelligence community," the array of other secret agencies practicing the arts of intelligence, turns principally around covert operations abroad

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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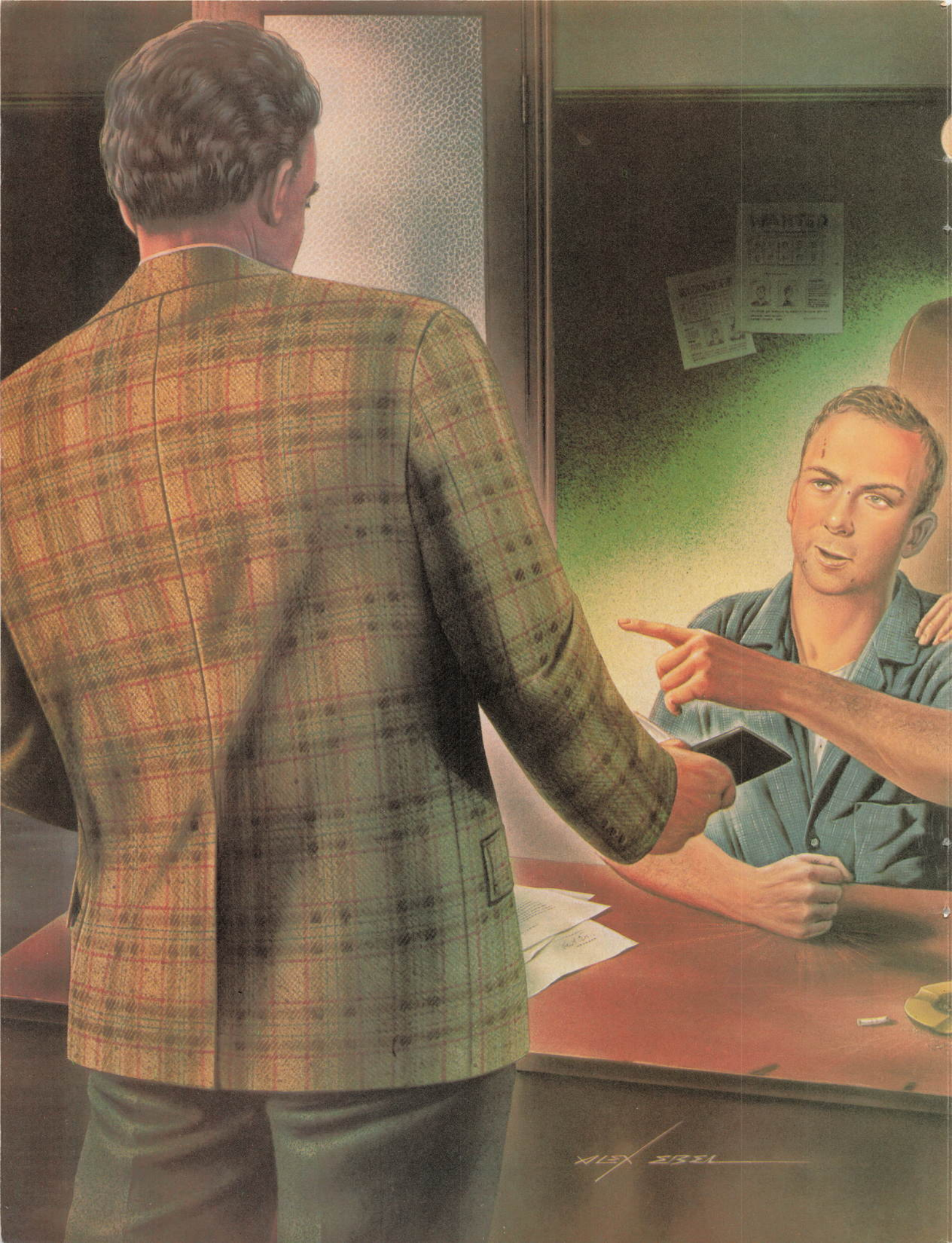

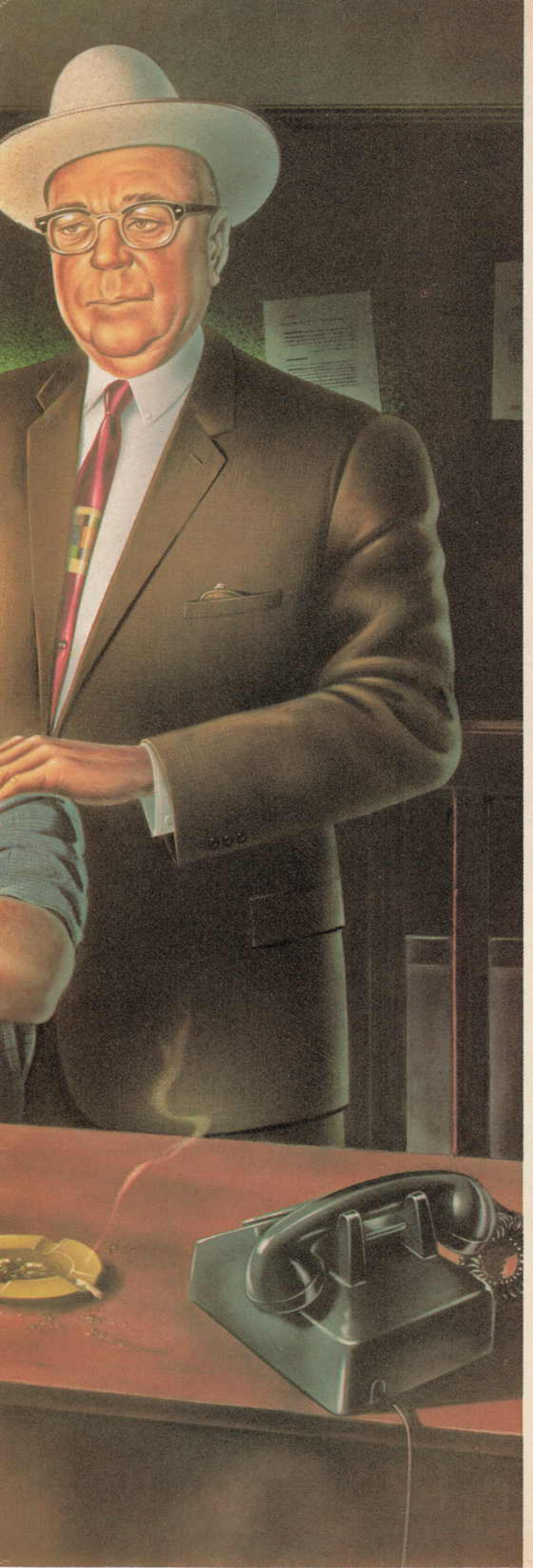

THE OSWALD–FBI COVER-UP

The Warren Commission had evidence that the accused assassin of President Kennedy had worked for the FBI—and never investigated those charges.

By George O'Toole

This document contains information affecting the national defense of the United States within the meaning of the Espionage Laws" reads the warning on the cover sheet, but the words "Top Secret" have been scratched out. The bottom of the page bears a declassification notice and a date, "6/12/74." Without explanation or fanfare, the government quietly released one of the most highly classified documents held in the vaults of the National Archives, the transcript of the Warren Commission's meeting of Monday, January 27, 1964.

When the Warren Commission began its investigation into the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, it chose to carry out its work in absolute secrecy. In September 1964, eight months after it began its probe, the commission published a report naming Lee Harvey Oswald as the lone assassin, and two months later it released twenty-six volumes containing more than ten million words of testimony and evidence. Yet a large mass of additional documents was suppressed for "reasons of national security." When the commission dissolved itself later in 1964, those classified documents were locked away in the National Archives. Today, almost twelve years after the assassination of President Kennedy, 20 percent of the commission's documents are still withheld from the public.

While the declassification and release of any of the commission's transcripts would have been a historic development, the choice of this particular executive session was mildly sensational because of the subject discussed. The commission met on that January afternoon in 1964 to deal with the rapidly burgeoning evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald had been a paid informer for the FBI.

The first reports of an FBI–Oswald connection had reached the commission five days earlier, when Waggoner Carr, the Attorney General of Texas, telephoned the commission's General Counsel, J. Lee Rankin, to pass along a confidential report claiming that Oswald had been recruited by the FBI in September 1962 to work as an undercover agent at a salary of $200 a month. The report claimed that Oswald had been assigned informer number S-179 and that he had worked for the bureau until his arrest immediately after the assassination of President Kennedy. Carr revealed that the source of his information was Henry Wade, the Dallas district attorney.

Within hours of that phone call on January 22, 1964, Chief Justice Earl Warren hastily assembled the commission for a late afternoon meeting. In addition to Rankin and the Chief Justice, Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Representatives Hale Boggs of Louisiana and Gerald Ford of Michigan, and former CIA Director Allen Dulles were present. Two other commission members, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia and John McCloy, former U.S. Commissioner in postwar Germany, were not there.

Rankin began the meeting by reporting on the telephone call he had received from the Texas attorney general. The commissioners were stunned. Later, in his book about the assassination, Gerald Ford wrote that he couldn't recall attending a meeting more tense and hushed. The commissioners' recollections

(From The Assassination Tapes *by George O'Toole. Published by Penthouse Press, Ltd.)*

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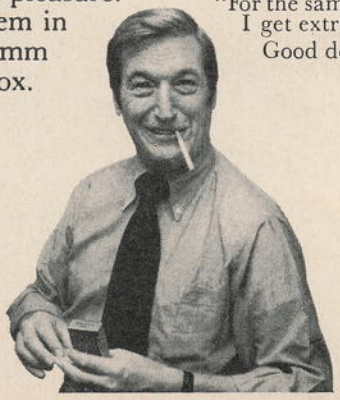

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of what was said that afternoon have been, however, the only record of this executive session, for it was this meeting that was later judged so sensitive the transcript had to be suppressed.

Apparently the commission decided that Chief Justice Warren should discuss the Texas official's report with him in person, and at the commission's request Waggoner Carr flew to Washington two days later to meet with Warren and Rankin. Carr was accompanied by Dallas District Attorney Wade—the source of his story—and Wade's assistant, William Alexander. Two prominent Texas attorneys who had been appointed by Carr to act as liaison with the commission were also present. One of them was Leon Jaworski, who ten years later was to become nationally known as the Watergate Special Prosecutor.

The Texans told Warren that reports of Oswald's FBI affiliation had been circulating among local newspapermen for several weeks, and they named Alonzo Hudkins of the *Houston Post* as one source of the story. Wade added that he had also heard a report that Oswald had been a CIA informant and was designated by the agency as No. 110669. The Texans offered several bits of circumstantial evidence of Oswald's FBI connection, including his use of post-office boxes and aliases, a two-hour interview of Oswald by the FBI in September 1962 (during which, presumably, he was recruited), and the fact that Oswald had in his notebook the name, address, and telephone number of an FBI agent, plus the license-plate number of his automobile.

After the meeting, the lawmen returned to Texas, leaving a severely shaken chief justice. Warren scheduled a meeting of the commission for the following Monday to decide how to deal with the problem. And during the weekend, the story of Oswald's alleged FBI affiliation began to surface in the Eastern press.

The commission met at 2:30 P.M. on January 27, 1964. Except for Ford, the full commission was present, as well as Rankin and a stenographer. The meeting began with Rankin reviewing the situation for the commissioners, starting with the telephone call from Carr on the previous Wednesday. Rankin revealed that he had actually received a report on the FBI–Oswald matter from the Secret Service the day before the Texas official called him. Apparently Rankin hadn't noticed the report buried in a bunch of other Secret Service documents.

The Secret Service report contained essentially the same information the Texans volunteered, but it gave as its source a Dallas deputy sheriff named Allan Sweatt. Noting the date on the report, Rankin expressed some concern that nearly three weeks had passed before it was turned over to the commission: "We wondered whether the Secret Service was withholding something from us, since they had this in their hands clear back on January 3, the date of the report. The explanation since has been that they were trying to check it out." In fact, the Secret Service had gotten the information from Sweatt in mid-December, nearly six weeks earlier. Rankin observed, "It seemed like kind of a long period since they hadn't gotten any further report from Mr. Sweatt at all."

But resolving such minutiae was far from the minds of the commissioners. Even the question of whether or not Oswald had been employed by the FBI seemed of secondary importance. The problem that loomed paramount in the minds of the six commission members and their counsel seemed to be: How is the commission to deal with the rumors of an FBI–Oswald link without displeasing J. Edgar Hoover? The commission really had no investigators of its own; it relied on the FBI to locate and interview witnesses. If the commission's staff lawyers tried to conduct their own probe of the alleged FBI–Oswald link, word would surely get back to Hoover that the commission was, in effect, investigating his agency. On the other hand, if the commission approached Hoover directly with the allegation, he would certainly offer his assurances that it was untrue. Any further probing by the commission would then be an implicit impeachment of Hoover's word. Faced with the taboo on hurting the feelings of J. Edgar Hoover, there seemed little the Warren Commission could do to explore this aspect of the assassination.

In fact, limited as they were to the investigative services of the FBI, the commissioners felt that they could not adequately explore *any* aspect of the assassination. After Commissioner John McCloy referred to some discrepancies in the FBI's version of the assassination, the following exchange took place:

> MR. RANKIN: Part of our difficulty in regard to it is that they [the FBI] have no problems. They have decided that it is Oswald who committed the assassination, they have decided no one else was involved, they have decided——
>
> SEN. RUSSELL: They have tried the case and reached a verdict on every aspect.
>
> REP. BOGGS: You have put your finger on it.
>
> MR. MCCLOY: They are a little less certain in the supplementals than they were in the rest.
>
> MR. RANKIN: Yes, but they are still there. They have decided the case, and we are going to have maybe a thousand further inquiries that we say the commission has to know all these things before it can pass on this. And I think their reaction probably will be, "Why do you want all that? It is clear."

Defenders of the Warren Commission often point to the months of work that went into its report, the hundreds of witnesses who gave testimony before it, and the exhaustive investigation carried out by the FBI on its behalf. It is disquieting now to learn that as of January 1964, before even a single witness had testified and seven months before the writing of the final report, the FBI had adopted an adversary position toward the commission and, in the words of Russell, "tried the case and reached a verdict on every aspect."

The commission may have hoped that the FBI–Oswald rumor would just go away, but it was already obvious that it would not. Rankin observed, "I don't see how the country is ever going to be willing to accept it if we don't satisfy them on this particular issue, not only with them [the FBI] but with the CIA and every other agency." But the commissioners could not have been very encouraged by the remarks of one of their number, Allen Dulles, who happened to be a former director of the CIA. Dulles was asked if an intelligence officer who recruited an agent would know of his employment:

> MR. DULLES: Yes, but he wouldn't tell.
>
> JUSTICE WARREN: Wouldn't tell it under oath?
>
> MR. DULLES: I wouldn't think he would tell it under oath, no.

It seemed to come as a surprise to the other commissioners to learn that secret agents sometimes lie, even under oath. As if to remove any doubt about his implication, Dulles added, "What I was getting at, I think under any circumstances, I think Mr. Hoover would say certainly he didn't have anything to do with this fellow."

In other words, the commission realized it couldn't expect to get at the truth simply by going to Hoover and asking him (although that is what they finally did). Hoover would deny the story whether or not it was true.

The commissioners spent a good deal of time debating the merits of summoning Alonzo Hudkins, the Houston reporter said by the Texas officials to be the source of the rumor, and examining him under oath to learn his source. But it seems surprising that Rankin didn't tell them that he already knew. Sometime after the January 27 meeting, Rankin wrote an undated memorandum for the files entitled "Rumors that Oswald was an undercover agent." The memo was released by the National Archives a few years ago, and in it Rankin states that on January 23 he received word of a Secret Service interview with Hudkins in which the reporter said he got the FBI–Oswald story from Allan Sweatt, the Dallas deputy sheriff mentioned in another Secret Service report as the source of the story.

If Rankin had related his discovery to the commissioners, they would surely have dropped the question of interviewing Hudkins and, instead, thought about summoning Sweatt to ask about his source. And Rankin could have answered that question as well, for according to his memorandum, he had received an oral report on the previous Friday from a Secret Service agent who had interviewed Sweatt. The deputy named his source as William Alexander, the assistant district attorney who had accompanied Wade and Carr to Washington.

All this is very strange. The commission

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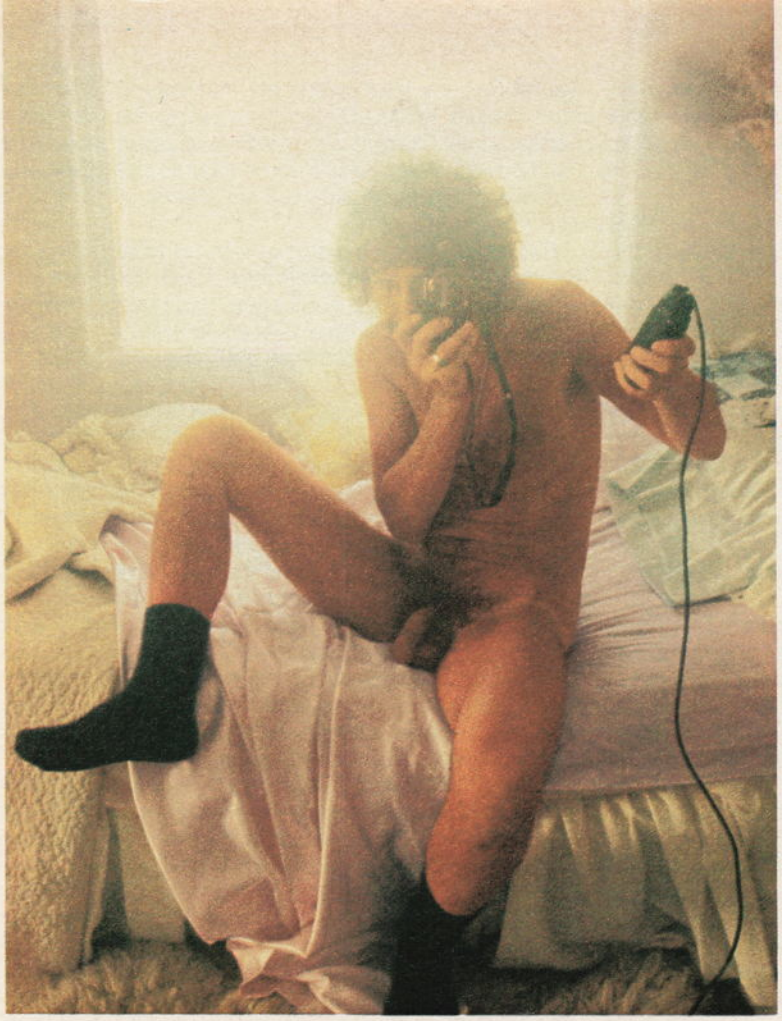


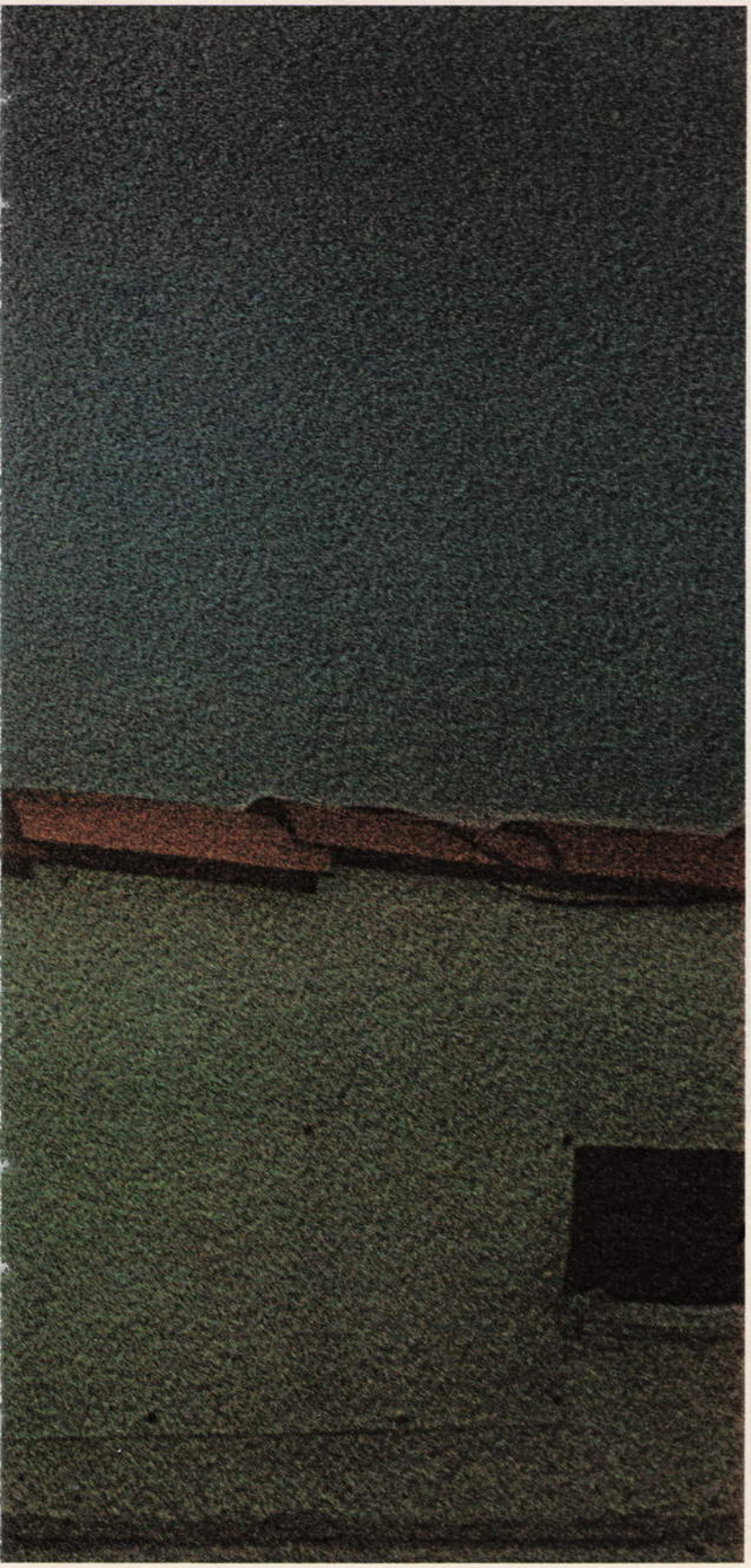
"I like women.
I photograph them
to show not just the body,
but the entire woman...."

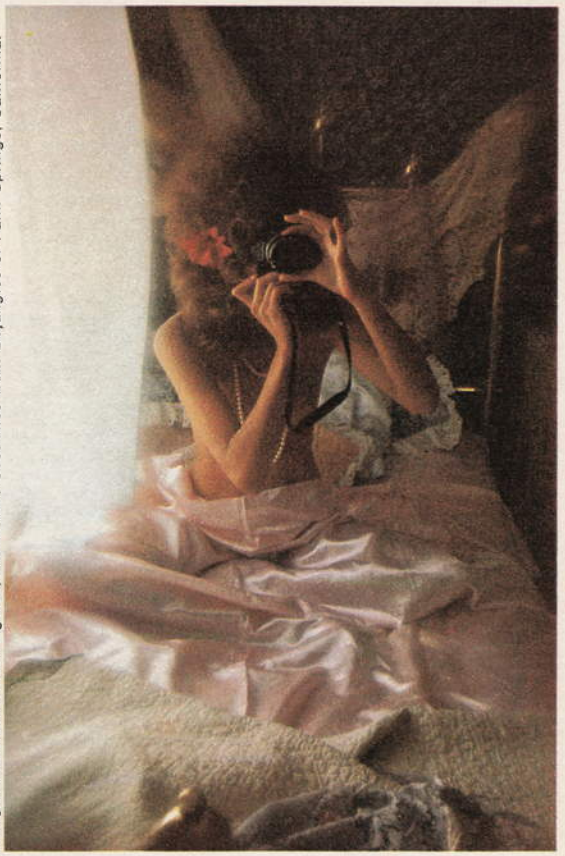
GERNOT PLITZ

THE MAN BEHIND THE LENS IN THIS *PENTHOUSE* PORTFOLIO—AND WHOSE SELF-PORTRAIT APPEARS ABOVE—IS A TRUE BOHEMIAN. HE WAS BORN THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO IN BERGREICHENSTEIN, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, IN THE HEART OF OLD BOHEMIA, ONCE FAMED AS THE NUCLEUS OF EUROPE'S AVANT-GARDE. GERNOT PLITZ, HOWEVER, FOUND THE ACTION IN BERGREICHENSTEIN MORE OF THE REARGUARD TYPE AND MOVED TO MUNICH IN 1960 TO STUDY PAINTING. HE SOON FOUND THAT NO CANVAS COULD ENCOMPASS THE COMPOSITIONS IN NATURE WHICH HE CONSIDERED "REAL," AND HE BEGAN EXPERIMENTING WITH CAMERAS. "I SAW REALITY IN THE ABSTRACT," GERNOT EXPLAINS, "AND I HAD TO MAKE ART OUT OF SOMETHING THAT WAS *THERE*."

IN 1972 HE MET MARSHA MIDDLETON, A MIAMI NATIVE VACATIONING IN MUNICH. HERE WAS ART THAT WAS *THERE* AND A REALITY THAT NO MERE MAN COULD WITHSTAND. THEY MARRIED AND MOVED ON TO CALIFORNIA THAT SAME YEAR. "IT'S THE WEIRDEST PLACE IN THE WORLD," SAYS PLITZ. "IT'S FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS—

CONTINENTAL
HYATT HOUSE

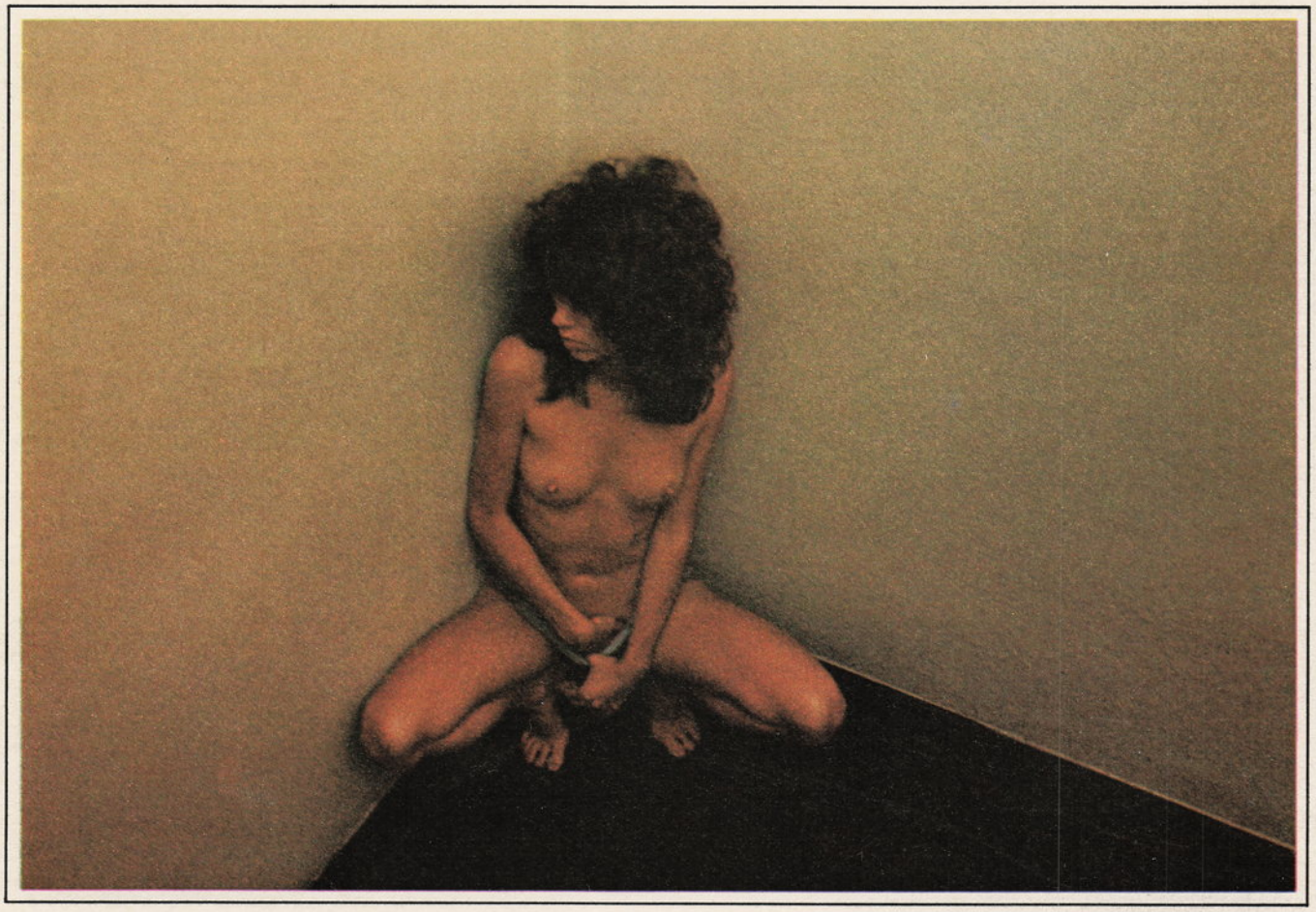


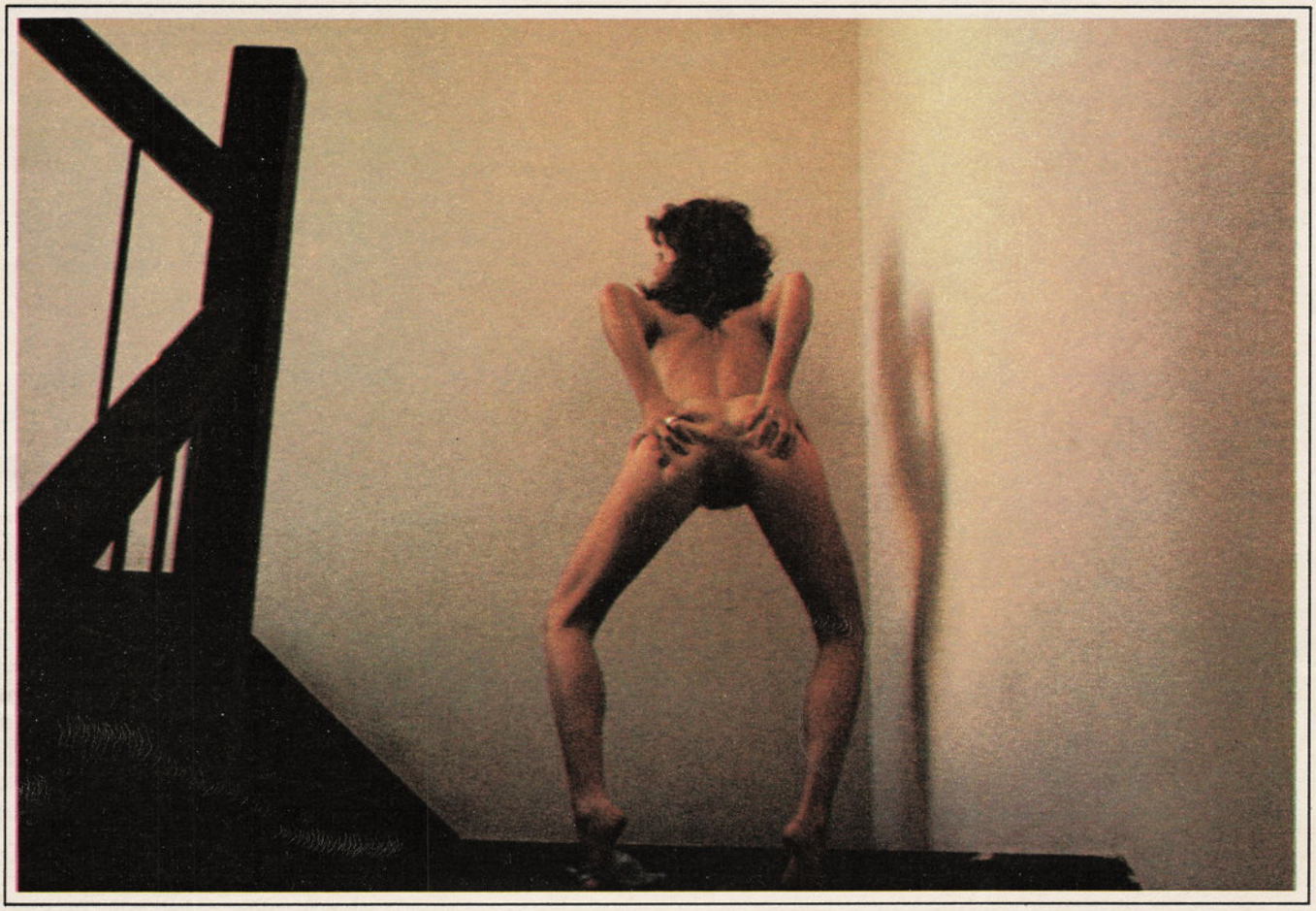


Waag Brass Bed of Los Angeles, California. Costumes from Bojangles of Palm Springs, California.

BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY. ENLIGHTENED AND INSANE." BOHEMIA BY THE PACIFIC? SURE, AND WHO COULD RESIST SUCH A MELTING POT OF PULCHRITUDE? NOT PLITZ. IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM VERY LONG TO FIND HIS FORTE. "I *LIKE* WOMEN ANYWAY," HE AFFIRMS, "AND I DETERMINED TO PHOTOGRAPH THEM IN SUCH A WAY AS TO SHOW NOT JUST THE BODY, BUT THE ENTIRE *WOMAN*." HIS SUBTLE TRANSLATIONS CAUGHT THE EYE OF BOB GUCCIONE, AND HIS FIRST PICTORIAL APPEARED IN THE AUGUST 1973 ISSUE OF *PENTHOUSE*. SINCE THEN, GERNOT PLITZ HAS BEEN A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO THESE PAGES.

RECENTLY, WE ASKED HIM TO PHOTOGRAPH A SUBJECT OF HIS CHOICE IN EXACTLY THE WAY HE WANTED TO SHOOT HER. TYPICALLY, HE CHOSE MARSHA. ATYPICALLY, HE DECIDED TO START WITH A CLASSIC APPROACH, THEN DIVERT HIS ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE BACKDROP AND INTO PURE REALITY. "A PHOTOGRAPHER HAS TO EVOLVE HIS OWN STYLE," HE SAYS, "AND SOME THINGS HE DOES ONLY TO PLEASE HIMSELF." HERE THEN IS A PORTFOLIO OF PLITZ'S PLEASURE, WHICH WE HOPE PLEASES YOU.





THE OSWALD–FBI COVER-UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

first heard of the FBI–Oswald rumor from Waggoner Carr, and he, in turn, said he heard it from Henry Wade. Then Carr and Wade met with Warren and they brought along Wade's assistant, Alexander, who turned out to be the real authority on the matter. He attributed the story to the press in general and to Alonzo Hudkins in particular. But Hudkins got the story from Deputy Sheriff Sweatt, and Sweatt said *he* got the story from Bill Alexander. *All roads lead to the assistant district attorney.* The rumor that caused the Warren Commission so much anguish seems to have originated with the same man who "blew the whistle" on it for the commission. Curious.

Perhaps even stranger is Rankin's failure to call Alexander on the carpet and demand to know just what the hell kind of game he was playing. Since there is no record of that question being asked, let us examine the facts:

Was Oswald an FBI informer? The first contact between Oswald and the FBI was apparently a two-hour interview in Fort Worth on June 26, 1962, shortly after he returned from the Soviet Union. Considering Oswald's history, this is not unusual.

Oswald was next contacted by the FBI about two months later on August 15. There is also nothing remarkable about such a follow-up interview, but the method used by the agents in approaching Oswald seems somewhat unusual: they set up a stake-out in an automobile near his home and approached him as he walked down the street. The agent who was in charge of the case, John Fain, testified that he had chosen this approach to demonstrate to Oswald that the FBI wasn't trying to embarrass him, and "we felt if we talked to him there in the car informally, he would better cooperate with us."

This doesn't seem to make sense. Fain didn't explain why he thought Oswald would be less embarrassed by being accosted on the street near his home than by being visited at his apartment. In fact, Fain said that Oswald "actually invited us in when we stopped him. He said, 'Won't you come in the house?' And I said, 'Well, we will just talk here. We will be alone to ourselves and we will be informal, and just fine.' So he got in the car with Agent Brown."

In this statement Fain seems to have presented a more plausible reason for sitting in a car with another FBI agent and waiting for an indefinite period until Oswald appeared on the street: the agents had something to discuss with Oswald that they did not want overheard.

Assuming that the FBI agents did approach Oswald to recruit him as an informer, how would they have gone about it? Based on their reports, Oswald's attitude toward them was neither completely hostile nor fully cooperative. However, Oswald had at least one vulnerable point, and this came across loud and clear in Fain's report of the second interview:

> . . . Oswald stated the American Embassy [in Moscow] tried to persuade him to return to the United States alone, and without his wife, Marina. . . . The Embassy tried to influence him to come back alone, find a job, get established, and later send for his wife. Oswald stated he refused to follow this course. He told the American Embassy he feared he would never see his wife again if he left her in Russia.

A recent study of FBI informers groups them into several categories and discusses one in particular: "Another equally unreliable group [of informers] lives under the shadow of some prior cloud: fear of being charged as an accomplice, of deportation, of perjury charges."

Marina Oswald was not a United States citizen. She was admitted to the United States at the pleasure of the government. She could be ejected at its displeasure. And she meant enough to Oswald that he refused to leave the Soviet Union without her. Whether or not they used it against him, the agents must have realized that they had found a nerve.

Did the FBI threaten Oswald with Marina's deportation? According to Oswald, they threatened Marina herself. After his arrest, Oswald was first interrogated by Captain Will Fritz, the head of the Dallas homicide and robbery bureau. Fritz was shortly joined by an FBI agent, James Hosty. Hosty had been assigned Oswald's case when Oswald returned to Dallas and had visited Marina and Mrs. Ruth Paine (with whom Marina was living) some weeks before the assassination. According to Fritz, Oswald became enraged when Hosty identified himself, and "he beat on the desk and went into a kind of tantrum. He told Hosty, 'I know you. You accosted my wife on two occasions.' He was getting pretty irritable. . . . I asked him what he meant by accosting, I thought maybe he meant some physical abuse or something and he said, 'Well, he threatened her.' And he said, 'He practically told her she would have to go back to Russia.' "

Given that the FBI had the motive and means to recruit Oswald as an informer, what other evidence exists to suggest that it actually did so? One of the strongest supports for the thesis is an incident that occurred several months before the assassination in August 1963.

Oswald was arrested for disturbing the peace while distributing pro-Castro leaflets in New Orleans. While in custody, Oswald asked to speak to an FBI agent. Special Agent John Quigley of the New Orleans office visited Oswald in jail and interviewed him. When Quigley testified before the commission, he said that he had never heard of Oswald before that meeting, he did not know why Oswald had asked to see an FBI agent, and Oswald did not explain this during the interview. Quigley interviewed Oswald for an hour and a half, during which time Oswald discussed his activities in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

If Quigley's story is accepted at face value, Oswald's actions are incomprehensible. A pro-Castro activist is arrested for disturbing the peace and he immediately asks to talk to an FBI agent. Yet this could have been exactly what happened if Oswald was working as an informer for the FBI's Dallas office.

Oswald was arrested after an altercation with some anti-Castro Cubans who objected to his distributing the leaflets, and Oswald may have been afraid that he was going to spend a few weeks in jail as a result. Declaring his informer status to the local FBI might have seemed a breach of security, but requesting an interview with an agent was a discreet way of letting the bureau in Dallas know where he was. Quigley would have been the unwitting messenger.

Quigley's report on the interview with Oswald would have been routinely put into the FBI's information network. Since Oswald told the agent he had recently moved to New Orleans from Texas, a copy of the report would have been sent to the Fort Worth or Dallas bureau office. Normally this entire process would require several days, so it cannot explain the fortunate developments that immediately followed Quigley's visit to Oswald: Oswald was released on bail that same day; two days later he went to court and was charged with "creating a scene." He pleaded guilty and was given a ten-dollar fine. However, in view of the minor charges against Oswald, such leniency is not too unusual. The remarkable feature of the New Orleans arrest episode is Oswald's request to see an FBI agent and the substance of the consequent interview.

The next link between Oswald and the FBI is the presence in Oswald's address book of the name, office address, telephone number, and automobile license-plate number of Special Agent James Hosty. According to the Warren Report, Hosty left his name, address, and phone number with Mrs. Ruth Paine so she could contact him, but she passed this information along to Oswald. The license-plate number was allegedly noted down by Marina while Hosty was visiting her and Mrs. Paine. The report said she had been instructed to do this by Oswald.

There are several problems with this explanation, however. Hosty visited the Paine home twice, on November 1 and November 5, 1963. During the first visit, according to Mrs. Paine, Hosty parked down the street from her house to avoid drawing attention to his visit, and the license plate of his car was not visible from the house. During the second visit Marina was in her room, joining Hosty and Mrs. Paine only just before the FBI agent departed. The commission's investigators established that it would have been impossible for Marina to have read the plate on Hosty's car from her room; they went to the Paine house and unsuccessfully attempted to read the plate on a car parked in front of the house from the window of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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JOHNNY CASH

It has now been twenty years since Johnny Cash first surfaced as a singer, and in the course of establishing himself as the unquestioned king of country music he has recorded nearly 350 songs, sold more than 30 million records, and currently earns more than $3 million a year.

Almost equally pleasing to Cash is the increased acceptance he's won for country music. Prior to his emergence, such fabled Southern troubadours as the late Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams could win followings only along the corn pone circuit. Cash, as welcome at Carnegie Hall as he is at the Grand Ole Opry, brought country music to the cities. And also to the young—pop idols Bob Dylan and Kris Kristofferson are among the many youthful singer-composers strongly influenced by the Nashville-based balladeer. As we head into the second half of the seventies, Johnny Cash seems a sure bet to become the most dominant figure in the entire history of U.S. country music. For a man who was a failure as an appliance salesman at twenty-three, Cash has clearly come a long way since those early lean years.

Born in Kingsland, Arkansas, on February 26, 1932, John R. Cash, at the age of three, was brought by his parents to Dyess, Arkansas, where the Roosevelt administration had established a federally financed farm settlement to aid depression-poor families. Cash's hardworking father was given a twenty-acre farm, a small house, a barn, a mule, a cow, and a plow—and eventually paid back the government for everything it had advanced him. One of seven children, John (which is what his friends call him) grew up on a steady diet of fatback, turnip greens, and hard work—he was picking 350 pounds of cotton a day by the time he was fourteen. Following his high school graduation in 1950, Cash worked for two weeks on a Detroit automobile assembly line and then enlisted in the air force. After a four-year stint in Germany—where he learned to play the guitar—John returned to Memphis and a job selling appliances.

Cash was a lamentably bad salesman. "Maybe that was because I hated every minute of it," he recalls. To supplement his meager income, John formed a trio with local auto mechanics Luther Perkins and Marshall Grant, and they were soon playing church socials and county fairs. After doing a series of fifteen-minute Saturday afternoon radio shows in Memphis, Cash decided they ought to audition for Sun Records. In early 1955, their first recording, "Cry, Cry, Cry," sold 100,000 records across the South. "Folsom Prison Blues" came next, and when it rose to the top of the country music charts Cash quit his job—and has been singing country music ever since.

Johnny Cash is much larger up close than he appears to be onstage. A big, barrel-chested man whose face looks like it crashed into a wall, Cash looks raw, speaks plain—and is surprisingly gentle. At the same time, however, the passivity seems tightly controlled: Cash has an enormously strong personality that he underplays. His sidemen are more than suitably impressed by their boss and talk of him in terms approaching sainthood. And it often seems that's what he's aiming at.

In addition to being a remarkable singer and songwriter, Cash is also a consummate performer. Several times a year he plays week-long engagements at the Las Vegas Hilton (which has that gambling town's biggest showroom), and his usual complement of two SRO crowds a night don't leave disappointed. Cash is often onstage for one and one half hours, and virtually every song he performs has won him a gold record. June Carter, his wife of seven years, joins him for several songs

Photograph by Bert Tippett

"The people will overcome—and our government will be set up the way the people want it to be set up."

about midway through the proceedings, and occasionally their four-year-old son, John Carter Cash, also gets into the act. (John and June have both been married before, which accounts for their six daughters.) Cash knows how to bend a lyric just so, and his gravelly, slightly off-key baritone seems able to dive into bottomless pits. Unlike a number of performers these days, Cash is better in person than on his records. And his records are superb.

After catching one of his midnight performances, the author met Cash the next morning in the Hilton's Imperial Suite, a spacious and dandy refuge reserved for whichever entertainer (Ann-Margret, Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand, Bill Cosby, etc.) is currently headlining downstairs. Cash was stretched out on the carpet, dressed in one of the black shirt-and-slacks outfits he performs in (and apparently lives in as well). He quickly bounded up, got coffee, and then sat down to talk. Cash really can't abide Las Vegas—he doesn't gamble and the desert air never fails to play havoc with his throat—yet there are at least a couple of reasons he keeps playing the town. One is the six-figure weekly salary he draws from the Hilton. Another is the rousing reception he gets from high-rolling crowds who aren't country music buffs. Cash's singular ability to turn virtually any audience on to his brand of music provided a logical opening for the interview.—*Larry Linderman*

Penthouse: Although the music scene seems to be composed of enemy camps, you've somehow become a superstar not only to country music fans, but also to folk, rock, and gospel followers. What accounts for that?

Cash: Well, to start with, I have no illusions about who Johnny Cash is: I'm a country boy and I'm a country singer. But I've always felt that a lot of country songs—especially the ballads—have something to say to everybody. It finally just gets down to how they're presented; are you gonna present a song to people in a way that'll get them feeling the same way *you* feel about it, or will you do it in such a way that people will end up thinking, "Nope, that's not for me." I think I was aware of this as early as 1956 when a song I wrote called "I Walk the Line" was one of the first so-called country songs to become a pop hit as well.

Penthouse: Musical innovations aside, what do you think your songs communicate to people?

Cash: Love. I sincerely love people. And I especially love children. Now that I have six daughters and a little boy and I'm forty-three years old, I've learned to appreciate children. So I have them in mind when I make my records, and I also have the church people in mind, because that's part of my life now, too. And I also have convicts in mind. I try to remember that the airwaves belong to everybody—*anybody* can turn on a radio—so I try not to put my music into a bag.

The same is true of myself, 'cause I've never wanted to be put in a bag either. You know, even in the fifties, people in the country music business in Nashville considered me some kind of unorthodox left fielder, mostly because I came down from Memphis, where Elvis and Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis and I had been putting out all that strange stuff on Sun Records. I thought a lot about being considered weird—and it was all right with me. I bought it. It's still all right with me, 'cause I still don't want to be put in a bag. And because of that, I'll continue playing to different kinds of audiences. Like prisoners—I just played an Oklahoma state prison and a Mississippi state prison. And before that, I played a Billy Graham crusade and a Sunday school class. I just think it's fascinating for a man to spread himself around, to walk through different doors, see different groups of people, and understand and feel what they react to. You learn a lot.

Penthouse: You've been extremely critical of the way prisons are run, and once said, "I don't see anything good coming out of prison. You put men in like animals and tear the souls and guts out of them—and let them out worse than when they came in." Exactly what did you mean by that?

Cash: I've got a good friend named Glenn Shirley, who wrote "Greystone Chapel" on my *Folsom Prison* album. He's been out of San Quentin for three and one half years now, and he'll tell you—and I've seen it—that the prison system, like it was and probably still is at San Quentin and Folsom and some of the other big hellholes, is just a school for crime. On top of that, prisons are terribly overcrowded. Tennessee State Prison, right in my hometown of Nashville, has about 5,000 inmates—and at night there's only thirty people to take care of the needs of all those guys. They don't even have a *doctor* assigned to the prison. Can you imagine that many people with no doctor on call? Listen, that's just an example of the lack of concern people have for prisoners. And we keep putting men into settings like that. It's as if we're all saying, "Okay, let's send this man who's offended society to the school for crime that we call our state joint." The result is that when the guy comes out he'll be able to pull off a bigger-and-better robbery, or kill somebody, and that's what's been happening.

Penthouse: Do you see any signs of change in the penal system?

Cash: Well, decent things are in the works in different places. Tennessee, for example, is trying to build about seven different regional facilities around the state—farms where first offenders and nonviolent criminals are sent. Some of these prisons-without-walls even have work-release programs—prisoners are allowed to go home on the weekends if they're sent to the facility that's in their area. A lot of prisoners in these places have been convicted of marijuana charges, and I personally don't think they should be in prison in the first place. But so long as the law stands against them, they should at least be put someplace where they can improve their lot and be trained towards going along with those laws.

Penthouse: Would you like to see all marijuana legislation abolished?

Cash: Well, I just think there's a lot of money spent on enforcing marijuana laws that could be spent for better causes. As to whether it's harmful or not: I smoked grass for a seven-year period during which I did everything. I was on amphetamines, barbiturates—and I smoked a *lot* of grass. But when I smoked it, I was usually on amphetamines, so I really can't say whether marijuana ever did me any good or any harm.

Penthouse: What first got you into drugs?

Cash: The same thing that gets anybody into drugs: they make you feel good. It was a thing I did gradually, and it felt so good when I first started taking pills in '58 that I just kept trying things that felt better. Drugs were an escape for me, a crutch—a substitute for what I now feel. I was looking for a spiritual high to put myself above my problems, and I guess I was running from a lot of things. I was running from family, I was running from God, and from everything I knew I should be doing but wasn't. I was rebelling, and really for no reason. So I wound up living from high to high, and the highs got higher—but the lows got lower. *So* low, sometimes, that I realized I was at the bottom, and that if I didn't stop I would die.

Penthouse: A lot of people who knew you then are still surprised that you *didn't* die.

Cash: Yeah, all my friends had me written off, and I think some of 'em are still mad at me 'cause I rewrote the script. But I almost accommodated them, that's for sure. My first marriage was in trouble when I lived in California, and I have to take the blame for that—because no woman can live with a man who's strung out on amphetamines. My first wife put up with me for years after I was hooked, but I'd go home and try to put all the blame for it on her, and then I'd get into my jeep or camper truck and head for the mountains. And I'd get so stoned every time I'd leave home to go into the desert or the mountains that I'd wreck whatever I was driving. I totalled a lot of vehicles, and I guess I must've broken twenty bones in my body—my toes, my jawbone, my nose, my fingers, my elbow, my foot, my kneecap. I don't know why I didn't kill myself then. I think it was because God was really good to me, which is why I'm where I am now spiritually.

Penthouse: During that seven-year period—from 1961 through 1967—what was your life like?

Cash: It was like I was living with a bunch of demons. I don't want to get deep into demons 'cause I don't know that much about demonology, but I used to get into the desert, and I'd start talking to them. I'd talk to the demons and they'd talk back to me—and I could *hear* them. I mean, they'd say, "Go on, John, take twenty more milligrams of Dexedrine, you'll be all right." And I'd say, "Yeah, but I've already had forty today." And they'd answer, "Take twenty more, it'll be good for you, it'll make you feel just fine." So I'd take 'em and then continue talking back and forth to the demons inside me.

Penthouse: That doesn't sound too healthy,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

"Sex is too important,
too personal,
to be passed around
like a joint."

Marguerite

Maple Sugar

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Maple sugar is, as everyone knows, a Canadian staple that permeates the tastebuds and leaves you feeling sweet inside. In subtle ways, it arouses and it satisfies, which is exactly what prompts us to liken it to another Canadian export, Marguerite Cordier of Montreal.

For all her appetizing looks—deliciously distributed in 35-23-35½ proportions—Marguerite harbors an air of otherworldliness that a convent education conferred on her. Related to missionaries on her mother's side, she has never quite given up a secret desire to enter a convent as a lay nun one day. "I can't quite explain why," she says. "It may be a latent religious impulse, but it could well be an as yet undiscovered force motivating me."

Her virginal sensitivity did not, however, preclude a deep sensuousness that she discovered within herself as a young girl. "I had my first sexual awakening when I was seven," Marguerite recollects. "I fell in love with a friend of father's. I can't remember his face today,

but I'll never forget his cashmere clothes. I used to sit on his lap and feel that cashmere close to me, and somehow I knew that I wanted something else... something *more*... but I didn't know what. I used to lie in bed at night and touch myself, thinking about him."

In her early teens, Marguerite's natural impulses and desires were coupled with a sense of fear. "There was a girl at school who was about a year older than me," she recalls. "I remember she had huge, prematurely developed breasts and very thick pubic hair which she was very proud of. She would parade naked around the dormitory in front of all of us, and she used to fill my head with morbid, distorted sex fantasies to the point where I was afraid to go to the toilet on my own. We were all afraid of her, but she seemed to want to mother and protect me. Once she tried to make love to me, but I was deathly afraid and

knocked over a brass lamp by my bed. It made a hell of a racket and she ran away."

Soon after graduation Marguerite had her first affair, and her early fears were forgotten in the new excitement of lovemaking. "I adored him," she says, "and we were together for three years. He wanted to marry me, but I couldn't accept the finality of settling down. I loved the freedom I'd found, and I seemed to burst with all kinds of creative impulses...."

Acting seemed a natural goal, and recently she came to New York to study at Lee Strasberg's prestigious Actors Studio. "I consider myself an artist," she says. "I can create illusions with a word, an inflection, a single movement of my body... manipulate space and time and human emotions all within the context of my art. We're taught that acting is organic—a real thing developing out of your association with people, real or imagined, with happenings, with images and events."

There's nothing imaginary about Marguerite's love life, however. She believes in intense, lasting love relationships, not one-night stands. "Sex is too important, too personal, to be

passed around like a joint. I regard screwing as the penultimate act of love. I enjoy it just as much as anyone else and probably a lot more than most, but I'm very selective. I want total intimacy with my lover—to share his kinky moods and to feel his affection. I love taking a bath with a man—feeling his warm body under layers of suds, having him soap you all over, soaking for hours, drying off in bed, and drinking chilled champagne."

She also has the old-fashioned notion that a woman should be a woman and a man should be a man. "Too many men today are castrated by women. It's as if they're competing with men and it doesn't make sense. I like the idea of catering to my man, yet keeping my own identity. I suppose it all boils down to understanding what it is to be a *woman*." And that's a part Miss Cordier can obviously play to perfection.

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH/MISS MARGUERITE CORDIER

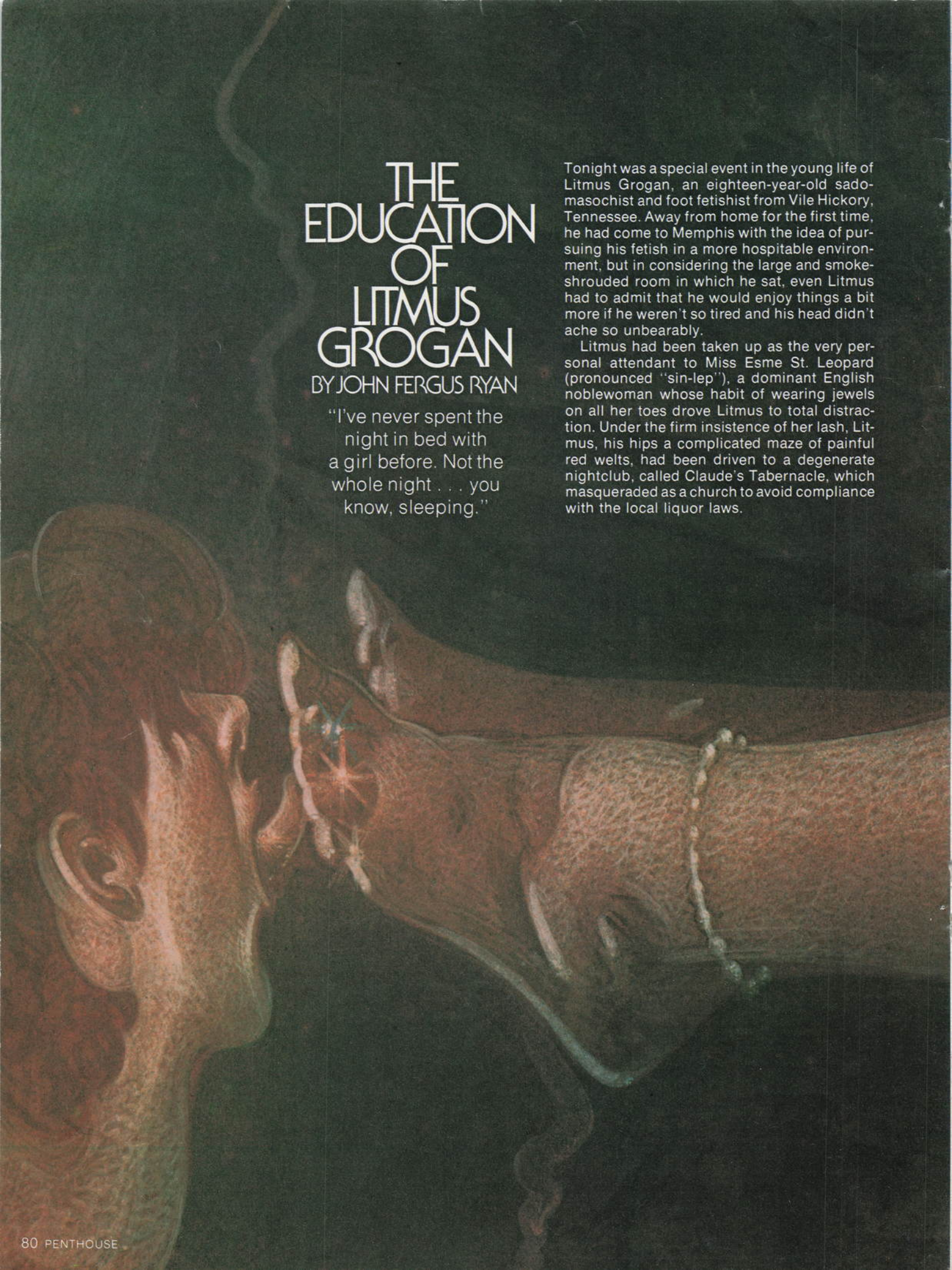
THE EDUCATION OF LITMUS GROGAN

BY JOHN FERGUS RYAN

"I've never spent the night in bed with a girl before. Not the whole night . . . you know, sleeping."

Tonight was a special event in the young life of Litmus Grogan, an eighteen-year-old sado-masochist and foot fetishist from Vile Hickory, Tennessee. Away from home for the first time, he had come to Memphis with the idea of pursuing his fetish in a more hospitable environment, but in considering the large and smoke-shrouded room in which he sat, even Litmus had to admit that he would enjoy things a bit more if he weren't so tired and his head didn't ache so unbearably.

Litmus had been taken up as the very personal attendant to Miss Esme St. Leopard (pronounced "sin-lep"), a dominant English noblewoman whose habit of wearing jewels on all her toes drove Litmus to total distraction. Under the firm insistence of her lash, Litmus, his hips a complicated maze of painful red welts, had been driven to a degenerate nightclub, called Claude's Tabernacle, which masqueraded as a church to avoid compliance with the local liquor laws.



The noise inside the Tabernacle was at its peak, most of it being caused by the screams of persons who did not particularly want to visit the private rooms upstairs but were being dragged there anyway by other patrons clad in leather jumpsuits.

None of this helped Litmus's headache in the slightest. He staggered through swirling red and green lights, three dance bands on a revolving stage, hysterical cackling laughter, the sounds of drunks breaking bottles on other drunks, the smell of booze and cast-up suppers.

"Is this what you thought it would be like?" he asked Esme St. Leopard.

"To be sure. It's quite like the old Slot Club in the West End of London. Simply divine!"

"Divine?" asked Litmus.

"And fun, fun, fun as well, my dear boy," she replied.

"But this is a madhouse! How can it be fun?"

Esme, hanging on the arm of a Memphis drap-

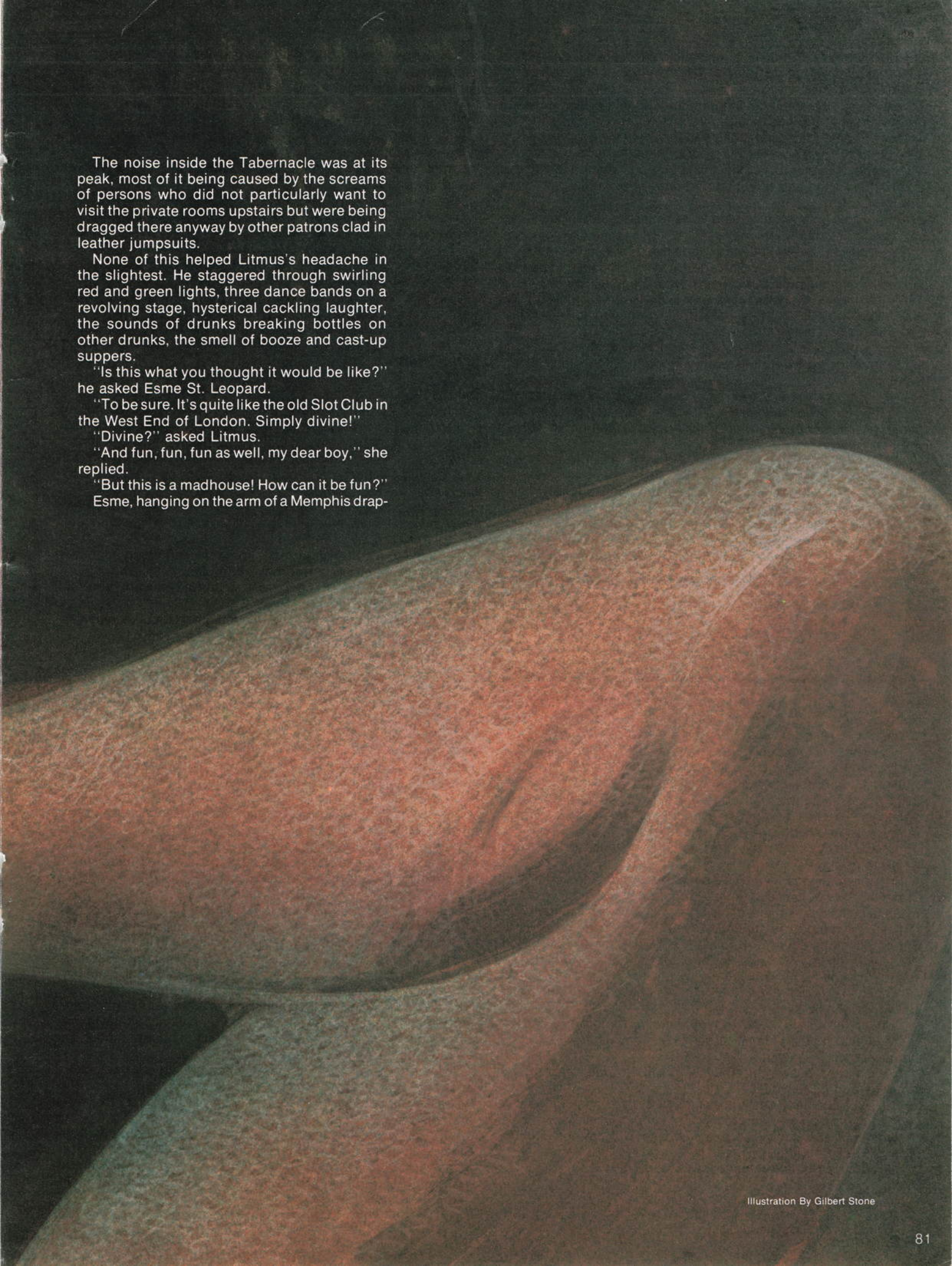


Illustration By Gilbert Stone

er known locally as Smooth Nigel, smiled like a cherub and disappeared into a swirl of bodies that filled the large central chamber of the Tabernacle.

To Litmus, all the yelling, singing, and laughing people looked fat and old and dry. And though they were either dragging friends upstairs or being dragged, none had that happy wild look he had seen in the limpid eyes of Floradora Feldman, time and again, when he and his friends tied her to the goalpost behind the gym at Vile Hickory High and threatened to shave her pubic hair in the shape of a heart.

A drunken woman, who looked to be on the far side of sixty-five, sat down on Litmus's lap.

"I'm Mrs. Studbath," she said. She kissed him on the mouth. "I used to keep a call house in Chicago, but I'm retired now." Spewing gin fumes, she put her mouth against his ear and whispered, "I got run out by the Syndicate." She took a drink of lime rickey. "But now," she giggled, "am I having fun?" She swooned, fell off his lap, and curled into a small heap on the floor.

Bing Gardenia, the master of ceremonies, was on the revolving stage introducing lovely Miss Billie Flodene Bitch, "the Society Songbird."

"An-n-n-n-d . . . what do you get when you cross a carousel with a healthy young woman? Give up? A string of painted horses that comes around once every twenty-eight days. An-n-n-n-n-d . . . here she is *now*. . . ."

"Say," said Litmus, "I know her! She went to Beowulf College back in my hometown."

Mrs. Studbath had revived and was underneath the table, trying to unzip Litmus's fly as Esme returned.

"Be prepared for a shock, my dear," Esme warned her. "When it goes off he whoops like a Red Indian."

The noise seemed to increase, the room swirled, and Litmus was swamped in a tide of colored lights, foul air, crazy laughter, and electric guitars. Overcome, he laid his head on the table and went to sleep. He woke up when the cleanup man started to sweep.

"Mrs. Studbath had revived and was underneath the table, trying to unzip Litmus's fly as Esme returned."

"You'll have to leave now," he said to Litmus. "We're closed. Your mother said to tell you she'd leave your grip out front."

Litmus stood up, wobbled, stretched, then walked stiff-legged into the foyer, picked up his luggage, and stepped outside onto the parking lot. He was alone. His headache was gone, the cool morning air was fresh and sweet, and he felt good.

"It must be three o'clock in the morning," he thought. "What am I going to do now?"

He took all the money he had out of his pockets and counted it. There was four dollars and eighteen cents left out of the five dollars in coins he had shaken out of his piggy bank before leaving home.

A door slammed and a young woman walked out from behind the Tabernacle, crunching gravel under her shoes. It was Miss Billie Flodene Bitch, the Society Songbird. Litmus called out to her and ran to her side.

"I'm Litmus Grogan from Vile Hickory. I used to see you around Beowulf College."

"Oh, hi!" she said. "You're cute. Were you a Kappa Sig?"

"My friend has left me and I don't have any money. Could I go home with you?"

"Sure, honey, but we can't play tonight. It's too late. I've got to get up early and go to work."

They got into her Spaatz-Imbatta and started back to the city.

"Did you say your friend left you? Man or woman?"

"Woman. I guess she got lonely and went somewhere with the crowd. You smell good. What is it?"

"It's Nuit de Noël. *Very* expensive! Very, very."

"Are you rich?"

"Oh, Lord, yes!"

"You're real pretty too," said Litmus, feeling safe again. He settled back in his seat, closed his eyes, and was asleep before they reached the highway.

"Wake up, Pink Parts!" said Billie Flodene Bitch the next morning, as she placed a thin, china cup of hot Louisiana coffee on the table by the bed.

Litmus turned over, then sat up and took the coffee. He was naked under the bedcovers.

"Did you tuck me in last night?" he asked.

"You were out! I even had to take you into the bathroom and make you wee-wee."

"Did you sleep in this bed, too, last night?"

"There's only one bed in the apartment."

Litmus took a sip of coffee.

"I've never spent the night in bed with a girl before. Not the whole night . . . you know, sleeping."

"Oh, that's sweet! But hurry and get dressed now so you can go with me to my district."

"What district?" asked Litmus.

"My welfare district. I sing at night sometimes, but I work for the State Welfare Department. I help poor people."

Litmus finished the coffee, got out of bed, and took a shower.

"I threw away that vulgar cologne you had in your case," said Billie Flodene. "Use some of that Royall Lyme on my vanity."

Billie Flodene had selected a cotton shirt and cotton khaki pants from Litmus's suitcase and had draped them over a white bentwood chair in the bedroom.

"Be sure you wear the clothes on the chair," she said. "I also threw away all those horrid doubleknits you had. This afternoon, I am going to buy you some really *nice* new clothes."

She toasted a salt-rising bread, spread it with creamery butter, poured honey on a slice, and gave it to Litmus.

"There are some brandied apricots on the lazy Susan," she said, "and there's more coffee if you want it."

While eating breakfast, they told each other about themselves.

"I'm eighteen," said Litmus.

"I'm twenty-six."

"I'm an only child."

"So am I."

"I've never been anywhere but here."

"I've been everywhere."

"Is it fun to travel?"

"It used to be, but now I've got my work."

Billie Flodene had money, for she was of the cotton plantation, cotton gin, linters and seed oil, lumber and turpentine Bitches of Bloat, Mississippi.

She had lived high all her life, and never once had she wanted for lobster dainties but they were there.

Two weeks after graduating from Beowulf College, where thrice she had been named Miss Best-Dressed Beowulf, Billie Flodene was in Memphis, employed as a caseworker by the Department of Welfare. She had her own district in the Rat Quarter of the city and by the end of her first winter was a familiar sight to the under-accomplished as she raced by their frozen shanties in her Spaatz-Imbatta, her ankle-length mink trailing out through its vapor ports.

This morning, with Litmus sitting beside her, she made her rounds, doing good, through the old Memphis streets.

By noon, she had done enough and returned to her apartment.

Before going up, she took Litmus across the street to a good store and bought him a lot of clothes. They took what fit with them—leaving the rest to be altered—and went up to her apartment, into the dark, chilly, air-conditioned rooms.

Outside, it was hot and the asphalt on the streets was soft.

"Let's fix up a snack and then take a long nap," said Billie Flodene. "And let's wait until tonight to play. Is that all right? I'm just so damn tired!"

They had sliced tomatoes, cheese and crackers, and pineapple juice in tall green glasses. Then Billie Flodene took the telephone off the hook, dialed two digits to cut the dial tone so its hum wouldn't keep her awake. They got into bed and curled up under a thin pink wool blanket made in Belgium.

"Will you tell me something?" asked Billie Flodene, snuggling up to Litmus.

"You'd better move over if you don't want to play now."

"Tell me the truth now, Pink Parts, how'd you get all those fresh stripes on your bee-hind? You haven't just escaped from the police, have you?"

When they awoke, it was dark outside.

"How could I have slept so long?" asked Litmus.

"I put something in the pineapple juice. I do it all the time. I have bad dreams—and I mean *bad*—unless I really knock myself out."

"You didn't have to dope me! I can sleep anytime."

"Let's go out for dinner," she said. "I know of this lovely old place—Robard's—where everything is terribly expensive. It'll be my treat."

Litmus took another shower, splashed Royall Lyme all over himself, and dressed up in his new silk and cotton clothes.

"I feel like a king," he said. "A rich king!"

Billie Flodene chose a yellow linen sheath, soft yellow leather shoes by Manricco Fabacher and a thin gold bracelet set with diamonds.

Robard's Restaurant was in a restored old mansion of pink stucco over slavemade brick. Billie Flodene ordered, in French, without looking at the menu and the waiter took it all down.

"Doesn't all this elegance and grace make you happy?" asked Billie Flodene. "And doesn't it make you feel important to know that all those colored men over there are waiting to satisfy your every whim?"

Litmus turned to the six or seven uniformed waiters who were hovering and studied them.

"They're looking at us like they know where your daddy got his money," he said.

"Oh, don't be silly, Litmus. That's just respect, you'll see."

Two men entered and sat down at the next table. After listening to their conversation for a few minutes, Litmus learned that one was a life-insurance salesman and the other a man who had just agreed to buy a whole life policy. The salesman took out some blank forms, incidental to the application for the policy, spread them on the table, and started to write.

Randolph, the waiter, brought Billie Flodene and Litmus each half an avocado topped with shrimp salad and a thin sweet sauce made from Valencia oranges.

Litmus took one bite and smiled at Billie Flodene.

"Have you ever had eczema, bleeding rash, chancre, or draining sores?" asked the insurance salesman of his prospect. "Diarrhea, pustules, carbuncles, or boils?"

The salesman checked the applicable box on the medical history section of the application as the prospect responded.

Billie Flodene was launched upon a listing of all the senators, governors, and writers from Mississippi who were known to dine at Robard's when in Memphis.

"Senator Smoot, Governor Goober. . . ."

"Pedal edema, hemorrhoids, chronic vomits, Taylor's Malady?" continued the salesman.

". . . and half the Delta—the Crowleys, the Goblins, and Dexter Bush Bishop and all the choir from Blue Mountain College," continued Billie Flodene, recalling some long-ago festival that had ended in Memphis with dinner at Robard's.

"I had Taylor's Malady about six years ago," said the prospect. "I musta thrown up for a month!"

The salesman completed the medical history, put his forms away, and started talking to the prospect about topless bars, enabling Litmus to finish the avocado and to get through the pompano and the rum pie à la Greenville.

Billie Flodene and Litmus returned to her apartment.

She put Mantovani on the hi-fi and turned off the lights. A neon sign on the Baptist church across the street illuminated the room enough for them to see.

They sat together on a Danish-modern sofa and Litmus put both arms around her and started blowing in her ear, breathing hard at the thought of getting off her soft yellow leather shoes.

He twisted on the sofa, sliding this way and that until he was sitting at her feet on the floor. He rubbed his face against her ankle, then pulled off one of her shoes, his heart racing. He reached up her thigh, undid the catch that held her hose to her garter belt and peeled down her stocking. He drew his lips slowly across the top of her foot and then underneath it, tickling her toes with his nose as he went along.

Ah, it was heaven!

"Quit that!" said Billie Flodene. "That tickles. O-o-o-o! I can't stand it!"

Litmus got back up on the sofa, resigned to a straight bang.

He started handling her breasts and soon worked one completely free of her clothing. It was easily a "C" cup—perhaps a "D" on Mercer's Scale—but to him it was just more pompano and he stuffed it in his mouth and started working it.

Billie Flodene bucked and heaved.

"Pf-faugh!" he gasped, choking and spitting out her breast. "What's that bitter taste? Like medicine or something."

"That's Nuit de Noël!"

"Let's get in bed," said Litmus.

"I'm afraid. I stopped taking the Pill when I broke off with Jordan Carraway. That's his Royall Lyme."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Getting pregnant. If I got pregnant, would you marry me?"

"Sure," said Litmus.

"But my daddy would know."

"Well. . . ."

"If my daddy found out, I'd have to do away with him. You'd help me, wouldn't you?"

"Well. . . ."

"Good! It's settled. You may take me to bed."

"What can I tie you up with?" asked Litmus. "Have you got any old nylons?"

"Billie Flodene Bitch had lived high all her life, and never once had she wanted for lobster dainties but they were there."

"Tie me up?"

"So you won't be able to get away when I start whipping you."

"Whip me?" she screamed. "*Whip me?*"

"It's fun. With whipping, we can both go two or three times."

"But you should *worship* me, not whip me!"

"Worship you? Why?"

"Because I'm a woman."

"Cat crap!" said Litmus.

"I can see you don't agree. Well, you'd just better leave, Litmus. I don't believe you'd marry me, and I certainly don't think you'd help me do away with my daddy."

"But I don't want to leave."

"You get dressed and leave. Just take your new clothes and go. You'd better not make trouble. I've got a gun here."

Billie Flodene ran into the bathroom and locked the door.

"Memphis is sure a hard town to get started in," said Litmus to himself.

He stuffed all his new clothes into his suitcase, the one with the GO REDBUGS! decals on it, and a few minutes later he was standing outside in the street, wondering what to do.

It was 11:30 P.M.

Litmus walked toward the bright lights of Main Street, ten blocks away. When he got to Main, he turned south toward E. H. Crump Boulevard and walked on until he was at the corner of Beale Street and Main.

There, he saw the flashing neon sign on the Jiffy-Snak Coffee Shop—OPEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! BREAKFAST SERVED ANYTIME! WE USE CREAMERY BUTTER!—and realized he was hungry.

Inside, a few scattered customers were drinking coffee and having toasted sweet rolls, sprinkled with crushed nut meats and soaked in melted butter.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOS BY NORMAN MOSALLEM

***Dimitri** of Italy. Three-piece walking suit ($375) combines checked wool vest and jacket with solid wool flannel trousers. Also features sash belt and matching wool scarf. Wool pullover shirt by CIT di Milano for Barney Sampson Co. worn over cotton shirt by Bert Pulitzer.*

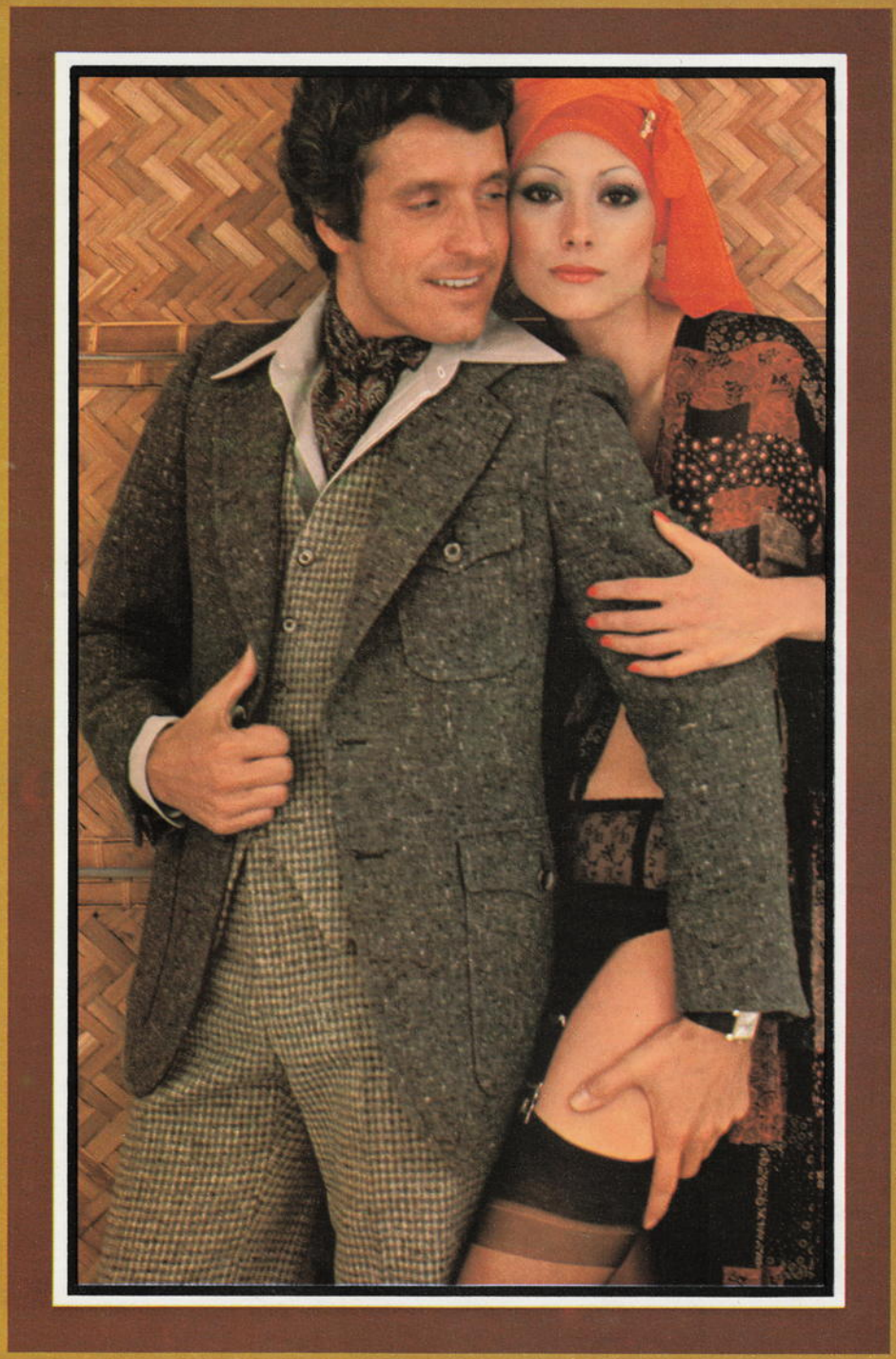
Ensemble dressing surfaces as Europe's strongest fashion formula for fall 1975 dress-up and sport clothing.

COMPOSÉ EXPOSÉ

Penthouse recommends these newest ensembles which we have selected from European designer collections. The parts are not sold separately; they are available only as a single unit and only in the sophisticated mixtures of wool checks, Donegals, and plaids illustrated here.

***Franck Olivier** of Paris. The wool-blend, three-piece suit ($250) features inset box-plaid jacket contrasted by solid tweed vest and trousers. Slub-weave shirt by Courage from Eagle Shirtmakers.*

America is counting on the Europeans for fashion innovation. The European silhouette includes high armholes, a slenderizing waist, and accommodates the new look in ensemble layering—the use of garment on garment, pattern on pattern, the whole subdued and subtle in effect.



CGV of France for Barney Sampson Company. Gray nubby tweed jacket contrasts with gray check-patterned vest and trousers ($275). Gray slub-weave shirt by Eagle Shirtmakers. The watch by Longines.

The vested suit still remains our biggest seller in tailored clothing, and its popularity has encouraged European designers to experiment with ensemble clothing for our fashion-conscious males. With their tone-on-tone look, these clothes move easily into every area of the contemporary

***Brioni** of Rome for Cezar, Ltd. The hand-tailored all-wool suit ($495) features pants and vest in red over-plaid on gray, contrasted with muted inverted overplaid on jacket. Cotton pinstripe shirt by Individualized Shirts. Silk tie by Courchevel. Diamond face watch by Longines.*

man's life and offer as many combinations and interpretations as there are days of the week to wear them. The wearer can interpret any mood he wishes, from casual to a highly sophisticated dress-up effect, for really stylish fall dressing.

Lanvin *of Paris for Authentic Imports. The all-wool sport-suit ensemble ($275) contrasts the Donegal plaid jacket with solid Donegal vest and trousers. Cotton shirt by CIT di Milano for Barney Sampson Co. Silk tie by Damon.*

All ladies' chiffon kimonos and dresses by Valerie Porr. Chiffon head scarves by V. Porr and Sally Gee. Stockings and garter belts by Michael Salem. All men's silk scarves and pocket squares by Handcraft, Inc.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, please see Retail Fashion Finder, page 132.

THE OSWALD–FBI COVER-UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Marina's room. Marina testified that she copied the plate number for Oswald, but she never explained how she managed to do it.

The fact that Hosty's name and identifying data were in Oswald's address book was not immediately reported to the commission by the FBI. In a December 23, 1963, FBI report listing the names in Oswald's address book, the Hosty entry was omitted. The FBI submitted a later report to the commission on February 11, 1964, correcting the omission, but the commission already knew of the Hosty entry by then. The recently declassified documents indicate that Wade and Alexander may well have been the commission's source for this item.

In his testimony before the commission, J. Edgar Hoover explained that the December 23, 1963, FBI report had been prepared for the bureau's own investigative purposes—implicitly, to check on the individuals listed in the address book—and as the bureau already knew why Hosty's name was in the book, his name was omitted. This seems plausible, but not persuasive. This explanation was probably the same one given to Hoover by the bureau office in Dallas. He may not have been happy with it, but in view of the burgeoning rumors of an FBI–Oswald link, he had no choice but to offer it to the commission.

The theory that Oswald was a bureau informer explains why the Dallas FBI office did not pass its file on Oswald to the intelligence bureau of the Dallas Police Department. And it also explains why the head of the Dallas FBI office, Gordon Shanklin, blew his stack after Oswald's arrest.

Immediately after hearing of the arrest, Shanklin sent Hosty to police headquarters to sit in on the interrogation. When Hosty arrived at the police station, Shanklin was on the phone to another FBI agent, James Bookhout, who was already at the station. Captain Fritz, who had summoned Bookhout to the phone, listened to the conversation on an extension. Fritz described the conversation for the commission:

> He said is Hosty in that investigation. Bookhout said no. He said, "I want him in that investigation right now because he knows those people he has been talking to," and he said some other things that I don't want to repeat, about what to do if he didn't do it right quick. So I didn't tell them that I even knew what Mr. Shanklin said. I walked out there and called them in.

Fritz did not explain either why he chose to eavesdrop on a conversation between the head of the FBI's Dallas office and one of his agents or why this was at the moment more important than interrogating the suspected presidential assassin sitting across from him. Fritz had a reputation as an extremely astute detective, and he may have already begun to suspect a connection between the bureau and his prisoner. Fritz had been alone with Oswald for ten or fifteen minutes before the call, and Oswald may have asked to see an FBI agent, just as he did in New Orleans.

The evidence that Oswald was a bureau informer does not prove that, in fact, he was, so this must remain a theory. But it is a useful theory that explains several minor mysteries about Lee Harvey Oswald. And this theory explains a great deal more with the addition of another hypothesis: i.e., that one or more Dallas FBI agents, *acting as individuals*, helped to frame Lee Harvey Oswald.

A maverick FBI agent in control of Oswald could have made Oswald an unwitting accessory to his own frame-up. Specifically, he could have made certain that Oswald was alone in some corner of the Book Depository when the shots were fired so that no witness could confirm his alibi. And he could have caused Oswald's suspicious departure from the Book Depository after the shooting and his visit to the Texas Theatre. It could have been done with the utmost ease and simplicity, and I offer the following scenario as an example of how it might have been arranged.

Oswald had neither a driver's license nor an automobile. In the sprawling urban complex of Dallas–Fort Worth, this would severely limit his mobility. It would be natural, then, to require Oswald to obtain a license and furnish him with a car in order to broaden the range of his activities as an informer. Testimony before the Warren Commission indicated that Oswald began taking lessons in October and selected a car on November 9. According to this testimony, Oswald told the salesman that he expected to have the money for a car in a couple of weeks. Thus, according to the scenario, Oswald's FBI control notified him that he would receive funds for the purchase of an automobile sometime during the latter part of November. Arrangements for actual delivery of the money would be determined later.

As an FBI informer, Oswald would have been assigned a reporting procedure for contacting his control. This could have been a telephone number he was instructed to call at pre-established times on specified days. Since Oswald had no telephone in his furnished room in Oak Cliff, and the use of his landlady's telephone would have brought unwelcome attention to his contacts, the most practical arrangement would have been to use a telephone in the Book Depository. The Book Depository manager, Roy Truly, happened to be asked about this point by the commission:

> McCLOY: Did [Oswald] have the use of a telephone when he was in the building?
>
> TRULY: Yes, sir. We have a telephone on the first floor that he was free to use during his lunch hour for a minute. He was supposed to ask permission to use the phone. But he could have used the phone . . . it is a regular office telephone. It is a push-button type.

Truly's reference to a "push-button type" phone indicates that there were several lines on the Book Depository's office phone, a common feature of business phone services even in small establishments. There were undoubtedly other extensions than the one on the first floor. There was surely an extension in the second-floor offices near the lunchroom where Oswald was seen less than ninety seconds after the shooting. With the presidential motorcade due to pass by on the street outside the Book Depository during the lunch hour, those second-floor offices would almost certainly have been vacant at 12:30 P.M. on November 22.

By instructing him to be at the phone in the second-floor office to receive a call at about 12:30, the control would be sure that Oswald was effectively removed from public view during the assassination.

But there would still have been a margin for misadventure: the motorcade might have passed a few minutes early or late, and one of the second-floor office employees could have wandered back into the building and gone upstairs. To control these variables, it would have been necessary to post someone on the first or second floors to delay, through some pretext, anyone who came into the building and headed for the second floor. It would also have been advisable to place the call to Oswald from a phone in or near the Book Depository, so that the call could be timed to coincide with the motorcade's passage. There is evidence that this was exactly the method used.

An unpublished FBI report now available in the National Archives recounts an interview with NBC newsman Robert MacNeil, who was riding in the press bus several cars behind the presidential limousine. After the shots, MacNeil got off the bus and followed some police officers up the grassy knoll.

> We climbed a fence and I followed the police who appeared to be chasing someone, or under the impression they were chasing someone, across the railroad tracks. Wanting to phone news of the shooting, I left there and went to the nearest place that looked like an office. It was the Texas School Book Depository. I believe I entered the front door about four minutes after the shooting. I went immediately into the clear space on the ground floor and asked where there was a phone. There were, as I recall, three men there, all I think in shirt sleeves. What, on recollection, strikes me as possibly significant is that all three seemed to be exceedingly calm and relaxed, compared to the pandemonium which existed right outside their front door. I did not pay attention to this at the time. I asked the first man I saw—a man who was telephoning from a phone by a pillar in the middle of the room—where I could call from. He directed me to another man nearer the door, who pointed to an office.

When I got to the phone, two of the lines were already lit up. I made my call and left. I do not believe any police officers entered the building before me or until I left. I was in too much of a hurry to remember what the three men there looked like. But their manner was very relaxed. My New York news desk has since placed the time of my call at 12:36 Dallas time.

Except for the timing, MacNeil's report fits the scenario perfectly. Three men were waiting calmly on the first floor of the Book Depository, and one of them was on the phone. One of the trio directed MacNeil to another phone in an office (presumably on the first floor, since MacNeil makes no mention of going upstairs). MacNeil found that two lines were already in use. The man on the first floor had picked up the telephone, busying the first line, dialed the same number he was calling from, and the call came in on the next available line, ringing the extension in the second-floor office. Oswald picked it up, lighting up the second line, and heard the voice of his bureau contact. Then MacNeil entered, saw the man on the telephone, was directed to another phone, found two lines in use, and made his call out on a third line.

If MacNeil was right about the timing of this episode, then it happened a couple of minutes too late to fit the scenario. Police Officer M. L. Baker confronted Oswald in the second-floor lunchroom less than ninety seconds after the shooting. Of course, the conspiracy clockwork could have slipped, delaying the call to Oswald. Oswald might have gone to the lunchroom for his Coke while he was waiting, there to be met by Baker. Then, a moment later, he could have returned to the office and received the call. Oswald was seen going into the office after the Baker incident, although there was no report that he used the telephone.

In any event, the presence of Robert MacNeil's three calm men on the first floor and Oswald's presence on the second floor support the hypothesis that a prearranged telephone contact was the means by which Oswald was kept out of sight during the shooting. Given that assumption, we might wonder what Oswald was told by his contact during that telephone conversation. The obvious answer is that he was instructed to proceed to the Texas Theatre to meet his contact and receive the money to purchase an automobile. (In almost all countries of the Western world, a motion picture theatre is the perfect scene for a "live drop.")

Obviously there was no actual intention of meeting Oswald and giving him any money; the pretext simply served to get him to the Texas Theatre. His sudden afternoon moviegoing seemed furtive and served to characterize Oswald as a suspicious person, but there was probably a more important reason for luring him to the theatre. A theatre away from the center of town is practically empty during working hours. The semidarkness of the Texas Theatre would have been an excellent place to kill Oswald while he was "resisting arrest." But something went wrong. There may have been more patrons in the theatre than expected, the house lights may have been turned up too soon, or perhaps some of the police officers who responded to the report of a suspect at the theatre were not in on the game. In any event, chance bought Oswald forty-eight more hours of life.

The police converged on the Texas Theatre because they believed the killer of Dallas Police Officer J. D. Tippit was inside. Johnny Brewer, the manager of a shoe store near the theatre later testified that he noticed a man standing in the doorway of his store. Brewer said the man attracted his attention because "he just looked funny to me." After the man left the doorway, Brewer went out onto the sidewalk to look at him, and he testified that he saw the man go into the Texas Theatre without buying a ticket. Brewer called this to the attention of the box-office cashier, who telephoned for the police. (Both the cashier, Mrs. Julia Postal, and the ticket taker, Warren Burroughs, testified that they did not see anyone sneaking into the theatre, although they did not challenge Brewer's testimony.)

The number and rank of the law-enforcement officers who responded to the call is remarkable.

There were, for example, two police captains among the fifteen men who stormed into the Texas Theatre, and one of them was the chief of personnel, Captain W. R. Westbrook. But the most interesting member of the small army of lawmen who went to the Texas Theatre was an FBI agent. Police Sergeant Gerald Hill mentioned the agent when he was questioned by Warren Commission counsel David Belin. (Belin is currently the executive director of the Rockefeller Commission, which is investigating the CIA.)

HILL: At about this time Captain Westbrook and a man who was later identified to me as, I believe his name was Barnett, an FBI agent——

BELIN: Would it be Barrett?

HILL: Yes.

BELIN: Do you remember his first name?

HILL: Bob was identified to me later in the day by Captain Westbrook. Came in from, I presume they came in from the north fire exit, which would have actually been coming in from outside, and came over to us, and Captain Westbrook instructed us to get the man [Oswald] out of there as soon as possible.

By all accounts, the police went to the Texas Theatre to arrest a suspect in the Tippit shooting. Why, little more than an hour after the assassination, was an FBI agent assisting in a local police matter?

Hill testified that Barrett entered the theater with Westbrook *after* Oswald was subdued, but in a radio interview on November 22, Hill told a completely different story:

. . . then when we got to the library and found out that was another false alarm, the third call came in that he had been seen entering the Texas Theatre. Bob Barnett [i.e., Barrett] from the FBI and I went into the theatre and everybody else covered off outside.

Hill's statement on the afternoon of the assassination indicates that Barrett took part in the actual apprehension and arrest of Oswald, but in his testimony to the commission several months later, Barrett's role has been reduced to showing up with Westbrook after the excitement was over. Why did Hill change his story? Perhaps because some people were beginning to wonder why an FBI agent was there at all.

But someone in the Dallas police—apparently Westbrook—wanted to make certain that the FBI's involvement was a matter of record. Gerald Hill told the commission about writing up the arrest report and waiting for it to be typed:

When we got it back ready to sign, Carroll [another of the arresting officers] and I were sitting there, and it had Captain Westbrook's name for signature, and added a paragraph about he and the FBI agent being there, and not seeing that it made any difference, I went ahead and signed the report.

Actually, they were there, but I didn't make any corrections.

And as far as the report, didn't allege what they did, but had added a paragraph to our report to include the fact that he was there, and also that the FBI agent was there.

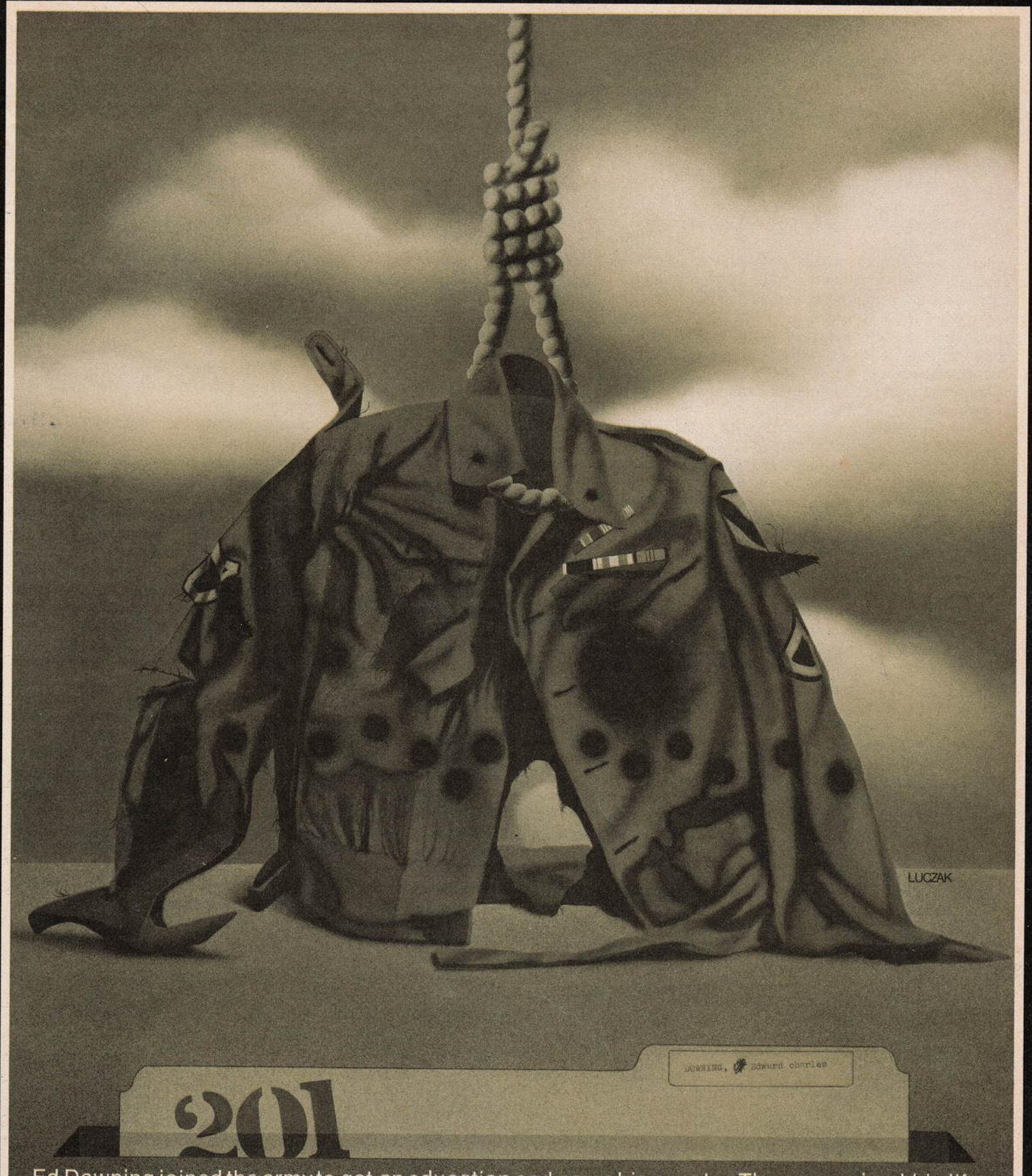
Now as to why this was done, your guess is as good as mine.

But apparently the commission didn't even guess about the matter. The staff never asked Captain Westbrook about it when he testified, and FBI agent Robert Barrett was never called to testify.

In fact, the commission seems to have lost interest quickly in the subject of Oswald and the FBI. The day after it met to consider the matter, it sent J. Lee Rankin to visit Hoover and ask him about it. Hoover denied the story and stated that the name of every FBI informant was known at headquarters. A few weeks later he said the same thing in an affidavit, and, shortly thereafter, similar affidavits were submitted by FBI agents who had some contact with the Oswald case.

Gordon Shanklin, the head of the FBI's Dallas office, signed one of the affidavits. He stated only that he had never made or authorized any payment to Oswald and that he could find no record of any such payment. He omitted the denial, contained in most of the other ten affidavits from FBI officials, that Oswald had been an FBI informer. Apparently the commission was satisfied and did not explore the possibility that Oswald's cooperation had been procured through threats to deport Marina, rather than through the payment of money.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



Ed Downing joined the army to get an education and serve his country. The army ruined his life.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A HUMAN BEING

By Judith Jobin

"After high school there just isn't much to choose from. If you don't go to college you go to war. What else does a boy have to look forward to?"

The Oil City, Pennsylvania, resident responsible for that baleful observation acknowledges neither humor nor sadness. It's a fact of life, as seemingly immutable as the oil well that has dominated economic and social life in this small (approximate population, 15,000) town for as long as anyone can remember.

Early one August morning in 1964, in accordance with that stern dictate, Edward Charles Downing drove with his silent parents down the hill from Siverly—Oil City's poor section, many of whose frame houses had been built by Ed Downing's grandfather. They drove through the streets where Siverly boys played football as if their lives depended on it—across the Allegheny River where Downing's maternal grandparents had long ago operated a stagecoach line, and past the oil well, where Ed's own father had worked for more than twenty years.

Later that day, Edward Downing took his first train ride, from Pittsburgh to Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he would undertake basic training in the United States Army. He was three months shy of his eighteenth birthday, and that was the farthest he had ever been from home.

Ed didn't know he was going to war; he thought he was going to get an education, a magic word to him. His dad always said to him: "I want you to get an education so you won't have to work in the well all your life like I did." He had longed for a football scholarship to the University of Georgia, but he didn't get it. And since there were three more children at home, and not much money—*never* enough money—he had decided to join the army. Recruiters descended on the high school every spring with promises of schools, careers, and travel—travel to places that did not smell of oil. So he would get his education in the army, and see the world a bit too. Ed Downing thought he had himself a good deal.

But something went horribly wrong. By the time of his tenth high school reunion last spring, Ed Downing was back in Oil City, stripped of his health, his young family, his financial prospects, and his modest expectations for a reasonable life. He has his own war stories, and they are unlike the stories Oil City is used to hearing from the old vets down at the VFW. United by a common theme, his tale is actually three separate narratives: "How I Accidentally Got Sent to Vietnam"; "How I Was Sent to the Wrong Army Training School"; "How It Took Me Two Years to Get Out of the Army." And now, after four years of seeking justice, there is a fourth story: "How the Army Denies That Anything Happened."

After basic training Downing went to Fort Gordon, Georgia. He adapted with relative ease to army life. "I signed up for aviation electronics. It was a fantastic field at the time, and I loved it."

In January 1965 he married Susie Cozad, his high school sweetheart. "I thought I was having a shotgun wedding," he drawls sheepishly, "but I don't think I did." He had dated Susie during his Christmas leave—and when a few weeks later he received news that she was pregnant, he was unexpectedly enthusiastic. "I didn't know girls much and I really wanted a family. I wanted to make a home." And with Susie with him in Fort Gordon to ease his pangs of homesickness, he passed several happy months.

During the spring a high-ranking officer came to Gordon and announced to Downing's class: "You men are going to make history." A new unit was forming, the First Air Cavalry, he explained, and volunteers were needed. Everyone "volunteered." By July 1965 the First Air Cav was on its way to Vietnam.

Downing missed his first appointment with history by virtue of an excruciating hernia that went undiagnosed and untreated for several months. On the day of the First Air Cav's departure he was lying in the Fort Gordon Army Hospital with a pain in his gut and an infected left arm as well—the result of being incorrectly hooked up to an intravenous tube.

A few months later he received new Vietnam orders, but this time a happier event kept him home: his first baby, slightly overdue he thought, was born on September 19.

By then he had been in the army for one year, and already his modest hopes for an education had begun to fade—along with his sense of humor. Aviation school ended abruptly when the class flew off to war, and his two-week stint in cooking school was followed by training as a radio repairman. Neither was a career he wished to pursue. He passed his second winter in the army with the unhappy status of "holdover."

In March 1966, he was transferred to Germany where his next medical crisis and his third opportunity to make history coincided brutally. Downing had suffered a recurrence of childhood asthma back in the States, and when his condition worsened dramatically in Germany, he was started on a three-year series of desensitization shots. One of these was incorrectly administered, causing a powerful reaction that Downing misconstrued as an asthma attack. He dosed himself with an asthma medication, and a few hours later had to be rushed back to sick bay, unable to move his head or breathe. On the table he literally "died," but was revived with a shot of adrenaline to the heart.

Downing recalls that he was examined by many doctors, including a German dermatologist who pronounced him "allergic to everything and unfit for anything, anywhere." He filled out endless papers. He went to three hospitals and vaguely remembers something about a medical board. At some point in the next few months—which were clouded with news from home that his father was going blind and his family was in financial difficulty—he believed he would be given a medical discharge. Once, he remembers, he was shown a document from his file that was stamped in big red letters, DO NOT SEND TO HOT TROPICAL CLIMATES, but he never saw it again.

Through the spring and summer of '66, he went home twice on leave, the second time because of his father's advancing blindness. When he returned he discovered that eight men in his battalion were shipping out to Vietnam that day. He was number eight. Apparently no one realized he had been on leave, and since he had paperwork and miscellany to clear up, he was given a brief grace period.

Two weeks later Downing was sent to Fort Dix; Fort Dix decided to send him back to Germany, couldn't get him on a flight, and sent him home instead. He dutifully returned to Dix twice more, and twice more Dix sent him home—for reasons that were never clear to him. Finally he was instructed to fly to Oakland from Pittsburgh. He threw up on the plane.

Because Downing's recollections of this period are understandably hazy *Penthouse* investigated his medical records.

The file is fat. It documents a history of asthma and related ailments, and one document, dated April 27, 1966 (approximately two months after he arrived in Germany), notes that Downing, Edward, has asthma and sinusitis. Section C of this report lists the following temporary duty restrictions: "No assignment to isolated areas where definitive medical care is not available. No strenuous physical activity. No prolonged exposure to extreme heat and dust." The "individual" was instructed to report to a medical facility a month later. The second page of the document, Section D—Medical Board Proceedings, reads: *PERMANENT* CHANGE OF PROFILE AS RECORDED UNDER SECTION C IS RECOMMENDED. [Italics ours.] Three signatures are affixed, presumably those of the medical board members. While the commanding officer neither signed nor dated the document, it seems certain that three qualified doctors agreed, at some point during the spring, that Downing's assignment restrictions—restrictions that clearly proscribe combat duty in Vietnam—should be permanent.

The German doctor's diagnosis ("Asthma, perennial due to dust, feathers, and molds") was followed by the optimistic statement: "He will be followed in the allergy clinic for about six months."

Also in the file is a psychiatric evaluation from the same period. It recommends that Downing, who was suffering "chronic anxiety and worry" about his father's deteriorating sight, be compassionately reassigned to CONUS (continental United States) or given a hardship discharge or a discharge for inability to adapt to the army.

How did Downing get from this lamentable state to Vietnam? The Secretary of the Army's office today maintains that the signatures of the medical board members "are in error, as the conditions described in Section C were determined to be temporary."

Blandly acknowledging the psychiatric evaluation, the army points out triumphantly: "There is no evidence contained in the rec-

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ords to show that Mr. Downing ever applied for either a compassionate reassignment or hardship discharge from the army."

Finally, the Secretary's office maintains that Edward C. Downing volunteered for duty in Vietnam, an allegation Downing denies vehemently. While his printed orders list him as a volunteer, his 201 file contains no signed request for duty in Vietnam. But after one or two frustrated attempts, Downing stopped protesting the assignment strenuously, because he didn't want his dad "to be ashamed" of him.

WELCOME TO A HOT TROPICAL CLIMATE AREA

On October 26, a month before his twentieth birthday, Edward Downing arrived at the Ninetieth replacement center in Bien Hoa, Vietnam.

Suddenly the ammo dump over the hill blew up, and Downing raced down the nearest road and threw himself in a ditch. Minutes later he committed his first act of heroism. When it came, it was automatic and mysterious to him. It was a simple act: he raced forty yards across a parade field to rescue a boy who had been hit. As he hoisted the boy to his shoulder, they were both caught by another mortar round. Downing picked him up again and ran desperately back to the trench.

The boy was dead. Downing had sustained a leg wound, and he was given his first cigarette to smoke while it was treated. He slept in a hastily erected tent for the wounded. Sometime in the night he was moved to a very quiet section. Awakened, he wondered at the unearthly stillness, but it was not until morning light illuminated the tent that he realized he was surrounded by dead men.

By the next day he was on his way to what was known with perverse gaiety as The Big Red Bloody One (First Infantry Division). The ten months that followed were marked for him not by the calendar, but by the sudden intense friendships, sudden losses, and sudden dangers familiar to all soldiers but to no one else. Once he was lost in the jungle for three terrifying days before a chopper picked him up.

Nothing seemed stranger to him than his instinctive heroism and the decorations that came at a dizzying pace. Among his awards were three Purple Hearts, a Bronze Star, and a Silver Star that today are a source of dimly perceived embarrassment, confusion, and pain to him. "They're just for killing people," he says softly, visibly anguished that he is saying it wrong. The Purple Hearts, which are "just for getting wounded," seem—he plays with the thought—almost insulting. His father, now totally blind, keeps them hidden—locked in a strongbox with a handful of Ed's army snapshots. Ed is the only boy in the pictures still living.

He landed back in Oakland on August 27, 1967. The temperature was seventy degrees but he shivered with cold. Five days later he was back in Oil City, gazing for the first time into the face of his second child. Patrick Downing was just two months old.

If there was little to suggest that Downing would ever again subject himself to army life, there was still less to suggest that he would fare particularly well as a civilian. Certainly no new options opened to him, and during his two years at home he suffered from that diffuse, impenetrable pain now known reassuringly as post-Vietnam syndrome. Still longing for an education, he tried school for a year but "couldn't take the hassle." He couldn't eat: his dietary staples were—and still are—"nerve pills" and Pepsi Cola. He couldn't sleep more than a few hours at a time, and when he did he was tormented by nightmares. Sudden rages overtook him when he was either admired or detested for his war record; there were blackouts and drunken fights forgotten the next day. Worst of all, he could articulate none of his pain.

But his greatest sorrow was the collapse of his small family, a collapse he was emotionally and financially unable to stem. The crippling adjustment problems between Susie and him were complicated further by Susie's mother, with whom the Downings lived. It was an impossible situation.

Susie, meanwhile, with an eye to security and travel, had long been urging him to reenlist in the army. Until the spring of 1969, when he was working a construction job on Long Island, he furiously resisted her outwardly sensible arguments. His future had never looked gloomier, though, and overcome with depression and loneliness (his family was in Oil City), he trekked out to Fort Hamilton one day, in the far reaches of Brooklyn, and "reupped" for three years. What did he have to lose? He knew he wouldn't go back to Vietnam, so perhaps this time around he could get that education he wanted—or at least some useful training. His family would be together, and out of Oil City. More, the constant ache of alienation from civilian life might be eased. He would no longer be a freak. If anyone cared about Vietnam veterans it would be the army.

By mid-July Downing was back in Germany, without funds to fly his family over. He was assigned to radio work once again. He hated it and cursed himself for stupidity.

He had been in Germany only two weeks when a miraculous solution presented itself to him in the form of one Staff Sergeant Philip DaCosta (this is not his real name). DaCosta was something of a traveling salesman for the army, a reenlistment NCO who moved from company to company. His was an important job in those days when the *Army Times* was filled with news of reenlistment figures and unhappy speculation about the looming volunteer army. Education and bonuses were DaCosta's wares—and they practically sold themselves to the Ed Downings of the world. The cost was just a few more years in the service.

DaCosta brought him extraordinary news: Downing had scored well on some aptitude tests and was eligible for computer programming school. He would get a bonus —maybe $1,500 (enough to fly the family over)—if he reenlisted for six years. Downing couldn't believe it. "I didn't think I was eligible for reenlistment yet," he told DaCosta. "Oh, the army's changed since you were in," DaCosta replied.

On August 14, 1969, DaCosta drew up a discharge form releasing Downing from his current three-year term, and presented him with his new six-year contract for computer programming school at Fort Benjamin Harrison. DaCosta got a few dates wrong, but promised to fix them back at his home office, one hundred and twenty miles away. Downing signed. In a space at the bottom where he was instructed to write in his own hand whatever promises had been made to him, he carefully wrote "computer programming school." He remembers thinking the two *m*'s in programming looked funny, and he wondered if he had spelled it correctly. The documents were to make the rounds of several offices for approval and then they would be deposited in Downing's file.

A month passed. Downing received none of the usual brochures about his new school and no bonus. Inquiries proved fruitless. And then DaCosta reappeared, bearing a waiver for Downing to sign. "There's been a mistake," he said. "Your scores weren't high enough for computer programming school."

Downing refused to sign. DaCosta, surprised, argued.

"No."

A week later, DaCosta tried a different tack. "There's no room in the school," he explained carefully. Downing wouldn't budge —a contract is a contract.

Enraged, DaCosta took him to Captain Earl Thompson, Downing's commanding officer. Thompson, claims Downing, ordered him to sign.

"No."

Downing was sent out to the missile site for four days, to think it over.

"No."

He was threatened and harassed.

"No."

One day Downing's Silver Star, for which he had been nominated back in Vietnam, caught up with him. Captain Thompson delivered it into the hero's hands at morning formation. DaCosta won an award that year too—a letter of achievement for reenlisting so many men. He was good at his job.

Eventually Ed Downing's bonus came through and his family arrived—but by then the harassment had become a daily feature of his life.

"Ed went downhill every day," recalls Dave Goshen, a close friend at the time. "He refused to sign that waiver and he was just in and out of Thompson's office. They threatened him, they harassed the heck out of him. It was always, 'Downing come here, drive this truck to Frankfurt, do this, do guard duty.' He was always out at the missile site working overtime. It was a big mess."

Downing's medical record from that year offers extravagant testimony to his suffering: "Patient complained of pain associated with heavy lifting, abdominal pain, epididymal pain, diarrhea, nasal infection. Patient was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

"When actors are strangers,
it's downright impossible to have
them react naturally
in an erotic sequence."

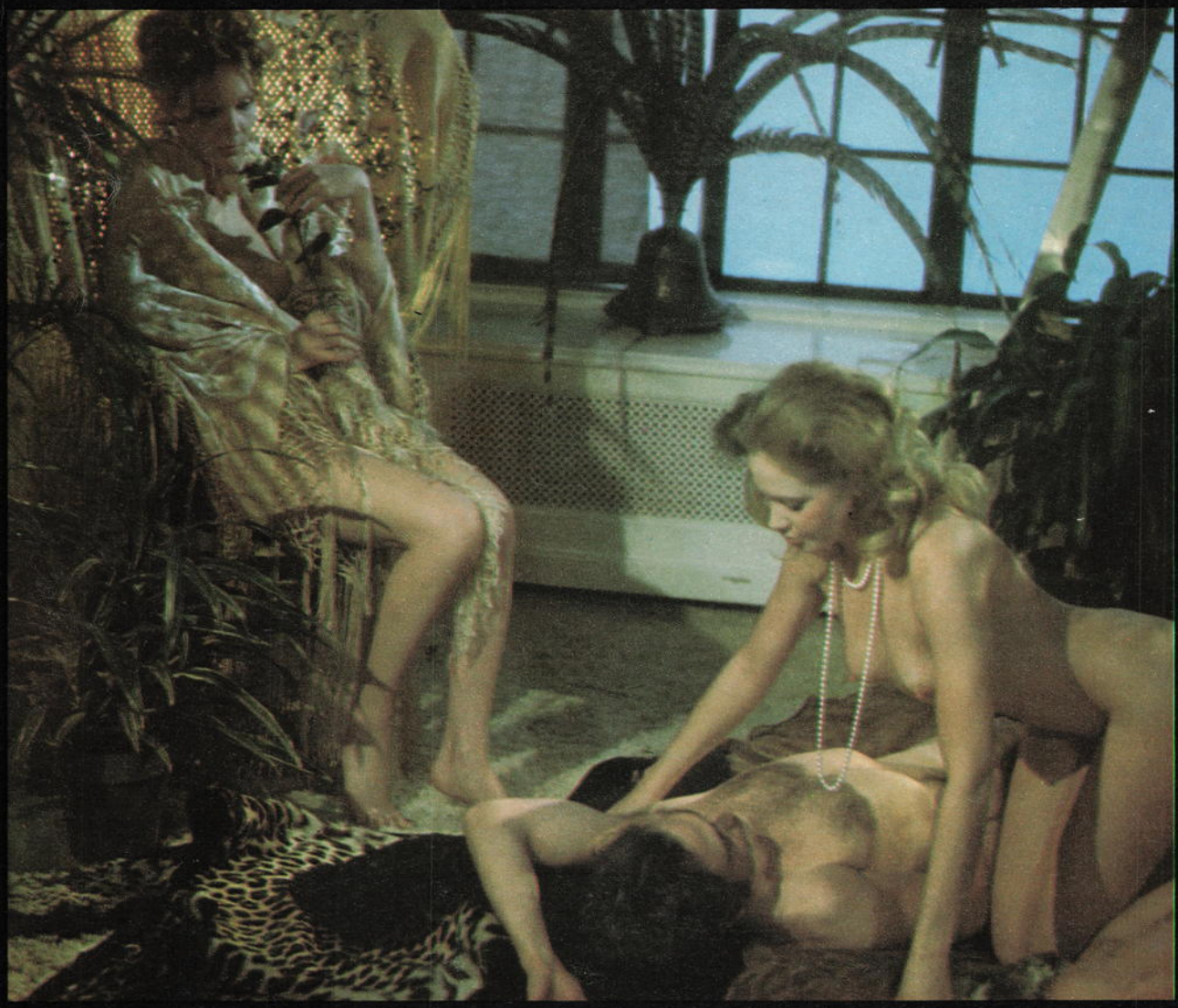
THE FEEL OF THE REAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OWEN BROWN / PRODUCED BY AHMAD SADIQ

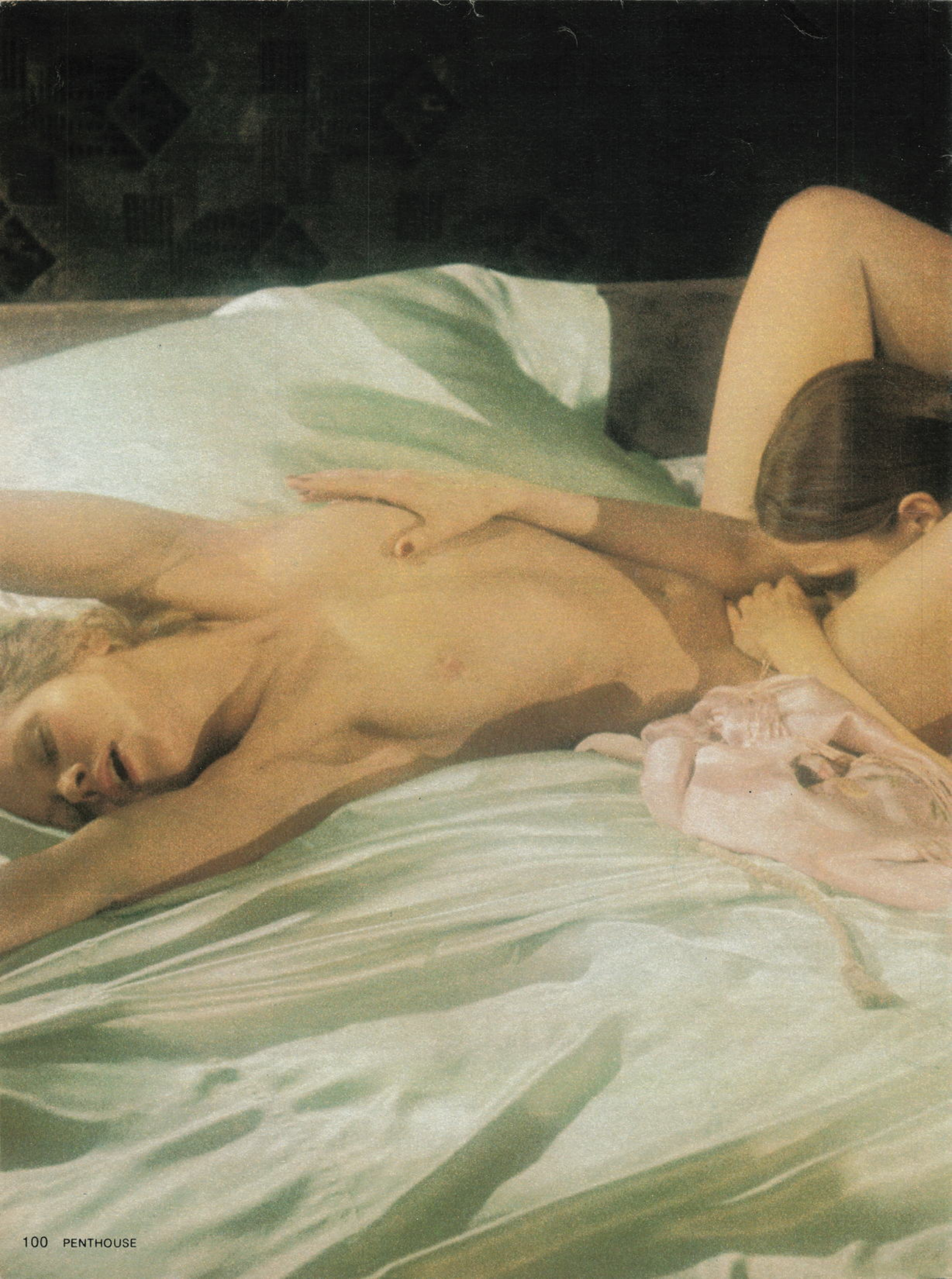
Perhaps—if only by default—erotic cinema is finally coming of age. The era of transparent plot lines linking a series of unrelated sexual encounters—performed with all the panache of humping hippopotami—is at long last going the way of all flesh, and in *Snatched* director Roberto Mitrotti adds a new technique of "sexual improvisation" to R-rated cinema. "When actors who are strangers come onto a cold set, it's downright impossible to have them react naturally in an erotic sequence," he explains. "I let them get to know each other, in a sensual environment. This is the only way to bridge the gap between simulation and the real thing."

In *Snatched,* he seems to have succeeded. The plot concerns some social misfits who kidnap an heiress for hard cash. The man behind the snatch is J.D. (Robert Furie), scion of a mafioso family who failed a fling at the straight and narrow. Reverting to type, he enlists Dakota (Phil Beldone), a Brooklyn muscleman, and Alva (Rebecca Brooks), a spidery multisexual creature, as his accomplices in the kidnapping of an eighteen-year-old heiress, Virginia Morgan (Jodi). At their hideaway, they reveal that there's more to this snatch than meets the ransom—and in the end Virginia's heart no longer belongs to daddy, but to J.D., Dakota, and Alva.

At far left, Virginia gets her first taste of honey from J. D. (top) and from Alva, J. D.'s girl friend, who obviously has more on her mind than money. On the set (above) Rebecca Brooks is made up for a seduction scene with Virginia (right), in which Alva offers her own brand of solace after the girl has been raped by Dakota. Elaborate props such as the mannequins on page 95 and authentic art nouveau decor form a lavish backdrop for the camera work of Juan Fernandez, whose movie credits include *Deep Throat*.



Virginia soon learns to like her abductors—or at least to adapt herself very rapidly to a new lifestyle. The climax of the film is an orgy scene in which Virginia seduces both J. D. and Dakota (top left), then turns her attention from J. D. to Alva (right) in an attempt to convince the trio to take her with them to Brazil. As the picture overleaf indicates, Alva doesn't seem to need much persuasion.



LITMUS GROGAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

As Litmus picked up the menu, someone put a quarter in the jukebox and punched Enlo Ritter and the Boys doing "When It's Hog Killin' Time along the Nile, I'll. . . ."

Litmus ordered scrambled eggs with cheese and onions, sausage, buttered grits, raisin toast and jelly, coffee, and a glass of milk. Then he started munching the shaved ice in his water glass and looking around.

A thin, tired-looking, red-faced man with stringy blond hair pushed a City of Memphis street sweeper's cart right up to the front door of the Jiffy-Snak, stashed his push broom away inside it, and entered.

He was wearing a sweatshirt with "All-American 1916" hand-lettered across the chest and a farmer's straw hat with a green plastic visor. He sat down at the counter next to Litmus.

"Coffee," he told the waitress. "Black with a little cream."

More music came from the jukebox. This time it was Delmas Redfern, the one who wears overalls and has a bird dog in his act, singing "Where Can I Go to Go Wrong?"

Eight bars into it, another man—younger, with a simpleton's face, very fat, sporting glistening pomade on his long black hair, and wearing ripple-sole shoes and a knee-length doctor's coat with "Mr. Foy" embroidered on it over his heart—came in and sat next to the street sweeper. He seemed to recognize him as someone from back home.

"Mr. Frank?" he asked, in a high-pitched voice. "Ain't you Mr. Frank?"

The street sweeper turned his head slowly, like he ached all over, looked at the man and smiled.

"Why, you're Velma's oldest, ain't you? Yeah . . . it's me, all right. I didn't know you was up here. What you doin' in that coat? You doctorin'?"

"Barberin'."

"Barberin'? You say you're Velma's oldest. You ain't the one went queer?"

"You thinkin' of Roy. I'm Foy. Me an' Toy—we're straight."

"Roy?"

"He's th' one kisses snakes."

"Kisses snakes?"

"He's religious."

"When you been down home last?" asked the street sweeper.

"I ain't been home since Christmas. Takes too much money to go home."

"I guess," said the street sweeper.

"I seen somethin' about that in this mornin's paper. It's somethin' crooked. It says a car license is goin' up again. Goin' up to twenty-five dollars this time. There's bound to be somethin' crooked somewhere. It don't cost them no twenty-five dollars to make them little old tin plates."

"Don't I know it!" said the street sweeper, stamping out his cigarette. "It's somethin' crooked."

"Prob'ly is," said the barber. He picked up his coffee cup and brought it to his lips.

"Who-o-o-oe-e-e-e-e!" he exclaimed. "That coffee is *hot*!"

"Here, take mine," said the street sweeper. "Go on, take it—it's already been saucered and blowed."

The barber lingered, then put ice in his coffee, drank it down, and picked up his check.

"What's you doin' now, Mr. Frank?" he asked.

"I'm still with the City."

The twangy, country and western voice of a legendary blond in white cowboy boots was coming out of the jukebox:

> Someone's a-peepin' in mah winda-light,
> Someone's a-watchin' me undress at night.
> Oh, who, who, *who* can he be?
> I guess he's got a *thaing* for me.

When the waitress brought Litmus's order she gave him a big come-on.

She was from the country and was a little meaty, but she had a good face. In fact, she was real sweet.

She came around from behind the counter with a cup of coffee and sat down beside Litmus.

"I'm on my break," she said. "Was we ever busy tonight! I wrote out so many checks I had to trim my pencil twice. We've give outa sweet rolls."

She noticed Litmus's suitcase.

"You're just in from the country, aren't you? Are you gonna stay and try to make it? What school has the REDBUGS?"

"Vile Hickory."

"Oh, sure! I shoulda known that. I'm from just outside Pap's Wells. I'll bet you have a lotta fun!"

"I just try to be myself," said Litmus.

"It's a sin to be yourself. That's what Brother Cattlemouth says. Brother Cattlemouth, he's the preacher at New Egypt Holiness. That's where I go when I'm home. I usta love Sunday school. I wish I was there now, dressed up in little ruffles, coloring sheep, and singing 'Beulahland.' "

"Brother Cattlemouth is wrong," said Litmus. "That's the only thing—to be yourself."

"I'm Bertha Jo Buttschmoocher. That's German—my granddaddy was full-blood German. What's your name?"

"Litmus Grogan. But it says 'Yvonne' on your name tag."

"That's like a movie name, like movie stars use when their own real name is just too ugly to go by. I put 'Yvonne' on the tag because it's the prettiest name I know. I don't guess I can keep it, though. The other girls here call me 'Y-vonny'—that's how they think you say it. That's not the way, is it? I've always called it 'E-von.' "

"You're right. And Yvonne is a real pretty name. It's just right for you, too."

"Aw, you're sweet. I been here at Jiffy-Snak just about a year. I came here and got a job as soon as I graduated. I was put up for Best Sport my senior year but somebody else got it. See my class ring? Last year they had an oval set. I must be about a year older than you are, Litmus.

"I know some boys who come up from the country and stay at the Y and go to radio announcer school. They say it's hard to get started."

"I've made it but it was hard. It's really hard for a man to make it, unless he gets on right away at Firestone or some place like that."

"Some of them give up and go back."

"I've got to go back in September and start in college," said Litmus.

"That's different. Sometimes I wish I had gone to college. I tried to get a 4-H scholarship to the U.T. Martin Branch. They gave it to a boy but he was real smart. I don't care though. They're gonna make me night manager here come winter. Mr. Socks was in here last night, and he said they would.

"You're nice, Litmus. I mean, I can talk to you. Seems like everybody else I meet is so dumb. They never know what you're talking about. You're different. I just met you and already you know everything about me."

"We'll get to be friends," said Litmus. "Good friends, you know? I'll come in here every day and you can give me some pie."

Yvonne laughed and sipped her coffee.

"What'll Mr. Socks say about that? He's a tiny little man and mean as a whip snake. I get off in a half hour. You could take me home. I live by myself—sort of."

Litmus leaned back on the stool and looked down. She was wearing blue canvas beach shoes with white rubber soles and he couldn't tell a thing except that her foot was long and narrow and did not invite him.

"What are you doing?" asked Yvonne. "You were looking at my bee-hind! I vow you were!"

"No I wasn't. Honest."

"Will you take me home? You won't have to bend over back'ards to see if you do."

"I can't tonight. I'm not settled yet. But I'll be back in here again tomorrow night."

"Don't wait till Sunday. We're closed of a Sunday."

"Tomorrow night. I promise."

Litmus paid up and said good-bye.

Early the next morning, Litmus called his father in Vile Hickory and had him wire a lot of money to Memphis. By late that afternoon, he was settled in.

He was at the Jiffy-Snak by eleven o'clock that night and found Miss Buttschmoocher chopping onion, filling the sugar bowls, and making other arrangements for the noon rush.

"Oh happy, *happy*!" she said when she saw him. "You want some coffee? Pie? Hot apple? With ice cream à la mode?"

"I got settled today," said Litmus. "Let me take you home tonight and celebrate."

"Well, I don't know," she agreed.

Miss Buttschmoocher usually rode the bus home, for she lived near the VFW Club on Jackson Avenue and it was a good hike, but Litmus insisted they try walking it.

When they got off Main Street and started down the Parkway, he took her hand and nuzzled his face against her neck every once in a while so she would be ready when they got to her house.

He let his hand float across her bosom, then float back and linger. She didn't stop him, and he kept it there until they arrived at her front door.

Miss Buttschmoocher unlocked it and showed Litmus into the living room, its walls hung with portraits of the landlady's relatives hand-tinted by Tooley-Myron—then into her apartment, which had originally been the dining room. She had a bedroom and use of the kitchen and bath.

One opening at the rear of the bedroom gave on the kitchen and another at the side on a hall and the bath. There were no inside doors to shut and lock. They had all been taken down years ago by the landlady who was afraid of getting locked in.

The house was dark inside except for a small light burning in the kitchen.

"I smell a gas leak," said Litmus.

"It's the pilot light in the kitchen. It's broke."

"Are we alone?"

"The landlady's on the other side of the hall. Miss Jewel. She smokes a pipe. Says it's cheaper."

Litmus and Miss Buttschmoocher stood close together in the dark for a while and played.

After a little wrestling, a little hunching, and a few threats, Litmus got her into bed.

He was hard at it when suddenly a baby cried.

"A baby?" asked Litmus.

Miss Buttschmoocher pushed Litmus away. She got up and went to a crib in the corner, picked up a little baby, and took it to the kitchen to cuddle while she warmed its bottle.

"It won't take but a minute," she said.

"Is it yours?" asked Litmus, when she returned.

"Tammy Lynn, say 'Hello' to Litmus. Say 'I'll be three months tomorrow.' Say 'Miss Jewel watches me while Mommy works.'"

"But, you're not married. Are you?"

"I fell from grace, but the Lord'll forgive me no matter what Brother Cattlemouth says.

"The daddy's on the po-lice. He's saving up to marry me, but I don't see him much."

"Can you get back in bed?"

"I'll have to wait till she takes the bottle."

"Bring her, too. She can lie beside us."

Litmus resumed while Miss Buttschmoocher lay there, giving the baby its bottle, and wondering if she ought to stop again and change its diaper. He was hard at it again when loud people burst in at the back door and turned on the big light in the kitchen.

"Who's that? Who's that? Who's *that*?" whispered Litmus.

"Sh-h-h-h-h! That's the Tomtoms. Partridge and Fleeda Ree. They live in what Miss Jewel calls the back apartment. They use the kitchen, too. Just be quiet and they'll never know nothing. They won't come in here."

Partridge Tomtom went into the bathroom, turned on the light, and used the facility.

"Don't you dribble none on the floor!" yelled Fleeda Ree to her husband.

"Won't he see us?" whispered Litmus.

"Now stop it, honey! He don't care what's going on in here."

Partridge went back into the kitchen. Fleeda Ree was making instant pudding and banging metal cookware.

Litmus could see them when they passed the open doorway. Partridge had on a white shirt and a Sears Roebuck tie. Fleeda Ree had very short hair and wore a lady's black leather jacket, a white blouse, black gabardine slacks, thin white cotton socks with the tops folded neatly down, and black loaferlike slip-on shoes.

Cluster Lee Hornbeak, a man who was in the Marine Reserve with Partridge, joined the Tomtoms in the kitchen. He had been unloading a quantity of firearms and ammunition from the bed of Partridge's '52 pickup and had brought it all in and dumped it on the kitchen floor.

"What are they doing with those guns?" asked Litmus in a whisper.

"They're in politics," Miss Buttschmoocher whispered. "Something to do with the left and the right. They won't talk much about it except that them and some others are fixing to blow up something and take over the state. Partridge plans to be the new Revenue Commissioner."

Litmus started at it again—slow and easy but regular.

"You love me, don't you, Litmus?"

Suddenly the house was rocked by the sound of Litmus's Indian war whoop.

"Partridge!" screamed Fleeda Ree, pointing to Miss Buttschmoocher's bedroom. "There's an Indian in there and he's a'fixin' to scalp Y-vonny!"

"More'n likely a spy!" snarled Cluster Lee, slamming a magazine into his BAR.

"Less git 'im," yelled Partridge, "'fore he kills the baby!"

Litmus grabbed his pants and ran out the front door and away, breaking the West Tennessee record for the dash as Partridge and Cluster Lee sprayed the street with automatic fire.

He stopped behind a fence covered with honeysuckle, put on his pants, and hid in the shadow of an althea until his heart stopped racing and the commotion died down.

When things were quiet, he stepped out of the shadows and started walking, slowly, toward Main Street.

"Oh, he'll see me all right. Tell him it concerns his corporate image!"

SUPERCOUPE WITH CLASS

Subaru's all-new Evening Star is shooting for space in the U.S. market

By Joe Oldham

In case you haven't heard, Subaru of America is selling a supercoupé with enough performance, handling, and style to take on just about anything in its class. The Evening Star marks a milestone in Subaru's marketing mix in this country—a line that now includes sports coupés, four-door sedans, and the only compact four-wheel-drive station wagon sold here. It's the first Subaru built to appeal strictly to the tastes of the American buyer, and it's dead on target.

Previously, Subarus had been engineered and styled basically for the Japanese market—and Subaru of America simply imported whatever Fuji Heavy Industries (the Japanese parent company) made.

Photograph By Charles Kirk

Frankly, earlier models weren't tailored to American tastes and driving habits—and too many drivers found them underpowered and understyled.

But in the case of the Evening Star, Subaru of America made a direct contribution to the car's design. They told the factory what they thought the car should look like and what key features it should have. Fuji listened, and the happy result is a car that's a lot closer to Detroit than to Osaka—a fully equipped automobile with simple, conventional, yet elegant styling.

The Evening Star aims right for the quick of the lucrative supercoupé market, a segment dominated by such heavy hitters as the Capri V6, Vega GT, Monza 2 plus 2, Oldsmobile Starfire, Buick Skyhawk, Opel Manta Rallye, Mazda RX-3, Mustang II Mach I, Celica GT, and V6 Pinto. But thanks to solid engineering, the car is well equipped to do battle with this hard-charging group of automobiles.

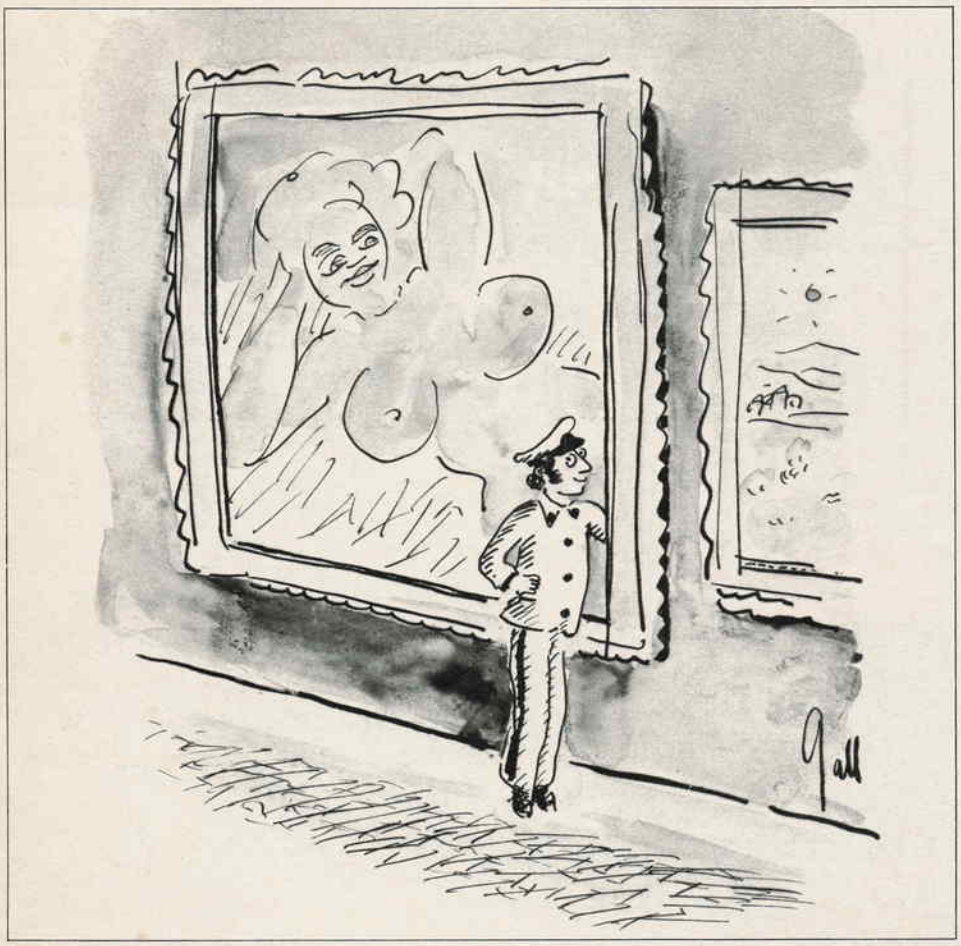
Powering the Evening Star is Subaru's proven four-cylinder Quadrazontal engine—the same basic engine that has been installed in other Subarus for the past few years and has run millions of miles in Japan on test tracks and on the road. For the Star the unit has been modified slightly for better low-end torque, and the design allows the engine to use every drop of fuel efficiently. The result is a power plant that punches up fifty-eight horsepower at 5,200 rpm and still manages to rack up thirty-three highway miles per gallon and twenty-five mpg in city driving, according to federal EPA tests.

Backing up the engine in the Evening Star is a five-speed manual transmission—new for Subaru and it's currently available in this car. The driver uses the gearbox as he would normally use a four-speed, but once out on the highway, a shift into fifth puts the car into overdrive for supereconomical cruising.

Like all other Subarus (except the four-wheel-drive station wagon), the Evening Star is a front-wheel-drive machine, meaning that the entire power train—the engine, transmission, and final drive unit—are all packed into one neat package under the hood. Thus, passengers don't have to flip for who gets the middle seat—there's no hunching over a transmission-hump that runs up the middle of the interior. Five people can fit comfortably into the Subaru Evening Star despite its compact dimensions.

The Evening Star's new roof line has other benefits besides making the car one of the smartest hardtops on the road. Since, unlike most fastbacks, the roof does not slope down at a steep angle, the backseat passengers have some real headroom for a change—no small concern in this day of the 2 plus 2 interior where the "plus 2" means that you can, with luck, fit a couple of hamsters into the backseat.

And just because you drive a small car doesn't mean that your favorite bird has to give up all those amenities she's been used to. The Evening Star's interior must be described as luxurious. The bucket seats are covered with soft-grain vinyl that simulates the feel and appearance of real leather. The center-shift console is standard as are other goodies such as an AM/FM push-button radio, tinted glass, electric rear-window defogger, carpeted everything, and 155SR13-radial tires. Of course, if you're not really all *that* sporting, you can have the optional extras installed—automatic transmission and air conditioning.



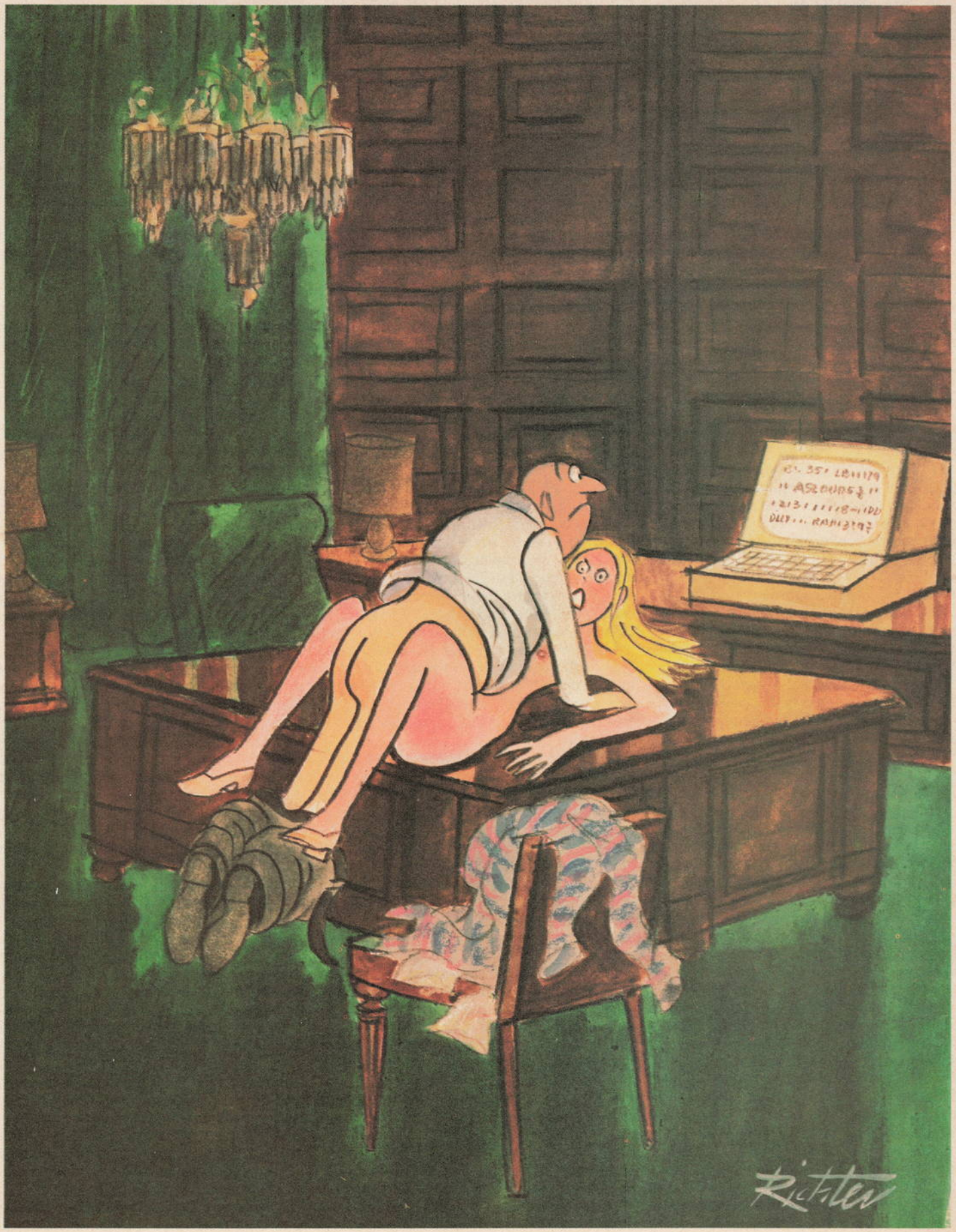
Driving the Evening Star is one of the more exhilarating experiences you're likely to encounter this year, and it's a car that must be *driven* for maximum pleasure. If you're the type who likes to sit back, dial in the stereo, turn up the air to max cool, and sit back while power everything takes over, you're not even beginning to realize the potential of the Evening Star. But if you're a *driver*, if you know how to use a gearbox and an engine—how to use what canny automotive engineers have created for you—you'll definitely get into the Evening Star.

The engine wants to rev forever, and the five-speed gearbox is smooth in operation. The whole car inspires all kinds of confidence, and you'll soon find yourself floorboarding it to the red line in every gear and banging off full-bore power shifts with aplomb. The car almost asks you to abuse it. It seems to thrive on hard driving.

Happily, Subaru engineers have designed the suspension and drive systems to take this sort of treatment and to back you up should you get in a little over your head. The suspension is firm and the steering taut. There's no slop, and the car responds *right now* to any driver input. The radial tires are tenacious as the front wheels claw their way around curves.

If you're used to a rear-wheel-drive car, it'll take a day or two of familiarization before you feel entirely comfortable with the Subaru's front-wheel-drive handling characteristics. You can't just get into a front-wheel-drive car and play junior road racer. If you do, you'll soon find yourself facing the direction you just came from. If you blast into a corner too quickly the natural reaction is to lift your foot off the throttle. In a conventional rear-wheel-drive car this is the thing you've been taught to do, and it's right. What's right in a rear-wheel-drive, however, is completely wrong in a front-wheel-drive vehicle. Lift your foot halfway through a fast corner in a front-wheel-drive car and you're swapping ends. In front-wheel-drive vehicles you *must* keep the power on when you enter a turn at high speed. This will allow the front wheels to pull you through the turn. Once mastered, however, front-wheel-drive quickly becomes a habit. And you'll especially appreciate it if you live in an area that gets lots of snow.

One last nicety about the Subaru Evening Star: while you're getting your kicks playing Mark Donohue in this car, it won't be taking you on a trip to the welfare lines. The Evening Star operates economically, and it won't cost you any more initially than a more mundane machine. Cars like this can spoil you.



"Dow Jones isn't the only thing going down!"

CASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

John. How did you feel about it at the time?
Cash: I felt completely crazy—and I *was*. Really, I was *completely* crazy. One time I remember going into my camper truck and looking at myself in the mirror. I put my hand over my face and peeped through my fingers at myself and said, "Let's kill us." And then I said, "I *can't* be killed. I'm indestructible." Well, I looked myself right in the eye and said, "I dare you to try." So I got in that camper truck and started driving down a mountain. The truck turned upside down twice, but the only thing I broke was my jawbone, which still gives me a pain now and then. It was really a battle that raged within me for a long time—but somehow I survived.
Penthouse: What finally caused you to give up drugs?
Cash: God. The times when I was so down and out of it were also the times when I felt the presence of God, or whatever you want to call it in whatever religion you might follow. I felt that presence, that positive power saying to me, "I'm still here, Cash, to draw on whenever you're ready to straighten up and come back to life." Well, that's what finally happened, and I'm not playing church now. I was brought up in the church when I was a boy and I didn't play church *then*. The spiritual strength I have is real, it's solid, and I don't compromise it. It's something within me that nobody can argue about with me, because it's a very personal strength that I feel and that I draw on. That's what pulled me out of it. But there were people I used—like June Carter, who stuck by me all those years while I was on drugs and fought me, to the point of stealing my pills and destroying 'em whenever she could. And then feeding me and trying to get me back on my feet. Strangers were also used, like the sheriff in the last jail I was in.
Penthouse: Why had you been arrested?
Cash: I didn't really find out until the sheriff told me, 'cause I'd been so high at the time that I didn't know *what* I was doing. I'd been out banging on somebody's door, trying to get in to use the telephone after wrecking my jeep in the woods in north Georgia—I had no idea where. The next day I woke up in the Lafayette jail, and the sheriff there unlocked my cell and led me out to his desk. He put a tray on the desk and said, "Here's your money—and here's your dope. . . . Now get out of here and go kill yourself." I said, "What? What do you *mean*, 'go kill myself'?" And he told me, "You got the power to do it and you're trying to, so go ahead and finish the job. You don't have far to go." I said, "I don't *want* to kill myself." And he answered, "Of course you do. You almost *did*. When we brought you in here I called a doctor and he gave you a shot and put you to sleep. But he said you evidently want to kill yourself, so there's your dope—go ahead and do it." That was the turning point.

Penthouse: Are the religious songs you now sing in your shows a result of your giving up drugs?
Cash: No, I always sang those songs—but I never did sing them with the feeling and the free spirit I have since I quit the dope. You know, I used to sing "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" while I was stoned on amphetamines. I used to sing all those gospel songs, but I really never felt them. And maybe I was a little bit ashamed of myself at the time because of the hypocrisy of it all: there I was, singing the praises of the Lord and singing about the beauty and the peace you can find in Him—and I was stoned. And, miserable; I was climbing the walls. But regardless of how I felt inside, those songs have always been a part of me. They were the first songs I ever heard—and I know this sounds corny, but they're the songs my mother sang to me. Gospel songs are the ones I love the most, and I can never wait for the part of my show when I sing them.
Penthouse: Is that the high point of a night's work for you?
Cash: It's just *one* of the high points, because I really brighten up when my wife June comes out to sing with me. She's my spotlight, and there's a magic to her that just fires me up about the time I really start getting tired onstage. And I also enjoy singing things like "The Ballad of Ira Hayes," which is one of four Peter La Farge songs about American Indians that I've recorded. Peter was a great writer and through him I came to love the American Indian. We were very close just before he died about ten years ago; and I sat up a lot of long nights listening to his songs and stories about his people. I've always loved Indian legends, and by now I've got about a thousand books on the subject.
Penthouse: A number of press reports have stated you're part Cherokee. Are you?
Cash: No, I have no Indian ancestry. Some folks have said I do, but *I* can't find it anywhere—and I've got my family tree. Of course, when I used to get high, well, the higher I got, the more Indian blood I thought I had in me. And a lot of people wanted me to be part Indian, especially after I recorded the *Bitter Tears* album.
Penthouse: Have you performed those songs before Indian audiences?
Cash: I sang 'em at Wounded Knee eight years ago. I went there to help the Sioux raise money to build a school; back then Indians hadn't started to speak out for themselves, and neither had any national figures.
Penthouse: In view of your efforts on behalf of prisoners and Indians, a number of people were surprised when, after returning from a tour through Vietnam, you declared yourself "a dove with claws."
Cash: I thought that was *awful* clever of me at the time—and now I wonder where I ever got that stupid line. My thoughts about Vietnam really had to do with our boys over there. Like one night at Long Binh air base, a Pima Indian boy—crying, and with a beer in his hand—came up to the stage while I was singing "The Ballad of Ira Hayes," which is about the Pima Indian marine who helped raise our flag at Iwo Jima. At the end of the song, that young Indian asked me to take a drink of his beer, and with the tears running off his chin, he said, "I may die tomorrow, but I want you to know that I ain't never been so alive as I am tonight."

Things like that made me to want to support our guys, because I loved them so much. I knew they didn't want to be there, which is why I went over myself. I was asked to come to Vietnam and I was paid well, but right away we all got caught up in the whole thing. Pretty soon June, Carl Perkins, and I were doing seven and eight shows a day, sometimes for only ten people in a hospital ward. Anyway, please forgive me for saying I'm "a dove with claws."
Penthouse: Not long after your return from Vietnam you were invited to perform at the White House and created a stir when you refused to sing the two songs President Nixon had reportedly requested—"Okie from Muskogee," which puts down longhairs, and "Welfare Cadillac," which characterizes welfare recipients as cheats growing affluent on the public dole.
Cash: I think everybody got that whole thing wrong, because the president didn't ask me to do those songs—one of his secretaries did. I think they wanted me to believe that President Nixon was familiar with my music, but evidently they'd just picked up a copy of *Billboard*, found a couple of songs in the Top Ten—and then took it from there. I simply told them, "Look, 'Okie from Muskogee' is Merle Haggard's song, it's identified with him, and I won't do it because it wouldn't be proper. As for 'Welfare Cadillac,' well, I've heard the song once, I don't like it, and it doesn't say anything I want to say. If the request actually does come from the president, tell him that our program is already planned and that I certainly hope he'll be pleased with what we do."

Incidentally, I took my daddy with me to the White House that night, which is one of the main reasons I went. He was a soldier during World War I, and in 1916 he served with General Pershing's forces and helped chase Pancho Villa back across the Mexican border after Villa had burned down Columbus, New Mexico. My daddy's a patriot and gave me a sense of history and a strong love for my country. And I really enjoyed walking around the White House, seeing the paintings and other things—like the room where Andrew Jackson's mountaineers came and swung on the curtains and poured their moonshine on the carpets.

Anyway, that White House performance took place in 1970, and at the time President Nixon was very popular, but it probably wouldn't have mattered if I'd been asked during the start of the scandals—I would've gone, because it was a performance at the White House. I was glad to go.
Penthouse: Did Watergate upset you?
Cash: Yeah, it really made me sick—sick and ashamed. But Watergate is just another growing pain, another lesson for us, and I think eventually we'll be a greater country

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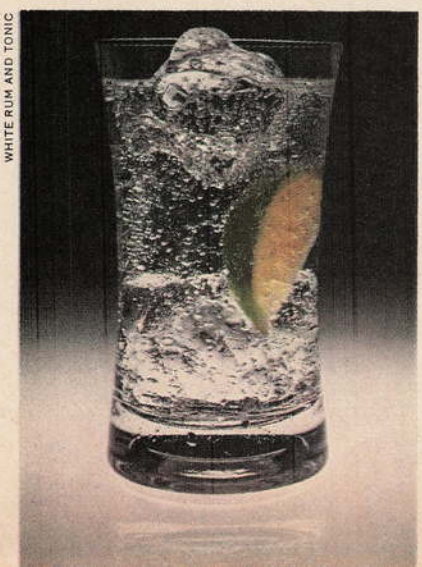

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because of it. Right now, we're watching a housecleaning going on. You know, even though we're set up on a capitalistic system, Congress picked Rockefeller to pieces during the vice-presidential hearings; they really put him down because of all of his money. In a way, they were putting down the very system the government stands for, and I think that's some much-needed housecleaning right there. There are going to be quite a few changes made because of Watergate.

In time, we're going to see that the whole Watergate mess was one of the best things that ever happened in the U.S. I may be dead wrong, of course, but I think Watergate is gonna make us a better democracy: the people are going to rule. That's really what I say in "The Ragged Old Flag." We've had some hellish wars that have just about torn the country apart, and now we've had these scandals. Well, the flag is symbolic of the spirit of the people and of the way of life we've cut out for ourselves. Sure, our flag may have holes in it, and it may be ragged and tattered and torn—but it's still waving. It's going to overcome. The *people* will overcome—and our government will be set up the way the people want it to be set up. That's going on *now*; it may not look like it, but that's just because we're housecleaning.

Penthouse: And apparently—judging by your attendance this fall at the trial of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, et al.—you don't wish to see any dust swept under the rug. What prompted you to show up in the courtroom?

Cash: James Neal, the government's prosecuting attorney in the Watergate trial, is also my attorney, and he invited June and me to sit in on our way back from an afternoon with Billy Graham in Norfolk, Virginia. So we went, and we heard the tape of Nixon talking to Haldeman on June 23, 1972, which was a cover-up conversation.

I had a chance to talk to Haldeman. As a matter of fact, he was the first man I saw when I walked into the courtroom, and his mouth dropped open and mine did, too. He immediately turned to someone else and then looked back at me with an expression on his face like, "What in the hell is *he* doing here?" When the court took a recess I walked over to him and introduced myself and he said, "I tell you, James Neal is really giving me a lick today. Not only is he on the other side, but he's got my favorite entertainer on the other side with him." I told Haldeman, "Wait a minute, I'm not on any side. I'm here as a spectator. You're a piece of American history, whether you like it or not, and I'm just here to witness it."

He asked if we could have a cup of coffee together, so June and I went out with him and Ehrlichman, who never *did* say anything except hello. At the table, the first thing Haldeman asked was, "You've been on the hot seat, haven't you?" And I told him I sure had been—he was talking about the couple of times I'd been before a judge on pill busts. He said, "You know how it feels?" And I said, "Yeah, it don't feel good, does it?" Then he started to say, "Look, I just want you to know—" and I interrupted him and told him, "Wait a minute, you don't have to explain anything to *me*, I'm not here to decide what side I'm on, I'm only here to witness." He went on, though, and said, "I just want you to know that I did what I thought was right at the time. I was only trying to do my job." I told him I wasn't questioning that, and then we talked about the music business.

After we left Washington, June and I talked about Haldeman a lot. I really liked him as a person, and he seemed exactly what a president of the U.S. needed for that job. I think he was doing what he was told to do, and also making a lot of recommendations on his own that he thought were right. And the whole thing still makes me sick.

Penthouse: Do you think you're becoming somewhat of a political radical?

Cash: No, I sure don't. I look at it the other way: I'm just tryin' to be a good Christian. You know, there's three different kinds of Christians. There's preaching Christians, church-playing Christians, and there's practicing Christians—and I'm trying very hard to be a practicing Christian. If you take the words of Jesus literally and apply them to your everyday life, you discover that the greatest fulfillment you'll ever find really does lie in giving. And that's why I do things like prison concerts. Compared to that, projects like the television series I did, for example, have very little meaning for me.

Penthouse: Did you enjoy weekly TV?

Cash: It was all right the first year, but I soon came to realize that I was just another piece of merchandise to the network, a cog in their wheel, and when the wheel started squeaking and wobbling they'd replace me with another cog. Besides that, I began to feel as if every part of my personal and family life was being merchandised and exploited; I felt as if they were stealing my soul. To get ratings, they immediately started putting guests on my show that I couldn't—if you'll pardon the expression—relate to. People about whom I felt nothing, and that just made me uncomfortable. Eventually I was walking around thinking, "I don't have to do this. What am I doing this for?"

Penthouse: If weekly television was such a bummer for you, why have you agreed to do a new series next fall?

Cash: Because it's a dramatic show that won't give me the same problems. I'm going to play a character named John Andrew Jackson Stone, a country boy who's been through Vanderbilt Law School and who's a detective in the Nashville police department. Actually, I'm playing Johnny Cash as a policeman. The character has always wanted to be a singer, and the Nashville music scene will be part of the show. The whole thing grew out of a guest shot I did on "Columbo" last year.

Penthouse: What kind of acting ambitions do you have?

Cash: None. I've never had any ambition to become an actor, because I love music much, much more than I could ever love acting. But I think I'll enjoy playing myself in the series, and another good thing about it is that it'll keep me home for five months—we're gonna be filming in and around Nashville. That'll give me a lot of time to sit around and talk to songwriters, and that's important.

Penthouse: Why?

Cash: Because it winds up with me writing songs. Like, if I'm around Bob Dylan, well, he doesn't talk much. He's a very quiet, kind person who loves his wife and children very much. We're in different worlds—he's a few years younger than I am and from Minnesota, and to him, Johnny Cash was always somebody from the South who sang those country songs. I think he has a great respect for my work and I certainly have a great respect for *his*, but it's not like we can't wait to get together to sit down and write a song. Actually, we *did* write a song together once when he visited me at home. We were fishing at my boat dock and when we sat down to eat lunch we wrote "Wanted Man"—and we could hardly wait to get through with that song so we could go back to fishing. What I get from him is the same thing I get from all great songwriters: inspiration. It's like, I'll hear something they've written and think, "Why couldn't I write that—that's the way *I* think, too." Maybe it's more like a challenge than an inspiration, because after I've sat around with guys like Dylan or Kris Kristofferson and they've gone, I'll think, "Yeah, that's a good song he wrote, but maybe I can do better." And at that point I'll start writing.

Penthouse: Do you have the same effect on other songwriters?

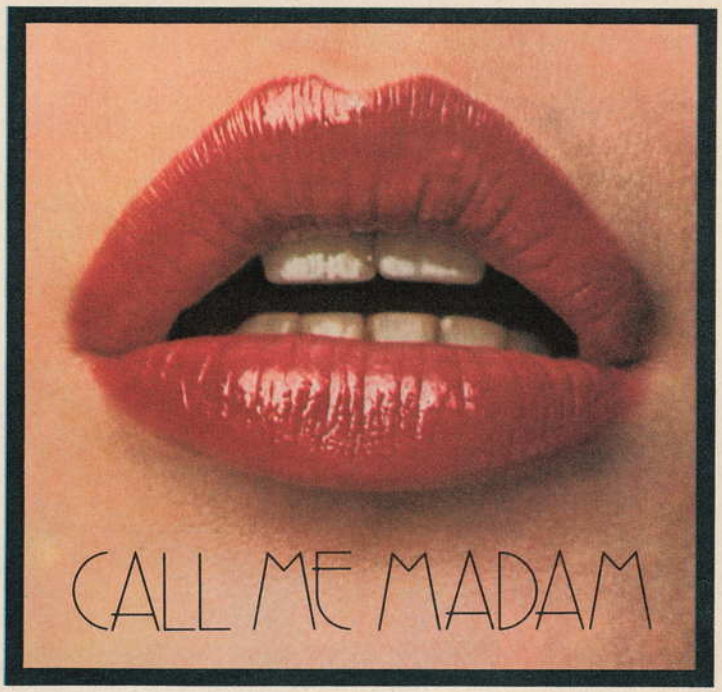
Cash: I think so. Especially when I have songwriters' parties at my house, which is every three or four months or so. We'll sit in the living room and pass the guitar around, and anybody there who sings and writes knows they're going to have to come up with something. That sure motivates *me* to write, because I know I'll be in the hot seat sometime during the night, so I've got to have a song good enough to compete with what these other people will present. It's really a thing we all look forward to, and sometimes those nights have been memorable.

Penthouse: One final question: The people who know you best seem to think you have a mystic destiny. Do you feel that way too?

Cash: I don't know what's in store for me, but I know there are things I'm going to do that I haven't touched on yet. I don't know what they are, but I feel it. It's almost like when I was seventeen years old and my mother heard me sing for the first time after my voice had dropped. She said, "God's hand is on you, you're going to be a well-known singer." I smiled at her and said, "Oh, momma." But I knew it myself. Back then, the big deal was singing on the radio—and when I was seventeen years old, I *knew* that I'd be singing on the radio. And that people would know my name. So yes, I feel there are things I'm going to do, but I don't know what they are. I'm writing a book about my experiences and beliefs, but that's not it. And the TV series may work out, but *that's* not it either. I'm not yet sure what's meant for me, but I believe I've got a lot to do—and whatever it is, I hope it's worthwhile. ○

"The group we swing with is into standard lovemaking: man-woman, woman-woman, woman-man-woman."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am sixty years old, happily married, in perfect health, and have been sexually active all my life. It is my prayer that the Lord will take me when I am in some enjoyable position with an appreciative and lovely woman.

A few months ago I made a trip to visit a girl friend. She is seventy-six years old and has been widowed for eight years. When I was a youngster, she often baby-sat for me. In those days I thought of her as a beautiful and wonderful woman. The idea of sex with her never entered my head. The night of my trip, we talked after dinner and I began to get ideas. We were nostalgic about the good old days, and we had a few drinks.

Later, as she was showing me her guest room, I convinced her to spend the night with me. Xaviera, this lady is terrific. She was not a clumsy old woman who had forgotten all the finesse of lovemaking. She was delightful as she allowed me to seduce her—and she skillfully cooperated. There was no dryness to her vagina, only a very wet readiness. Her breasts were firm and hungry. She loved my kissing her clit and my filling her vagina with air—then suddenly sucking it all out. Over the years I have found most women to enjoy some variation of this technique. And I certainly enjoy their response to my favorite bit of foreplay.

We spent much of the evening in the 69 position—side, top, bottom—before I finally entered her. We finished our evening of lovemaking in the missionary position.

For the next three days we lived together. During the day I took care of business. But in the evenings I had at least two orgasms every night with this beautiful woman. We are now secret lovers. Since we live many miles apart we don't know how often we can be together.

I hope that my experiences with this older woman will give confidence to those who are doing without sex.—George

It came as no surprise to me that you two people were genuinely excited by one another. I have read many articles on the subject of "geriatric sex." The strange thing, these articles report, is that often children frown on their parents' or grandparents' sex drives.

They think that forming new sexual relationships is the beginning of senility—the earliest stage in the so-called dirty-old-man syndrome. Of course, this is a ridiculous misconception. There is absolutely no reason why the enjoyment of sex should diminish with advancing years. If we look at some public figures—Picasso, Casals, Dali, Chaplin—we see that most of these geniuses married very young women, and many of them even fathered children in their old age.

In your case things are slightly reversed from the examples of celebrities who married young women since the woman involved is somewhat older than you. But it really doesn't matter who's older than whom. Whatever the case may be, you have proved that sex is *always* great.

THE LIBERATED COCKSUCKER

For some time my wife and I have considered ourselves to be very liberated people. About two months ago we started swinging, and it would be a gross understatement to say that we thoroughly enjoyed it. The group we swing with is into standard lovemaking: man-woman, woman-woman, woman-man-woman.

On our last group sex encounter, however, there was a very beautiful guy there named Hank. During the session I did something I had never done before: I slipped Hank's cock into my mouth and proceeded to suck it madly. Then one of the girls took my cock and inserted it in her mouth. The three of us came together in unbelievable ecstasy. The session was truly an amazing one. I had never experienced anything like it.

When we got home that night my wife burst into tears. She said

Photograph By James Moore

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that she had no idea I was gay. "Gay? Who the hell is gay?" I said. Don't men have the same right to free love in a swinging scene? I think my wife really gets off on a lot of the other women in our sessions. It just so happens that I got off on Hank. I think we all have a long way to go before we are truly liberated people. After all, drawing lines in a swinging scene is as uptight as condemning the scene when you really want to swing.

Your liberated and enlightened comments would be greatly appreciated.—G.C.

You are absolutely right in your attitude towards sex. I have observed in many orgies that nobody seems to be turned off by watching two or more chicks make it together. It is quite a turn-on—but for some odd, obscure reason the sight of guys making it together is taboo.

To give you a perfect example of latent bisexuality, I must tell you the following story about a very straight party I recently attended. The people were beautiful, but there was no public sexual display going on. All night long I had my eyes on this very gorgeous, very square, French-Canadian engineer. He was married, but I guess his wife was home for the evening baby-sitting their five children. He was very boyish. I wanted to dance with him, but he refused to dance with anyone the entire evening.

The host for the evening was also intriguing. I had met him several times before but had never made a pass at him since his girl friend was a good friend of mine. Luckily she was not present at the party. The host was handsome, baldish, yet virile. When I spoke with him, I got the distinct impression that underneath his so-called virility there might just be an impotent man. Behind his cool surface was a slightly kinky streak; his eyes at times were rather cool and cruel. I also detected a slight gay bent in his way of dressing and his behavior. As far as the others at the party were concerned he was the perfect host: straight, hospitable, entertaining, intelligent, and witty. Yet he seemed like a man who could live a double life—or probably a quadruple existence. In other words he was a mixed pot ready to boil over, but there was an airtight lid. "Society," I'm afraid, was the name on that lid. So I decided to kick his lid off that night.

As far as my square engineer was concerned, he was the type who would never cheat on his wife; unfortunately, he was a very reputable chap. When everyone else had gone and I finally had these two men alone, I put on some groovy music and slowly began a seductive striptease. I not only undressed myself but also the two men. It was sheer delight to watch their cocks rise. Alas, there was some trouble. The engineer seemed uptight about having another man present, and so I guided him into the luxurious bedroom where things shaped up considerably. A little while later our host wandered into the room, completely naked. I told the two men to caress not only my body but also each other's bodies. My secret wish was to have them suck each other off. Unfortunately, I could tell they were not quite ready for that. However, I did get them to mutually masturbate each other—and me as well. Meanwhile their penises were very erect, and we proceeded to have a three-way orgasm by means of cunnilingus and masturbation.

Of course when we all got dressed the two men pleaded with me not to tell anyone about our interlude. They were just too ashamed to let anyone know that they had homosexual tendencies.

The host said, "You know what? I don't believe this really happened to me tonight. I would never have done such a thing if it were not for your stimulating presence. Are you sure this happened, or was it just a dream?"

I don't know if I believed the host; I'm sure his sex life is a little kinkier than he lets on. You see, during our foreplay he exhibited a rather sadistic streak as he scratched, squeezed, and bit me rather wildly. As far as the impotency was concerned, it could still be a possibility since it took him quite a while to work his limp cock into a six-inch hard-on. The engineer had a divine cock. But he went home to his wife and kids with a different perspective on sexuality, I'm sure.

In my opinion bisexual people have the best sex lives. After all, they have a choice of the "best of both worlds."

PAINED IN THE ASS

Would you please present a complete rundown in your column on the male prostate

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gland? I've had my own troubles in this area, and I sure wish someone had given me a few words of warning years ago. Can't excessive intercourse or masturbation injure the organ?—J.J.

If you think there is something wrong with your prostate gland—or any other organ—do see your physician immediately. Let him diagnose the problem, explaining the functions or malfunctions.

As to the prostate being affected by sexual endeavors, this concept is a falsehood. In fact, it is assumed by most medics that orgasms are conducive to the healthy functioning of the prostate. There is even a fairly common saying among medical students that goes: "We should help the prostate. Let's go out and get laid!" One word of caution: It can be damaging to the prostate if one indulges in sex while suffering from a venereal disease.

BALL IN THE FAMILY

My wife and I have read your Penthouse *column with great interest since often some very serious questions are raised. Historically, we Americans have had more than a fair share of hang-ups and most of them have been created by our puritanical upbringings. Both my wife and I have lived our lives "doing it" if it feels good. This includes masturbation, nude swimming, nude sleeping, honest emotions and conversations. A truthful philosophy was our wedding vow. Even though we were both seventeen when we married, we have been able to maintain complete honesty between us. Unfortunately, it has been necessary to limit this honesty to our family since many others do not share our philosophy.*

We have been married eighteen years and have a son (sixteen) and a daughter (fourteen). As they grew up, we practiced an honest environment at home. This, of course, included nudity, love, and a complete sharing of responsibilities and time. Being of Swedish extraction, we are great advocates of exercise, nudism, and body health. We have never examined our actions to determine whether or not they conform to society. For example, if my wife and I were in bed reading or sleeping, our children were always free to join us. We have never refrained from making love because "the children are awake." We are not offended by nature's gift and do not hide our bodies from one another. We have never understood why society "allows" your infants in bed with you to keep warm, and yet older children and adolescents do not have the same privilege. The only difference my wife and I can see is mental—not physical.

As our children matured, we felt no obligation to change our everyday pattern of living. Of course, there have been questions asked and answered about differences in their young bodies and the bodies of their mother and me. A straightforward answer has always been our approach. During intercourse the children would touch us, and we in turn would caress their bodies to include them in our act of love. As they grew older, our glow in turn caused them to glow.

When my son was fourteen and my daughter was almost thirteen, we discovered that they were enjoying mutual masturbation. Since they often shared each other's beds, we found this to be quite natural. At this time my wife and I demonstrated to them the various techniques of physical and emotional awareness. After many questions and answers, I demonstrated these techniques to our daughter and my wife to our son. Since then, our children do not hesitate to enjoy each other's bodies when they choose.

Many would object to our familial practices, but we have taught our offspring to be completely honest. I cannot see the evil that people speak of when I see my lovely daughter and manly son embrace—his manhood deep within her. I am tired of the so-called good people judging the joyous acts of life. I feel that I have been a true parent to my offspring.—M.B.

I'm sorry, but the medical profession would not find your concept of incest to be quite so healthy. Children conceived through incestuous relationships are more likely to be mentally retarded. The prospect of giving birth to a less-than-normal child just isn't worth the risk.

Also, it sounds as though you might be forcing your children into premature sexual relationships. I really can't tell since I don't know your family personally. I once seduced a gorgeous eighteen-year-old. He

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was handsome but childish, and looked green as grass to me. One day when his mother was away, I had a couple of hours to kill with this young fellow. I got him to take a shower with me, but I could not provoke a hard-on from him. Then we went to bed, and no matter how much I caressed, sucked, or stroked him, he was unable to achieve a proper erection. When asked why, he sheepishly told me: "Xaviera, you have been my idol for the past few years, but I am still a virgin and would like to hold on to my virginity until I am really seriously involved with a girl. She would have to be someone like you, but I would need to know her very well before we could sleep together."

Well, even the infamous Happy Hooker admits to an occasional failure. Different times for different people. Sex should never be rushed.

MINI MEAT

I am thirty-one years old and married. I love my wife very much. We have oral sex almost every night, and my wife loves it very much. We have a climax just about every time we perform 69. Actually, my wife likes oral sex more than basic penile-vaginal intercourse. Why? Because my penis is very small. It is only five and one-half inches long. Not very big. When we fuck, she gets wild and asks me to put it in deeper. But I don't have any more cock to give her. Is there any way I can make it bigger? Can plastic surgery be the answer?—R.G.

How often have I mentioned that five and one-half inches is not a particularly short penis? It might not be gigantic, but it is certainly not the smallest. Your oral sex life seems great. Perhaps your wife gets so moist that she cannot feel your penis upon penetration. Try drying her off with a towel after she has had an orgasm from oral sex. Also, try some new positions so that you penetrate deeper. How about her on top of you or else doggy fashion? Also, the missionary position isn't so bad if you just prop some pillows under her buttocks.

If you really must make your penis *seem* bigger, forget plastic surgery. Buy a penis enlarger or a rubber dildo that can be slipped over your own penis.

RUDE PRUDES

I have been an avid reader of your books and Penthouse *column for about a year now, and have always been impressed by your honesty. Xaviera, I only wish that others were so honest. Why is it that some people condemn me for reading your column in* Penthouse?

One Sunday morning last month I was seated outside on my balcony with a copy of Penthouse. *A neighbor lady was also on her balcony and with a touch of ardor I invited her to glance at my favorite periodical. Hence, without approval from her, I deliberately tossed the magazine onto her balcony floor. Before she picked it up, she asked about the contents. I said it was the most important magazine on the market—a beneficial guide to all kinds of sexual behavior.*

The word sexual *stunned her momentarily. Upon recovering from this awful shock, she picked up the magazine and slammed it back to me, with an oral accompaniment not at all gentle. "What do you think I am—a whore?" she screamed. "I'm not a pervert like those bitches in your filthy book." She departed and shortly returned with her husband who looked like a cobra ready to discharge its venom. "You are a monster," he shouted. "Your mind is disturbed, and you should be in a pen!" They then left the open air with a slam of the balcony door.*

This incident was traumatic for me. I cannot believe that such persons still exist. Do people still find the word sex *to be sacrilegious? Isn't it a fact that we humans have three indispensable needs: music for the soul, food for the body, and sex for the libido?—M.J.N.*

Evil is in the eye of the beholder, and obviously your neighbor seems rather hypocritical about a magazine that she most probably never gave a second look. But I don't think you approached her the right way. You should have gently guided her into this new world of literature. If you want to turn a newcomer on to your valuable sex guides and entertainment, make sure the setting is right: right mood, lighting, a drink, good music, maybe a discussion of a good, sensual movie you have just seen—and *then* you show her the magazine.

I have to relate the following incident to you. When I came to Montreal to promote my new film *My Pleasure Is My Business*, a very well-known interior designer gave a lovely cocktail party in his penthouse apartment. The party was extremely well catered. Refined, intelligent guests, such as architects, lawyers, real estate men, designers, decorators, and several lovely but super-straight ladies were present. Altogether a nice mélange of different personalities. The whole evening was very formal and I managed to play the lady with ease, but was dying to find out how I could loosen up those sexually uptight people. Since I was the guest of honor, it was not really up to me to start a conversation on sex. But somehow, as the party thinned out to a dozen or so people, one of the wealthy square businessmen began to talk about movies and he warned all of us definitely not to go to see *Shampoo*. When I asked why we should not see *Shampoo*, he blasted at me: "Why not? Because it's pornography." I happened to have seen the film earlier that week and found it rather amusing, in particular the scene where Julie Christie, seated at a formal dinner party (with even more squares than the party I attended), all of a sudden yelled out: "*I want to suck his cock*" (pointing to Warren Beatty). The entire audience was laughing, so why should this prudish man warn us against the film, as if we could catch VD from it?

Well, *this* was my chance to sink my teeth once and for all into the subject of sex and somehow I managed to fight for the use of good, healthy four-letter words. You know what? Within ten minutes I had everybody repeating the words *fuck*, *suck*, *cock*, and *cunt* several times over until the shock value wore off, just like Lenny Bruce used to come on to black people and call them *niggers*, repeating the word *nigger* over and over until they could no longer be annoyed with him and only laugh with him. I know there is obviously a time and place for everything, but, generally, honest sexy language can turn quite a few so-called straights on once you have broken the ice.

One last little anecdote regarding the subjects of sex and of four-letter words. A woman once called me up on a hot-line radio program in St. Louis (the Bible Belt of the U.S.A.) and said: "Miss Hollander, I loved your books, but could you tell me if you really have to use all those four-letter words? Was that really necessary?" Whereupon I answered: "Ma'am—say your name is Annabelle—can you imagine your husband coming home one night very excited to make love to you, and saying to you, 'Annabelle, let us fornicate or copulate'? No, he will most probably grab you and say, 'Honey, let's fuck.' " Obviously, the prudish radio station bleeped out my first four-letter word of the program, since there are many people like your neighbor who are listening to such radio programs and don't want to be offended by "foul" language.

AN INDIAN ROPE TRICK

A friend of mine answered an ad in a San Francisco underground paper which promised "a sex thrill you never dreamed of." As it turned out, the claim was no exaggeration!

The whore produced a nylon stocking which she had twisted into a rope and knotted. The knots, about twenty of them, were less than an inch apart. She lubricated my friend's ass and shoved the whole rope into him, except for a few inches on the end which she held on to. She told him to let her know when he was coming. When he gave the signal, she yanked on the rope. He told me that the sensation of the rope bumping out of him produced a terrific thrill.

Have you ever heard of this technique or used the technique on a guy? Do you see any danger in it? The whore told my friend that it was an old technique that is used in India.—F.U.

If you read my first book, *The Happy Hooker*, you must have noticed a chapter in which I describe a variation of this same "rope trick." I used a string of pearls strung together with a very strong thread so that it wouldn't break. I inserted this string of pearls into my lover's asshole and then slowly pulled it out until a little less than half the string had been exposed. At the moment we wanted a mutual orgasm, I yanked the remaining string out of his ass; with a scream, he spurted his sperm into my body.

It is an old Asian love technique, and the Japanese are expert in using silk scarves with little knots. I see no danger in this practice. Obviously you must lubricate the anus with Vaseline or KY.

Trisexuality:

Stylish couples now keep themselves up-to-date by adding a third person. "Wear" a blond on Monday, a brunette on Wednesday, and a redhead for the weekend.

By Rhea Philip

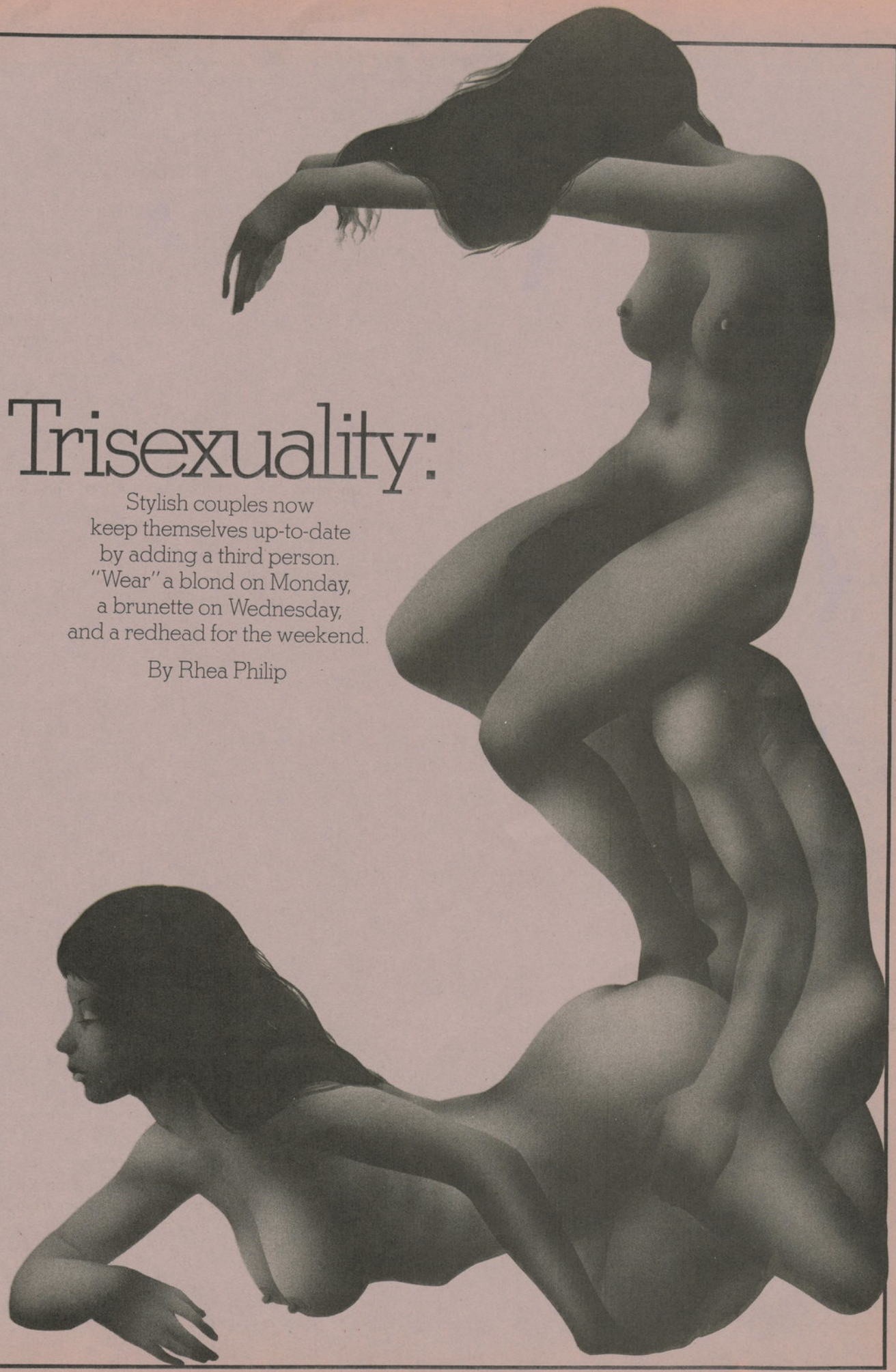

Illustration by Paul Birbeck

Bisexuality is passé. That's last year's sexual fad. To be sexually chic today you've got to be trisexual. But what *is* trisexuality? "That means I'll *try* anything," punned one young trisexual-about-town. What trisexuals try most often is a threesome arrangement—an updating of the venerable ménage à trois.

Above all, trisexuality sees people as fashion. You treat lovers like suits—you pick them out, wear them until they look dated, and then throw them away. The trisexuals pursue elusive, ever-changing sexual fashionability by selecting their latest bedmates with a discerning eye to whatever is "in" in looks, education, nationality, sports, profession. The trisexual "wears" a new lover's attributes, and she (or he) thereby endows the trisexual with the newest sexual vogue.

Originally a ménage à trois meant, literally, a European housekeeping arrangement—a man, his wife, and the wife's young male lover. The woman slept alternately with the two men, who seemed to avoid each other, according to most accounts—except for fits of jealousy over the woman. However, the new trisexuality ventures far beyond the traditional ménage à trois. Trisexuals don't just live *en famille*—they sleep *en famille* (as a triad), too. And then only God and Masters and Johnson know what could go on, as three people bring their sexual inclinations and imaginations together to create erotic configurations of dizzying diversity. A trisexual group can translate the Heinz-57-varieties concept into sex, since a threesome can include two women and one man, or two men and one woman, or three women, or three men.

Although the trisexuals perform and often live as a threesome, three almost always grows out of two. That is, trisexuality stems from a mixed-gender or same-sex couple who want to spice up their sex lives by adding a third person who serves as a catalyst to keep the couple up-to-date socially and sexually. The trisexuals know they're using one another, and that adds to the stylish sexual fluidity of a triad ménage.

Penthouse spoke to trisexuals in several large American cities. Their professions range from academia and investment banking to modeling and hustling. Their ages go from seventeen on up. Although we've changed their names and some personal details to ensure privacy, the trisexuals have told their own stories about the next logical extension of sexual chic: *people as fashion*.

ERIC AND KAREN AND JUDI

More than most trisexuals, Karen and Eric carry the people-as-fashion idea into their sexual behavior; maybe it's because Karen's a fashion designer, constantly involved in style changes. They've come to call their sexual mode the This-Season's-Model plan. The third member of their threesome is, almost invariably, a young, relatively naïve model whom Karen meets through her work, designing junior sportswear for a large firm in New York's Garment District.

"Polygamy is man's natural state," Eric affirmed. "I told Karen not to expect me to be faithful to her when we got married. It takes more than one woman to satisfy me. I think that's only natural." At thirty-two, Eric is a man's man—a rugged-looking, athletic executive in the export-import field. He and Karen, a tiny, pixie-like but very determined blond, have been married for two years. They lived together for two years before that.

"I know Eric's never been faithful to me," Karen said, sipping a mug of black coffee in their high-rise apartment. "Yet I felt I could cope with his roving love life. He has so many other fine qualities: he's intelligent, warm, and probably one of the most commanding, sexy men on the entire Eastern seaboard. I figured if I wanted to keep him, I'd have to make some adjustments." After a couple years of living with Eric, however, even Karen began to worry that she'd lose her man to one of his many casual lays. She decided she'd rather be in the same bed with Eric and his latest mistress than sitting at home alone, "stewing and biting off my fingernails."

That's how This Season's Model arose. Karen meets many young models through her work. These girls were new to the city, and they were usually eager for love, but even more eager to meet the right crowd —people who'd help them advance their modeling careers. Best of all, to Karen's way of thinking, the girls were attractive enough to satisfy Eric's frequent desires for something new and different in bed.

"I'll admit that I was pretty stunned when Karen first suggested that I go to bed with her *and* another girl at the same time," Eric chuckled and lit his pipe. "Especially since Karen was playing the madam—finding these young, fresh girls and creating opportunities for me to look them over and take my pick, usually over at her design shop." In the past two and a half years of This-Season's-Model trisexuality, Eric and Karen have shared eight young mannequins as lovers.

"If a girl of eighteen or nineteen has gotten up enough nerve to leave home and come to New York to be a model, she's got a sense of adventure," said Judi (Karen's and Eric's current lover), in a whispery, little-girl voice. "I guess I'll try anything, sex-wise. I've got a lot to learn, a lot to catch up on." Judi is nineteen, a tall, very slender, green-eyed strawberry blond from Nebraska. On her own in a threatening city, not quite sure how to make her modeling career take off, she welcomed Eric's and Karen's offers of assistance and love. As promised, they've introduced her to many people in the fashion trade who can aid Judi's career. And they've taught her more about sex "than you'd learn in eighty years back in Nebraska," Judi admitted demurely while her eyes twinkled with pleasure.

"I'd never had a lesbian relationship before our first triad," Karen commented, "so I had to make techniques up as I went along." Karen takes care of most of the foreplay in the trisexual ménage. She may start by cuddling up to Judi in bed, the two women disrobing each other while Eric watches appreciatively. "Then maybe after we've kissed and 'tasted' each other for a while, we may get down on the bed, Judi and me," Karen continued. "There's an incredible sensuality about massaging another woman. When I stroke and caress her breasts, her thighs, her genitals, it's marvelous—because I know exactly how she feels. It's as if I can feel her arousal in my own body."

Then Karen might get on top of the prone Judi, the two lying breast to breast, pelvis to pelvis, their bodies undulating. Karen likes to insert a couple fingers up Judi's vagina then. Eric comes into the scene when both women are quivering on the edge of orgasm. "I tell them to work on each other just until they're ready to come," he explained. "I never let them come unless I'm the one who shoots them over the top. I want them to work themselves up until they're begging for it. Then I get in there." If Karen's on top of Judi, Eric will lift up his wife's legs and buttocks from behind so that he can enter Judi. He allows her a few hard, tantalizing thrusts before he pulls Karen's cunt towards him and enters her, dog fashion. Eric goes on, teasing the women, working them up until they're begging to be allowed to climax and he's equally excited.

By this time, the bodies are tangled up, arms and legs crisscrossing in a frenzy of pleasure. When Eric and the women finally burst into their first climaxes, "It's really something terrific," Karen enthused. "I thought I'd have some inhibitions about doing it three-to-a-bed or with another woman, but after a remarkably short time, a warm, loving body is just a warm, loving body. Whether it's a man or a woman doesn't matter at all." After Eric, Karen, and Judi achieve their first mutual orgasm, the women continue to stimulate one another manually and orally, gradually focusing more and more of their attentions on getting Eric "back into service," as Karen called it. And then?

"Wow," Judi sighed. "We can go on all night. Well, we could, but we all have to work the next day, so we have to stop eventually. A model can't have circles under her eyes if she wants to work."

Privately, after Eric and Judi left the living room to fix a snack, Karen confided that This Season's Model has a couple of disadvantages—from her point of view. Twice, Eric has become enamoured of the other woman, and Karen feared she might lose him. To get rid of the competing second woman, Karen devised a simple but effective little scheme: "I start making love to her when I tell *her* Eric isn't expected home. But, actually, I plan it so that I know Eric will walk in after we've been at it for ten or fifteen minutes. He gets so mad, so hurt, when he sees us two making it together *without him* that he immediately wants to drop the other girl. He's afraid that she'll turn me into a full-fledged dyke, and he'll lose me. Since he calls me 'the perfect sex partner,' Eric doesn't want to risk me going gay. And that's how I keep him. Such as it is."

Coming back into the living room, Eric

settled into a plush couch next to Karen. Did he have any complaints about their trisexual arrangements? "Well hardly any," he smiled, "except it does get a little boring to have just one kind of woman—fashion models with size-seven figures." Karen made an affectionate lunge at her man's crotch. Eric pretended to fight off her furies: "Not that I'm complaining. I'll force myself to make do with what I've got."

MILES AND GEORGIA AND PAUL

"We're jocks," Georgia giggled. "Other people look for a sex partner who's intelligent or arty or looks some particular way. When we're looking for a third party, Miles and I always look for an athlete. So far, we've had a gymnast and the golf pro at our old country club. The year that Mark Spitz won the Olympics, we had a swimmer, because that year swimming was the 'in' thing. This past year, since tennis became de rigueur, we picked up my tennis instructor."

"If nothing else," her husband Miles added, "our sexual preference for other jocks saves us money. We hardly ever have to pay for athletic lessons of any kind."

Not that money is a problem for Miles and Georgia. Miles is a psychiatrist in a southern California city noted for its quantities of rich, high-paying, neurotic, show-business types. Georgia, a former high school French teacher, doesn't have to work to help pay for their large Spanish-style home with its Olympic-size pool.

They shifted into trisexuality from swinging. "All this wife-swapping was getting silly," Miles said. "We ostensibly got into it because I needed to do some firsthand research for a monograph I was writing about promiscuity. But now I realize that I was engaging in swinging because of my repressed homosexual needs. I wanted sex with a man, but I was ashamed to admit it. With a threesome, you get a kind of built-in safeguard. Because a third person is present, it's as if you're getting permission, or approval, for engaging in homosexual acts. You see, trisexuality, as you call it, replicates the primal family unit—mother, father, child. So it probably represents the most natural sexual variation of them all."

"Oh, Miles, stop being so clinical," grumbled Georgia, a slender but big-bosomed thirty-one-year-old brunette. "Why not just call a spade a spade, sweetheart? You wanted to sleep with me, but you wanted to sleep with men, too. I wanted to sleep with two men—that's been my big fantasy all my life. We were just lucky that our desires fit into one solution. If they hadn't, the marriage would've been on the rocks years ago." The solution Miles and Georgia found was trisexuality—adding a second male to the existing man-woman unit.

"I'd always had this outrageous fantasy about being screwed simultaneously by two men," Georgia went on. "In my fantasy, one was doing me from the front, the other from the rear, and then they would both climax at the same time, which would trigger me to have the most *e-nor-mous* orgasm of all time. I dreamed about it a lot: I'd be propelled into space like a rocket, shooting off from pure penis power. So, you see, when Miles confessed to me that he wanted to make it with a man, I wasn't upset. I was thrilled."

How do Miles and Georgia meet their trisexual partners? "That's easier than you might imagine," Georgia said in her husky, low voice. "I take a lot of sports lessons and the instructors. . . . Well, it's not exactly unheard of for the golf pro or whomever to make it with some of his lady students, especially the better looking ones."

"And you are *definitely* good-looking," Miles interjected with obvious appreciation. Georgia kissed him briefly on both tips of his mustache and continued her story. "The first sports type we did it with was my golf pro. We invited him home for dinner—just the three of us. He seemed a little uneasy about the whole idea, but after we'd talked and done some hash and wine, he came right around." That triad lasted about three months, until Georgia found another golf teacher who was even less inhibited.

> A warm body is just a warm body. Whether it's a man or a woman doesn't matter.

Paul, who's the current third member of Georgia's and Miles's love triangle, joined them at poolside, bringing along a tray of tequila sunrises. Had he been trisexual before? "Not really," the twenty-four-year-old tennis instructor admitted, shrugging his broad shoulders half-apologetically. "I'd been bi for a couple years, like everybody else in my crowd. But I'd either done it with one woman or one man at a time. I had never done this with both a man and a woman together.

"I got into this scene with Georgia and Miles sort of accidentally. I was giving Georgia a tennis lesson, and I 'had' to put my arms around her to show her what to do on her serve. All those kinds of corny comeons, because Georgia really turns me on; she has just about the finest set of tits I've ever seen. When I finally decided to ask her to sleep with me, she didn't give me the usual refusal: 'I can't—what would my husband think?' Instead, Georgia told me, 'I can't sleep with you until you've slept with my husband first.' That really freaked me. But I went ahead and met Miles, and we made it together. It got me over any fears I might have had. You know, those feelings that you might not perform as good as the other guy in the threesome. Because I had already slept with Miles, I felt really certain that he was my lover, too, and I wasn't going to be the odd man out."

"And that way I simply couldn't feel jealous seeing Paul fucking Georgia," Miles added. "Watching them just increased my desire—for both of them."

Because all three are outdoors types, they particularly enjoy making love in Miles's and Georgia's large, secluded backyard, on the grass under the night sky. "My favorite little trick outside is to do it standing up," Georgia said. "It's really quite simple. We call it a People Sandwich. I stand between Miles and Paul. I lift one leg and kind of hook it over the hip of the one who's entering me from the front and hang on for dear life so I won't topple over. Then Miles or Paul—whoever's in back—will stick his cock right in between my buns and slide it around. Ah, it feels so good to hold them *both* in me."

Another favorite technique Miles, Paul, and Georgia often use is one they've nicknamed Pie à la Mode. "I guess we all three have some kind of oral fixation," Miles joked, ever the psychiatrist. In Pie à la Mode, one of the men mounts Georgia from a standard missionary position, while the other man wraps himself loosely to one side of the squirming twosome—hence the "à la mode." The man on the outside will first be roused to full erection by Georgia's sucking. Later on, the outside man thrusts his middle finger up into Georgia's vagina, right under the other man's erect penis. "It's pure bliss," Georgia confirmed. "It feels as if I have *two* cocks inside me at the same time. Bliss." The man on the outside gets his blow job finished after his partners have finished their first climax. The fellows trade off on their positions, because, as Paul and Georgia laughingly chorused in unison, "Miles believes in complete equality."

Miles amplified more details of their sex lives: "One thing I particularly like is when Georgia gives me a really thorough blow job. She catches most of my come in her hand and rubs it all over her wonderful, big breasts. Then Paul fucks her, and as he's screwing her, he licks off my come from her boobs. I get off watching them do that, which starts me up all over again."

What are the benefits of the active trisexual life—apart from the sexual variety, the kinkiness of it? "Are you kidding?" Miles declared. "Since Georgia and I began fucking jocks, I perfected my breast stroke, corrected the nasty slice I had in my backswing, and, thanks to Paul," Miles said, twirling his mustache, "you wouldn't *believe* my backhand shots."

DENNIS AND ALAN AND CASEY

"One day Alan and I just looked at each other and realized that if we didn't change something in our lives pretty soon, we were going to end up as two old queens."

"Dennis is right," Alan affirmed. "We'd been together for over four years. We even own this condominium and a summer house together. We were so settled, we might just as well have been old, married people."

"We wanted to stay together," Dennis put

in, "but we wanted a little spice in our relationship. And that's how we ended up bringing in Casey."

Dennis and Alan make a striking pair: both are about six-feet tall, dark-haired, muscular yet trim men in their early thirties. They look so much alike that many of their neighbors assume they are brothers. But Dennis and Alan are lovers, and very happily so.

They met nearly five years ago through mutual business clients. Dennis owns a fashionable interior design firm that's done houses for many wealthy members of Chicago society. Alan's a portrait photographer, also specializing in Chicago's richer citizenry. "I kept seeing these amazingly sensitive portraits in my clients' houses," Dennis recalled, "and I eventually had to meet the photographer." The two hit it off instantly. "We have the same tastes, the same likes and dislikes," Alan said, lighting up a cigarette, "and we were sexually compatible, too. It was like nirvana for a while."

But then the twosome became *too* comfortable together. They began to have horrifying visions of themselves ten or fifteen years hence—the kind of old, "married" queens they themselves ridiculed. Alan first got the idea of going trisexual: "I'd been in a number of threesomes in the days when I was still cruising. You'd be in a gay bath, for instance, and you'd see a couple of good-looking dudes, and—pow, instant miniorgy. You'd be fucking each other. All together now, and a-one and a-two and a-three," he said, mimicking Lawrence Welk to perfection. "When I suggested being trisexual to Dennis, he got really excited, because he gets off on voyeurism."

"So we decided to combine our interests," Dennis said, smiling wickedly. "We came up with a composite third person we'd like to have—very young, tall, slim, preferably blond, malleable. After we knew what we wanted, it wasn't all that hard to find it.

"The first time we had Casey up to the house," Dennis recalled, "I wasn't even going to come out and meet him, because the first couple boys we'd tried out had been such bombs. So I just stayed in the bathroom that adjoins Alan's bedroom and watched for a while. I guess that's the voyeur in me. Well, anyway, Alan brought in this really beautiful boy, and they started undressing, and I got immediately excited, just watching. I could see that Alan was getting a really magnificent blow job, and I had this strange feeling. I felt as if I was watching myself getting the blow job, as if it was in a mirror that I was looking into. Maybe it's beçause Alan and I look so much alike. As Casey was tonguing Alan, I could almost feel his tongue, soft and smooth, circling and sucking down on my cock. I looked down and my own cock was stiffening. It felt so good—just like I was getting blown.

"When Alan started coming, I got so excited that I just burst out of the bathroom and took Casey from behind. I shoved my cock into him—almost as if I was thanking him for blowing *me*, when it had been Alan getting done all that time. And just before I came in Casey's ass, Alan had changed position and was giving me a rim job, just the way I like it. His tongue was whipping in and out of my ass. My whole body was pulsing. When I came in Casey with Alan helping along on the other end—God, it was more like an explosion than just another orgasm. I was sold on being trisexual right then. It's a nice, pleasant, manageable, home-size orgy. What a way to live!"

Alan's favorite all-male trisexual technique is the Circle Game. "Everybody gets arranged on the bed in a circle or as close to one as we can get," Alan explained. "It's like plugging ourselves together in a continuous mass of bodies: cock to mouth, cock to mouth, cock to ass—whatever. If you time it right, you can be getting off one after the other. Then it's like a string of firecrackers when the orgasms get going—bang, bang, bang."

Alan, Dennis, and Casey liked the Circle Game so much that Dennis redecorated to implement their fun. With all the wide-eyed pleasure of a stereo nut showing off his brand-new $5,000 quadraphonic system, Dennis pulled us into Alan's bedroom to see an enormous circular bed with a circular sheet of silver gray Mylar suspended on the ceiling above. "That's specially for the voyeur in me," Dennis grinned. "The Mylar gives just enough distortion to make everything I see just that much more interesting."

But didn't a circular bed that big, covered in silk sheets, cost a fortune? "No way," Dennis said. "I'm in the business. I get it all wholesale." Sure. Natch.

Casey came in to talk and settled down on the comfortable circular bed. He was a very attractive boy with a disarmingly innocent look of sensuality. "When I met Alan and Dennis, it was at one of the lowest points in my life," the blond-haired boy said. "I'd run out of money, and I found that hustling my bod wasn't as profitable, and sure as hell not as glamorous, as I thought it'd be. Before Alan took me home, I'd been burned by a couple johns, and one guy took a knife to my throat after I blew him, just to get out of paying. Evil dudes. But Alan and Dennis were real gentlemen. They set me up with a room of my own in this great apartment. They bought me great clothes; they get a kick out of picking out really good threads for me. They take me out to movies and good restaurants and all over—it's like getting a finishing school education for hustling."

Is that what Casey wants to keep on doing—selling his body? "Sure. Why not?" he grinned. "I really like sex. Hell, it's better than working or going to school. Of course, I didn't tell Alan and Dennis that I was trying to be a hustler. I just made out that I was this poor little runaway who needed to be taken care of. And they sure have taken care of me."

Would Casey leave his comfortable trisexual love nest? "When I find the right person or the right couple, yes, as long as I take a step up. Jee-sus, you shouldn't stay with anybody for too long—you've got to keep changing your partners. Otherwise, you go stale—you become someone's possession."

About a month after this interview, Casey sent us a card from Acapulco, where he was vacationing with his new trisexual partners—the chairman of a large corporation and his wife. By all indications, he's ambitiously trying to work his way up to a Greek shipping magnate.

How do Dennis and Alan feel, now that their protégé has deserted them? "Well, we were both pretty upset at first," Alan admitted. "We felt used; we'd put a lot of time and energy and money into that boy. But we've gotten over that now. Dennis is redecorating again—to go with a redhead."

MAGGIE AND FAYE AND TAMMY

"None of us engage exclusively in lesbian relationships, but for the last six months, it's been us three, us three women," Faye explained. "Tammy and I'd been lovers before, but that was because we were in a threesome with this guy named Richard. After a while, I just considered Tammy a lot more important to my own happiness than Richard ever was, so the two of us left him and set up housekeeping together in this apartment near the university." Twenty-three-year-old, auburn-haired Faye is a graduate student in anthropology, and her roommate Tammy is an aspiring actress, who supports herself by working as a secretary in the theater department of a large California university.

"I never intended to get into a lesbian thing either," added Maggie, the thirty-six-year-old associate professor of anthropology who forms the third part of this trisexual group. A petite woman who dresses with studied informality, Maggie is a recent divorcée: "I couldn't cope with the idea of being hurt by another man. Not just yet. But I knew what I wanted: I wanted a wife. Yes, a wife. I wanted somebody to love me and take care of me without complaining, somebody who would put my interests first—just the way I'd served my husband for nine years. It's too much to expect from one person, but Tammy and Faye together make one great wife!"

Faye and Maggie became friendly when Faye was assigned to assist the older woman on a research project. Faye listened sympathetically to Maggie's marital woes. "But we never dreamed we'd end up as lovers." Faye invited Maggie over to her place for dinner one night, and "Things just sort of started flying between us, like sparks," bubbled Tammy, a sweet-faced ingénue type. "It was honest-to-God body chemistry, like you read about."

Although Maggie's never officially moved in with Faye and Tammy, she's a frequent overnight visitor. "Our sex life isn't so much torrid as it is loving and comfortable," Maggie admitted. They frequently make love in an oval configuration of bodies—mouth to vagina, mouth and fingers exploring one another in an interlocking pattern—on a thick white flokati rug from Greece. "We fit on it better than on a bed," Tammy giggled and shook her curly, pale-blond hair. "We

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

Jeff M., age, 22, 5′10″, 152 lbs. Brown hair, blue eyes. Jeff is a writer/carpenter.
Ann B., age, 28, 5′7″, 120 lbs. Brown hair, blue eyes. Ann is a free-lance journalist.

JEFF'S STORY: "I've lived with Ann for three years now and until about a month ago I didn't know we had a problem. I mean as far as I'm concerned there is no problem. We've discovered the formula for a perfect cohabitation agreement. This includes group sex and open marriage, but for us it's perfect and I'm happy.

"There are always people, you know, who see something good and honest in another relationship and they want to spoil it. I can't understand it. I don't have to name names; they know who they are. Telling Ann that I'm weak-willed, that I accept everything she says and am incapable of making a decision. It's just rotten, that's all. And they claim to be liberated, hip people. A couple of idiots is what they are. I mean it's crazy, isn't it?

"I suppose in a way that's what you do when you give advice, but at least people ask you first, right? And you're trained to understand things about the way people think. But this kind of interference is just disgusting.

"The thing that hurts is that Ann buys some of it; otherwise we wouldn't be here. I admit we've had our ups and downs like everyone else, but when it's all said and done our relationship is superfine. I have everything I want sexually, mentally, and physically. We could use more bread—sure, who couldn't? But basically what problems do we have? You tell me.

"Ann and I moved to Woodstock, New York, about a year ago, shortly after we'd met. In terms of getting to where I want to be in life, that move may have been the most important thing I've ever done.

"Before that I lived in New York for two years. I grew up on Martha's Vineyard, an island off the coast of Massachusetts. In my senior year of high school a famous

rock group visited the island. Their lead singer was the most incredible woman I'd ever seen. She wasn't that famous then, but I knew she was going to be. The way she sang was just unbelievable.

"I met her in Edgartown. I should say she met me. She came on so fast I couldn't believe it. I had just turned eighteen and, well, girls on the Vineyard aren't hard to get it on with, but it's pretty rare when a strange and beautiful woman asks you to take her skinny-dipping. We went out to Lambert's Cove where I knew the beach very well.

"All she was wearing was shorts and a halter, and she was naked in a few moments. By the time I got my pants off I was so excited. . . . We ended up making love in the grass for about two hours before we ever went swimming. She taught me more about making love in two hours than I'd learned in four years.

"She hung around with me all during her stay and I felt very important. She was having a thing with her lead guitarist but he didn't seem to mind at all, and I stayed with her in the hotel every night. One night I played her a song I'd written and she dug it very much so I taught it to her. To make a long story short, they made a lot of bread on that song.

"I don't want to sound as though I'm holding a grudge. It's not that way. She is a very beautiful lady, and my memory of those few days is maybe the happiest memory I have of the island. I love her. I really do.

"Anyway, I moved to New York that winter. I thought I'd be a songwriter but it didn't work out. I took up carpentry to feed myself. I got a job with a cabinetmaker on Ninth Avenue in Chelsea and found an apartment on Perry Street, which is where I met Ann.

"I saw her the first day I moved in. She was wearing a thin knitted jersey and her titties stood up hard. You could see where her nipples poked at the material. I sort of knew she would like me to suck them.

"I stopped in to say hello that evening and we got stoned on grass sitting in her living room. We were lying on the floor opposite each other and I started to caress her legs and her bottom. She undid my pants and began to massage my cock. Then she started sucking me, and I watched her wash her tongue over the tip and then slide my shaft down her throat.

"I undid her jeans and kissed her bare legs and sucked her through her panties until the crotch was soaking. When I mounted her my cock was hard and throbbing from her loving. It broke right through the wet cotton of her panties, sliding deep into her. Her body rose off the floor like the dying swan movement in yoga, and she came and came, writhing like a dancer. She was so beautiful. We fucked until the sky outside was gray. Then we slept all that night wrapped in each other.

"We slept together Sunday night too, then on Monday she left for work before I did.

" 'I won't see you tonight,' she said. 'I have a date. Okay?'

"I felt very strange. She was standing in the doorway looking at me. For a moment I flashed on T. S. Eliot—the whole hollow man thing, you know?

" 'Couldn't you break it?' I said. 'I love you. I want to be with you.'

" 'I can break it,' she said. 'I didn't want to go anyway,' and there we were.

"I was nineteen then and I'd never really had anyone before. I mean, I'd never lived with anyone. I don't think I ever even thought I was in love. But I sure did then, with Ann. I thought about Ann all the time and I didn't look at another woman for weeks.

"I grew up in a pretty conventional household. My father had a small business and he was the traditional head of the house. My mother was an assertive kind of woman. If she had an idea about anything important for our welfare, you'd best believe we heard about it. But to all outward appearances my father ran the show and that was that.

"Naturally, then, when I entered into a relationship with a woman I assumed that I was going to fill that role. Not that I didn't expect her to have opinions—I expected to discuss important moves and changes with her—but in most things, and particularly sex, I expected to call the shots.

"I never thought of myself as a chauvinist or anything like that. Women's lib was a fairly new thing at this time and I hadn't given it much thought at all. Early in my relationship with Ann I guess I took a lot of things for granted that were a bit more complicated than I had imagined. Some things happened pretty quickly that put us both through heavy changes and made me reevaluate my idea of the social scheme of things.

"One morning at the shop I needed my pocketknife for something, so I went into my jacket pocket for my keys and they weren't there. I was incredibly pissed off because I thought I must have lost them in the street somewhere, or something.

"When I got home that night, I rang Ann's bell but there was no answer. The superintendent let me in, but I still couldn't get into my apartment. I thought there might be a vague chance I'd left the keys at Ann's, so I went up on the roof and climbed down the fire escape to reach Ann's bedroom window. When I looked in . . . that was heavy!

"She was there—sprawled out on the bed with her legs thrown back—fucking this redheaded guy I'd never seen before. He was a lot older than me. I was close enough to see his cock, slick and white with come, sliding in and out of her. I didn't know what to do.

"I could really understand how a man could kill his woman in a situation like that. Don't ever assume anything if it hasn't happened to you! It is nothing like being at an orgy or wife-swapping or anything like that.

"What I'm talking about is real gut-level stuff. It's like finding out the person you love most in all the world has entered into a plot to break you down and ruin you. My head was just doing cartwheels.

"It wouldn't have been so bad, except that we had made a commitment to each other. At least I thought we had. She could have said she didn't want to live with me, or that there was someone else important too—that she couldn't honestly devote herself to me. But she let me think I was the only one that mattered, watched me build this incredible image of her in my head, then just knocked it down like an old tree. Of course, I see now what she was going through, but that didn't help much then.

"I climbed down the ladder, trembling all over as I reached the ground. I remember sitting on the steps for a few minutes, trying to get it together in my head. It was a very strange feeling. I was excited from watching my lover make love to another man, and I

Letterforms by Tom Carnase/Illustrations by Betty Dodson

was jealous, and angry and frightened and I wanted revenge. I called an old girl friend I knew in the East Village and told her to be ready for me.

"She lived on the fourth floor of an old brownstone. The door was open, so I walked into her apartment and looked around. There seemed to be no one there at first. She walked into the kitchen naked, her tits large and pointed; she made a sexy pose in the doorway, spreading the lips of her cunt with her fingers. Very slowly she masturbated herself, walking closer and closer until she stood in front of me. I took her clit between my teeth and gently nibbled until it was a hard little button of flesh. Then I ran my tongue into her lips, which were wet from her fingers.

"We fucked for hours after that and finished a full quart of vodka between us. I left about three in the morning, really wasted and still freaked about Ann.

"When I reached my apartment, Ann rang me in from downstairs. She'd been waiting up for me and was pretty freaked out herself. 'Where've you been?' she asked.

" 'What do you care?' I said. I had to vomit in the kitchen sink. She'd never seen me like that; I don't think I'd ever been like that before. 'Where are my fucking keys?' I asked her.

"She looked a little funny and pointed to them on the bureau. *Then* I understood and she knew I understood. I took the keys and walked to the door.

" 'Where are you going?' she asked.

"I told her I was going to my place to sleep.

" 'Suit yourself,' she said.

"I hadn't even put my bed together because I'd been with her all the time. In a few minutes I went back, crying and drunk, and she let me in and put me to bed. Neither of us said anything.

"In the morning she called my boss and told him I wouldn't be in. When I got up we went to a bar for breakfast. I had a Bloody Mary to settle my head and we talked.

"She started out apologizing for hiding my keys and for not being honest with me. But then she said she could never be faithful to me. That when she met a man she wanted, she wanted to have him then—and she wouldn't go on a guilt trip for me or anyone.

"She also said I was too young to be monogamous with her or anyone else. That no matter how I tried I probably wouldn't be for very long. Our relationship would have to be open. If I couldn't deal with it she would be sad to lose me, but she would be a lot sadder trying to fit herself into a lifestyle she couldn't stand.

"That left me a lot to think about but I didn't take any time. I just said OK. All I had to lose was her and I love her so much. You have no idea.

"Everything was very quiet with us for a while. Then one day in the summer, I was sent to measure cabinet space in an apartment on Hudson Street not far from where I lived. The girl who owned the apartment was a student at N.Y.U. and she was just lovely. We talked while I worked and she asked me to come for dinner. I said yes.

"I called Ann and told her what was happening and there was no problem. I went to dinner at six o'clock at the girl's house. Her name was Susan and she was a very good cook and afterwards we sat together on the couch and listened to music. After a while I touched her hair and kissed her throat and then her lips. I was surprised when she pushed me away.

" 'I'm not using any birth control,' she told me. 'Do you mind if we just suck each other off?'

"I didn't at all. She used some kind of flavored douche that tasted like blueberry, and her cunt had baby-soft brown hair. She took my cock in her mouth almost as though she were afraid. Like she'd never done it before. First she just sucked softly on the head, then she jerked me off easily with her hand, tonguing my balls and asshole until I started groaning. She swallowed me all the way in at that point, making me come way back in her throat.

"Her own juices flowed sweetly out of her, down the crack of her ass. My cheeks and lips were coated with the taste of blueberries and the scrumptious taste of cunt. It was very late when I left her and I promised to see her again soon.

"Ann was very cool when I got home. She kissed me and was glad to see me. We never mentioned my rendezvous until we were together in bed. While we were making love, she asked me how my lady had been.

"I told her the story in graphic detail, amazed at how excited she became and how excited I was. After we both came, we lay together for a while. I asked her to tell me about her adventure that day I'd seen her through the window.

"She told me that story and about two other encounters that had happened since, which I hadn't known about. We made love five times that night.

"For the rest of the summer we engaged in a number of affairs that we shared together in bed. Late that fall we made love with another couple from Woodstock, who invited us to leave the city and stay with them for the winter in their home.

"We now live in a quiet community with gentle neighbors whom we love. We have our own home and we do the things we have to do to live and be the way we want. I am very happy and I believe Ann is happy too."

ANN'S STORY: "It's a funny thing about Ernest Hemingway—some idiots have said that he couldn't write believable women. I'd like to say that when I turned eighteen and read *The Sun Also Rises*, I did everything I I could do in a boarding school for girls to live up to the image of Lady Brett Ashley. She was, in my opinion, the absolute epitome of the liberated woman. While my friends had read *Gone with the Wind*, identifying with Scarlett O'Hara and her vindictive, simpering, 'feminine' games, I was dreaming of drinking from wineskins, carousing all over Paris, and balling bullfighters. I guess I've never left that dream.

"I graduated from high school in sixty-three and spent that summer in Europe, France, and Spain mostly, and I got laid. My first lover wasn't a bullfighter. Romantically enough, he was a stable boy at a hotel. We had secret rendezvous in a field and I seduced him!

"After that I *was* Brett. In Paris I had a whirlwind romance with a writer, an American expatriate, who managed to become pretty famous before he was killed in a motorcycle accident, oh, a long time ago, now.

"I don't think I've ever loved anyone the way I loved him. He was gentle, and fun to be with, and just—crazy. We all were, I guess. I hadn't seen him in years when he

died. I thought I'd never stop crying.

"Anyway, I came home in the fall like a good girl, and entered N.Y.U. I had in mind that I wanted to write. I think I saw myself as the original feminine freewheeling journalist, and just staying in school was a hassle. My social life took on really massive scope. New York in the sixties, the Village particularly, was just mad. Dylan, Baez, Phil Ochs. It was really where Paris was at in the twenties. I never went to bed to sleep. I graduated by the skin of my teeth, and then I met Tom and—I don't know why I married him. He was such a simp. If I was Brett he was Robert Cohen. I don't know. One night I wanted to fuck this other guy and he couldn't deal with it. He made the mistake of trying to come down on my head about it. That was that.

"I mean, no one is going to tell me who I can or cannot fuck; who I can or cannot have as a friend is what it came down to. I wasn't supposed to have any male friends outside of him. I'm not that big on girls, I'm just not. How can anyone presume to be another person's whole world? God, why would anyone want to? There are so many people to know and talk to and think about and make love to if it happens. Whatever happens, happens. I'm not going to let someone's ego dictate my pleasure or the turns and corners of my life.

"We split up in less than a year after we married. Then I spent a lot of years on my own, screwing around and doing what I thought I wanted. Strangely enough, it was very hard finding people I wanted to live this sort of lifestyle with.

"The first really difficult thing that happened was I fell for this guy—well, I didn't fall for him exactly, but I dug him a lot. He seemed like the sort of guy I wanted, articulate and freethinking. He was older than me and I guess that passed for intelligence. He got me very involved with oral sex, and anal sex too, which I hadn't tried before. I got so I could take his cock all the way down my throat and bring him off with my tongue, not coming up at all. I am very good at tricks like that, so I guess he wanted to show me off. The first few times was fun.

"He'd bring friends over and I'd take them in my cunt, my ass, and my mouth. I knew them all pretty well and I liked most of them. I think most women dream about the possibilities of having more than one man.

"This went on for quite a while, and it got a bit boring being sort of an in-house, friendly concubine. One night the guy I was seeing brought some strangers up and started a weird game. There were five of them, and they all sat down and took their pants off, and he had me go around in a circle and blow them all off.

"It may seem exciting to you; it did to me when he first suggested it. But have you ever had the come of five men in your mouth at once? I puked on the third. I just said, 'Fuck you, Charley,' and walked out. That was really the bottom of the barrel.

"I promised myself I wouldn't get into anything as heavy as that again. You have to be very careful being a liberal-minded heterosexual woman, because there is always some jerk around who can't understand where you're coming from and wants to take advantage of you. And he can, too, if he has the right equipment. All I mean by that is a good line. I am very careful, now, of men who are older than me by enough to make a difference. Age doesn't really make much difference—probably not as much as background and experience—but it's a guideline that's fairly easy to follow. For instance, Jeff. Who would think five years would make much of a difference? But I'm a lot more together than he is—everybody who knows us both keeps telling me so. I'm just a lot closer to where I want to be than he is even to where I want him to be. I don't mean to sound patronizing. I love him and I want him to do the things he ought to do, not for God and country, but for himself. I can see these things better than he can just now.

"Do you know what I mean? He grew up on an island. What can you learn on an island except how to fuck? He is a very good lover, I'm glad to say, but you get into it early when they close the movie house and bowling alley in September.

"At eighteen, he didn't go to college or to some situation that would break him into the ways of the world easily. He moved to New York and tried to get into the music business during a time when every mugger and rapist in Harlem thinks he's the next James Brown. Obviously, being a carpenter's a lot safer, but Jeff has incredible talent. And here he is, hiding in the woods again.

"Naturally our relationship is based on sex. When I met him, he was very nice and attractive. He didn't try to rush me, but when he felt the vibrations were right, we got it on and it was really fine. His cock has a very unusual concave curve to it. When it slides in, it rubs right on my clit. The first time that happened I wasn't expecting it. He rammed it through my panties and knocked me out.

"Beyond that I find him interesting and sensitive. I enjoy being a part of his development. The biggest hassle we've had is in terms of monogamy, which, as I say, is just not where I'm at.

"When I first met Jeff I was doing freelance writing work and there was a photographer working with me sometimes who was just beautiful. I'd known him much longer than I'd known Jeff, but I broke a date with him after I first met Jeff because it was during that week when Jeff was so special to me. I didn't need to know anyone else. But still, I wanted that photographer and I kept wanting him; it was just a stupid matter of time. We made a date to meet at my apartment one evening. That morning I hid Jeff's keys so he wouldn't walk in on us.

"When my friend came to the door I asked him in and we began a polite conversation. As we talked, he followed me around the apartment. We'd just gotten down to screwing when Jeff, like an idiot, was scrambling around the fire escape looking for his keys. If it were you, wouldn't you just hang loose for a little while and see what happened? And, there we were.

"Jeff was pissed off, and went out and got drunk. He always tells me that he was with a woman. I know he wasn't with any woman. He's such a bullshit artist. He came home in the middle of the night. I thought he'd been hit by a truck. He was all sulky, and refused to sleep with me—the typical masculine reaction. I had to help him into bed and call his boss in the morning to say he wasn't coming in.

"We went out for breakfast, and I just laid it on him. I sleep around, what can I say? It took a while but we got it together. When I agreed to move up to Woodstock with him, you can bet I made my needs clear to him. I think you're always too young to cement yourself to someone else. I think that a couple must separate their identities. I'd go mad if I had to answer to some man for everything.

"The most interesting thing to come out of all this is that we find we get off on telling each other about our adventures making love to others. It's really an exhilarating feeling—like the fear in your gut watching a good Hitchcock film. On occasion I think his stories are just fantasy. But even if he's a liar, he's an awfully good lover."

DR. CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

Jeff claims that his relationship with Ann is "superfine." On the face of it, both from Jeff's and from Ann's assessments of their relationship, this would appear to be true. But a deeper consideration of what they say leaves one with the uneasy feeling that their happiness and satisfaction are not so beatific or complete as they would have us believe, or as they are deceiving themselves into believing.

We have a hint that all is not really well from the very first paragraph of Jeff's story, in which he complains about certain unnamed people who "claim to be liberated and hip," and say to "Ann that I am weak-willed, that I accept everything she says and am incapable of making a decision." And his admission: "The thing that hurts is that Ann buys some of it."

If the relationship were as perfect as both claim, Jeff would know that Ann would not be influenced by what anyone said about him. On the other hand, it is clear that somewhere along the line in the relationship, Ann's (sexual) dominance has affected Jeff's feelings of sexual adequacy, and that despite his claim to have a "superfine relationship," some feelings of inadequacy do exist.

Where is the evidence for this? The singer, though an older and very experienced woman, found him sexually attractive (and

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THE OSWALD–FBI COVER-UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

The FBI investigated itself and assured the Warren Commission there was no truth to the rumors of an FBI–Oswald link. The commission let it go at that. The FBI turned its attention once again to investigating the assassination. It named Oswald as the killer and found no conspiracy.

If the FBI's investigation was hamstrung by evidence that Oswald was a bureau informer and indications that some of its own personnel may have been involved in the conspiracy, the bureau could have become the reluctant accessory to a cover-up. Since the testimony of Marina Oswald, who repeatedly changed her story and contradicted herself, was essential to much of the commission's case against Oswald, it is interesting to note that the FBI put considerable pressure on her. Again the lever was the threat of deportation. She told the commission, "Sometimes the FBI agents asked me questions that had no bearing or relationship, and if I didn't want to answer they told me that if I wanted to live in this country, I would have to help in this matter. . . ."

In an interview published in March 1974, Marina expressed her fears about returning to the Soviet Union when asked if she would ever return: "Oh, no, they might put me in jail or something. Once you have a taste of freedom you aren't willing to risk it."

Considering this, it seems remarkable that she hasn't taken the simplest and easiest step to make certain that she will never have to go back: Marina Oswald still has not become an American citizen. Her reason? "I haven't had time to memorize all those questions about the Constitution."

If Marina Oswald ever becomes an American citizen, she will be beyond the threat of government intimidation. Perhaps that is the real reason why she *cannot*. Efforts in Congress to pass legislation that would reopen the case of President Kennedy's assassination have met with failure, but a simple avenue lies open to our lawmakers that could bring at least some of the facts to light: Congress could pass a special bill conferring United States citizenship on Marina Oswald. That one small seed might yield an abundant harvest of truth.

There is no full transcript or tape recording of Oswald's twelve hours of interrogation at the Dallas police headquarters. Perhaps during those twelve hours he revealed his role as an FBI informer. We do know, however, that he told reporters, "I really don't know what this situation is about. Nobody has told me anything, except that I'm accused of murdering a policeman. I know nothing more. . . . I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance."

Was "someone" his FBI contact? Was Oswald's arrest in New Orleans a dry run to see if he could be relied upon to keep his mouth shut? If it was, his discretion may have been his death warrant.

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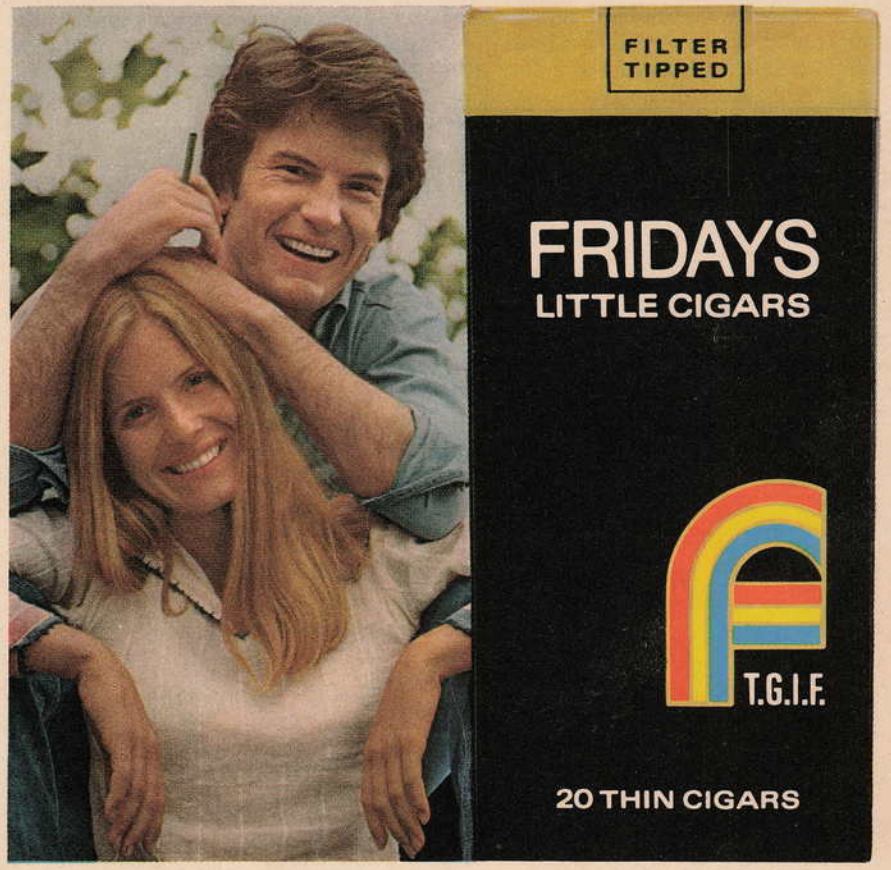

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MURDER BY PROXY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

which, in the eyes of many Americans, constitute a violation of the sovereignty of other nations. A parallel controversy is over allegations, partially confirmed by the agency, that the CIA has violated its statutory charter by engaging in secret domestic political activities. Under the law, the CIA is confined to activities overseas.

These activities form a long catalogue of deeds and misdeeds around the world. In addition to the paramilitary activities listed above, the agency has helped to "destabilize" or oust twenty or more foreign governments since it was founded in 1947. It has been behind any number of changes of régimes in Syria in the late 1940s and 1950s (Syria was, for a while, a favorite CIA playground); the overthrow of the Mossadegh régime in Iraq in 1953 (the operation was run from a special headquarters in Geneva); a covert political intervention in Guyana in 1962 that helped to defeat the Marxist leadership; attempts to subvert the government of Singapore in 1965; the anti-Sukarno coup in Indonesia in 1965; the "destabilization" of the government of Chile's President Salvador Allende in September 1973; and the ouster of the government of the Malagasy Republic in 1975.

The CIA was also involved in the 1964 military revolution in Brazil (it helped to finance political opposition to President João Goulart), and is known to have played dangerous political games in Algeria in 1958 and in several Latin American countries in the 1950s and 1960s. The agency has not only supported the repressive former Greek military junta, but also such liberal anti-Communist governments as those of Eduardo Frei in Chile and Juan Bosch in the Dominican Republic.

On another level, the CIA infiltrated the National Students Association in the U.S. and secretly financed anti-Communist liberal intellectuals in western Europe through the Congress for Cultural Freedom and a series of first-rate publications such as *Encounter* in Britain and *Der Monat* in West Germany. Intellectually, the Congress and the related magazines are among the few things of which the agency has the right to be proud. As part of its covert propaganda effort, it has also subsidized book publishers in New York and in a dozen foreign capitals, where quite a few newspaper editors and writers are on the agency's payroll. The CIA has likewise been supporting—and using—trade unions in Europe, Asia, and Latin America, and occasionally using American labor unions.

It is essential, however, to emphasize that in every known important situation, the CIA has acted on the orders of America's top leaders, including the six presidents who have been in office since the CIA was created in 1947. Its first boss was Harry S Truman; its present boss is Gerald Ford, actively assisted in the intelligence area by Secretary of State Kissinger. Holding as well the parallel post of Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, Kissinger controls the National Security Council apparatus, including the White House-based "Forty Committee" whose responsibility is the direction of top secret foreign intelligence operations. It was the Forty Committee, for example, which authorized the CIA to invest large sums of money—as much as $8 million—and to offer other forms of assistance to the plotters who overthrew Chile's President Allende in September 1973. It can also be assumed that the "54/12 Committee" (the equivalent of the Forty Committee under President Eisenhower) had authorized the nuclear support given Israel by the CIA.

"Anything beyond 1975 is time and a half, OK?"

The crucial point, therefore, is that simply to investigate the servant—the CIA—is to overlook the role that has been played and is being played by the master, which is the White House. CIA veterans say that while the agency enjoyed a reasonable degree of autonomy in some matters during the reign of its late director Allen W. Dulles (the man who sold Eisenhower and then John Kennedy on the Bay of Pigs adventure), it has been kept on a rather short leash by the White House in subsequent years. During the Nixon era, for instance, Helms had virtually no personal access to the president. As is the case with Colby at the present time, Helms had to work through Kissinger.

So if Congress desires to build safeguards around the CIA, it must revise the legislation that grants the National Security Council (i.e., the White House) and the CIA a virtual *carte blanche* to undertake just about anything in the world that may occur to them.

The key legislative paragraph is Section 102 (d) of the 1947 National Security Act that directs the CIA, among other specific intelligence tasks, "to perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct." The phrasing of the Act—". . . such other functions and duties . . . as the National Security Council may from time to time direct . . ."—thus gives the White House and the CIA a license to subvert and even kill if it is thought to be in the "national interest." Under this provision, there is obviously no accountability to Congress by the president, the NSC, or the CIA for whatever "functions and duties" the intelligence operatives may choose to undertake.

Moreover, this uncontrolled freedom to act carries with it the extraordinary danger of the United States being unwittingly involved in what a senior intelligence official has described as "war by intelligence accident," to say nothing of the ill will and enmity this country is acquiring abroad through its cavalier secret subversive activities ranging from Cuba to Indochina and from Italy to the Malagasy Republic.

The agency's exemption from outside control was further reinforced in the 1949 Central Intelligence Agency Act providing that the CIA need not disclose the "functions, names, official titles, salaries, or numbers of personnel employed by the Agency." Similarly, the CIA director has the power to spend money "without regard to the provisions of law and regulations relating to the expenditure of government funds." This money would be "accounted for solely on the certificate of the Director." Inasmuch as the CIA's budget appropriations are concealed throughout the Federal budget, no outsider really knows how much the CIA

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receives annually or how much it spends—or on what. Congressional appropriations and CIA oversight committees have been traditionally uninterested in the details of the agency's operations. But an informed guess is that the CIA budget runs to about $6 billion annually and that the agency employs some 8,000 persons in the United States and around the world, exclusive of foreign informants.

In one of the best studies of the intelligence community, David Wise, a Washington writer, concluded that the license given the CIA under the National Security Act and top secret National Security Council Intelligence Directives (known as NSCIDs or "Nonskids") form, in effect, the agency's "secret charter" for covert foreign operations. Wise also reported that this "secret charter" was spelled out in 1968 at a private session of the Council on Foreign Relations in New York by Richard M. Bissell, formerly the CIA's deputy director for clandestine operations. Bissell's explanation deserves to be quoted here:

"Covert operations should . . . be divided into two classifications: (1) *intelligence collection*, primarily espionage, or the obtaining of the intelligence by covert means; and (2) *covert action*, attempting to influence the internal affairs of other nations—sometimes called 'intervention'—by covert means.

"The scope of covert action could include: (1) political advice or counsel; (2) subsidies to an individual; (3) financial support and 'technical assistance' to political parties; (4) support of private organizations, including labor unions, business firms, cooperatives, etc.; (5) covert propaganda; (6) 'private' training of individuals and exchange of persons; (7) economic operations; and (8) paramilitary [or] political action operations designed to overthrow or to support a régime (like the Bay of Pigs and the programs in Laos). These operations can be classified in various ways; by the degree and type of secrecy required by their legality, and, perhaps, by their benign or hostile character."

Bissell thus laid out, as had never been done before, what the CIA considered—and, evidently, still considers—its license to subvert foreign nations. It should be noted that Bissell's blueprint for covert actions has nothing directly to do with the great intelligence confrontations with the Soviet KGB or even activities in Communist countries, an area in which the CIA has had relatively little success despite occasional and undocumented claims of secret triumphs. On the contrary, covert actions as described by Bissell are aimed at *friendly or neutral nations* where the CIA—and the White House—desires to affect domestic political processes by everything from bribery to paramilitary actions.

Despite criticism directed at the administration and the CIA over the 1973 Chilean intervention, the agency makes no bones about the fact that covert operations in foreign countries, of the type described by Bissell, not only remain "necessary" but are continuing. This, of course, reflects the views held by Kissinger and Colby that the United States has the *right* to intervene in the affairs of other countries to further real or imagined objectives of American foreign policy—just as we have done in the past, often with catastrophic and objectionable results. Cuba, Indochina, and Chile have clearly taught the administration nothing in terms of how the world, where we have no abundance of friends, regards this sort of imperial policy. The agency's philosophy and mentality on the subject were expressed as follows by Colby at a Washington conference on covert actions in September 1974:

"There have been, and are still, certain situations in the world in which some discreet support can assist America's friends against her adversaries in their contest for control of a foreign nation's political direction. While these instances are few today compared to the 1950s, I believe it only prudent for our nation to be able to act in such situations, and thereby forestall greater difficulties for us in the future. . . . CIA's involvement in covert action is very small indeed compared to those earlier periods. I do not say that we do not now conduct such activities; I merely state that they are undertaken only as directed by the National Security Council. . . . I can envisage situations in which the United States might well need to conduct covert action in the face of some new threat that developed in the world. . . . I thus would think it mistaken to deprive our nation of the possibility of some moderate covert action response to a foreign problem and leave us with nothing between a diplomatic protest and sending the marines."

It can be argued, as even some of the agency's critics do, that the CIA should retain a covert action capability in the unpredictable world in which we live. But the problem is that what Colby has called "moderate covert action" can so easily escalate into something wholly immoderate. His pleas, then, must be taken with the most extreme caution. If nothing else, the Forty Committee and the CIA should apprise appropriate congressional committees beforehand. We should not be pushed into a war, or even someone else's civil war, by "intelligence accident."

Moreover, the CIA and the Pentagon have not been able in the last thirteen years to work out a clear definition of their respective responsibility for paramilitary actions requested by the White House. One of the by-products of the Bay of Pigs disaster, *Penthouse* has learned, was a decision by President Kennedy to divide this responsibility between the agency and the Defense Department. A top secret National Security Action Memorandum (NSAM-57), issued on June 28, 1962, and signed by Kennedy, directed that large-scale paramilitary operations would be run by the Pentagon with CIA support while small-scale paramilitary operations would be controlled by the agency with support from the Defense Department.

A memorandum of understanding, at-

tempting to spell out this division of responsibility, was subsequently signed by John McCone, then CIA director, and Roswell L. Gilpatric, then under secretary of defense, but the jurisdictional fights never stopped. So the CIA chose to regard its "secret army" in Laos as a "small operation." For years, the Laos war in the strategic Plaine des Jarres was directed by successive American ambassadors and CIA station chiefs in Vientiane with the assistance of military attachés and the availability of supportive B-52 and tactical air strikes by Seventh Air Force aircraft. The CIA operation in Laos also had the support of "White Star" teams of the U.S. Army's Special Forces (Green Berets). The CIA's argument that *it* should run the Laotian war was based on the premise that it was a "secret" war and that, therefore, the American hand should not be shown—although it was common knowledge for years that the United States was behind the "clandestine" army. CIA aircraft and helicopters, belonging to Air America, Inc., a wholly owned agency airline, flew supply and support missions for the secret army in Laos.

The Laos case is instructive. If the CIA regarded Laos as a "small" situation, how is one to interpret Colby's statement about "moderate" support? Again, the danger is that we may be victimized by White House and CIA semantics.

Another vital aspect of the CIA's secret worldwide operations is its networks of "covers," often supplied by other branches of the United States government as well as by private corporations. Through a maze of crisscrossing contracts and reimbursement arrangements, particularly through the Agency for International Development, the CIA's resources include business firms, advertising and public-relations companies, communications companies, banks, airlines, engineering firms, labor and university teams, American free-lance or "stringer" journalists working abroad in seemingly innocent pursuits, police-training specialists, and experts in virtually every field. A bit of the secrecy curtain hanging over CIA operations and financing can be lifted by a judicious reading of the AID's list of "Current Technical Service Contracts." In it are buried quite a few CIA appropriations, with the agency refunding AID for its hidden expenditures. This is, for example, what can be gleaned from the contracts' list of AID as of June 30, 1974:

Air America, the CIA airline, had an $84,876,020 contract for "air transport and flying services for USAID" in Laos and a $5,831,000 contract for "flying and related services for USAID" in Vietnam. Continental Air Services, Inc., a CIA contractor, had a $24,288,000 AID contract for "flying and related services" in Laos. Bird and Sons, another CIA contractor, had a $450,000 AID contract in Laos for "flying and related services at Watty Airport" (Bird later flew the airlift to Cambodia for the U.S. air force). Evergreen Helicopters, Inc., part of the Air America combine, had a $360,612 contract for "flying services" in Ethiopia. Royal Air Lao had a $250,000 contract from AID for "flying and related services at Watty Airport" in Laos. The *known* CIA air operations contracts outstanding last year thus added up to $116 million.

When it comes to the direct flow of cash, the CIA has a variety of discreet channels, too. Over the years, a number of reputable American foundations were used to deliver funds to the agency's domestic and foreign clients. In other cases money went through the CIA's proprietary companies at home and abroad, or through agency "front" outfits. During the Vietnam war, a reputable international currency dealer with offices in New York, Washington, Zurich, Hong Kong, and a dozen other cities "laundered" CIA funds, with dollars often being exchanged for piastres on the Saigon black market. Early this year, several American bankers were asked by personal friends in the CIA to handle the delivery of special funds in Spain and Portugal. Some refused, but others reportedly agreed to cooperate in the spirit of "national interest."

National interest, to be sure, is invariably invoked by CIA officials publicly and privately to justify covert foreign operations. Colby stated it publicly as he posed the unreal alternatives of diplomatic protest and sending in marines when a foreign situation seems to be turning sour from Washington's viewpoint. In most cases, the U.S.

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BY ART CUMINGS

"I told Harry to lay off that Columbian grass."

has many other political weapons, including economic and diplomatic sanctions, to which it can turn without engaging in either subversion or the dispatch of marines.

Curiously, it never seems to occur to CIA people that *real* United States national interest is not necessarily served by secret interventions and that, more often than not, these violations of the sovereignty of other countries tend to boomerang on us. Nor does it seem to occur to them that in today's world the destruction of the Allende régime in Chile was not worth, in the long run, universal suspicion of American motives. Kissinger may find that the erosion of American prestige in the world is more attributable to the CIA's subversive ventures than to the fact that we were unable or unwilling to save the Thieu régime from collapse last spring.

The CIA, in fact, now finds itself in the curious predicament of being accused of every mischief in the world—whether it is guilty of it or not. However, the CIA *is* active in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece—because of Kissinger's fear of a Mediterranean "domino" syndrome developing from the leftist strength in Portugal—but details of these operations are scarce and well concealed.

"We are obviously keeping a low profile out there what with all the investigations going on at home," a senior CIA official said in a recent private conversation. "But this is a shame. We could do great things in Portugal if we were only given the full freedom to operate. As it is, we can do little more than keep our ear to the ground and quietly, very quietly, encourage our friends."

The CIA's mentality about covert operations was highlighted in the same conversation when it was suggested to this official that under the conditions prevailing in Chile in 1973, particularly the military's hostility toward Allende, a coup might have occurred with no CIA involvement and thus no embarrassment to the U.S.

"Ah, but no," he said. "We had to be absolutely sure that *all* the military commanders were against Allende—and there were some unconvinced generals. So we had to convince them. Besides, it was important for our friends in Chile to know that they had outside support—and not only moral support."

The CIA, in fact, always likes to be as sure as possible of the success of its operations—regardless of their wisdom or morality—and it tends to be quite meticulous about it. A case in point is the method used in planning political assassinations.

It is a complicated and cumbersome procedure in which the first step is a proposal by the CIA's Deputy Director for Operations (DDO)—the Clandestine Services—that the United States interest would be served by the murder of a foreign leader. This is a political decision. The next stage is the review of the proposal by DDO's "Staff D" (formerly known as "Staff C") from the viewpoint of the efficacy of the plan in terms of the target, operational problems, and the personnel involved. This is a purely techni-

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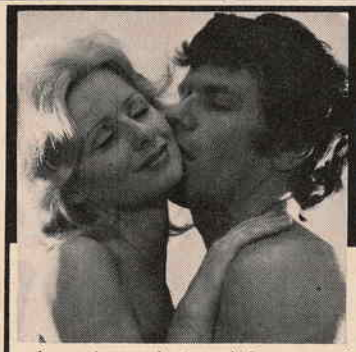

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cal study inasmuch as "Staff D" basically evaluates proposed operations of all kinds. If "Staff D" signs off on the proposal, the Counterintelligence Staff in DDO takes over to determine if the potential victim may not be a secret CIA source and whether perfect security can be achieved. In other words, the Counterintelligence Staff must make sure that there would be no attribution of the killing to the CIA or the United States and that "absolute denial" is possible.

If Counterintelligence clears the project, the Technical Services Division (TSD) then studies and recommends the mode of assassination—the "lethality"—from a professional standpoint. TSD determines if the CIA can produce the means of assassination alone or whether it has to go to other American or foreign sources. The study includes an examination of the personal habits of the designated victim so that the plan can be worked out in the most minute detail.

The final step is approval by the Forty Committee at the White House. This, again, is a political decision. If the murder is to be committed by a foreign national, the authorization may be given by the committee itself. (The committee is made up of five men and has been headed since 1969 by Kissinger.) But if the chosen killer is an American citizen, the ultimate decision must be made by the president. (It is unclear if this would apply to Mafia hirelings.)

We don't know on how many occasions the president might have authorized an assassination by an American citizen, who would usually be a CIA agent, nor how many murders were actually committed by others on CIA orders under the procedure described above. All the files pertaining to successful assassinations are destroyed immediately after an operation so that no record will exist. (It is not clear if this procedure is also followed for files concerning abandoned assassination projects.)

All the CIA operations abroad are currently under the overall control of Director Colby and his deputy, Lt. Gen. Vernon A. Walters. Immediately below them in the hierarchy is William Nelson, Deputy Director for Operations ("Clandestine Services"). Nelson runs Counterintelligence as well as all the overseas regional "commands" and foreign "stations."

Most of the information on CIA assassination plans concerns plots against Fidel Castro and there seems to be no doubt that the agency planned his murder on many occasions. Reports on Trujillo's death are contradictory. According to some sources, the CIA, using the American Consulate General as a cover, was responsible for the delivery of M-1 rifles to the Dominican Republic for the killing. This allegation, however, has yet to be corroborated. Other sources say that a Special Forces unit from Panama handled the arms. In any event, there is a long tradition of cooperation between the CIA and Special Forces around the world in a variety of covert situations. Intelligence teams secretly infiltrating Laos and Cambodia in the late 1960s often included CIA and Special Forces personnel in addition to electronic specialists from the NSA.

There are also uncorroborated charges of the CIA's involvement in the death of the Congo's Patrice Lumumba and of plans to kill Haiti's late dictator, François Duvalier. But it is a fact that CIA agents were around when Bolivian army rangers murdered Ernesto "Che" Guevara in 1967. And the rangers were trained by the Green Berets.

In the end, however, the truth—aside from the Castro plots—may never be known unless witnesses before the investigating committees come forward with evidence about assassinations of foreign leaders.

Another area of mystery is the possibility of murders of lesser-known figures who the CIA, for a variety of reasons, might have wished to see eliminated. Such operations would not likely come to public attention.

In the secret intelligence wars ranging over the last twenty-five years, CIA agents have obviously killed some of their Communist opponents—and surely CIA men, too, have been killed. In situations involving double agents and defectors, countless other operatives must also have died. But, needless to say, there are no records of this shadowy area of intelligence pursuits.

The CIA—like other United States intelligence agencies—does not confine itself entirely to political subversion. In fact, most of the work is unspectacular, often tedious, espionage conducted through electronic and human means. This is the province of the CIA's Deputy Director for Intelligence (DDI), the Defense Intelligence Agency, and the NSA.

Some of this collection of intelligence, as it is known in the trade, is clearly vital to the formulation of United States foreign policy. No president or secretary of state can plan policy without access to the greatest possible volume of foreign intelligence—whether it has to do with the development of Soviet nuclear missiles and MIRV's, or secret alliances between, say, the Soviet Union and Egypt. A great deal of this intelligence can be secured by technological means—electronic eavesdropping on foreign military and diplomatic communications and satellite photography of Soviet and Chinese nuclear testing and firing sites—but CIA veterans insist that in the final analysis no substitute has yet been invented for the human spy, the invisible deep-cover agent who can steal or buy secrets of other states.

So important is this flow of information considered that thousands of intelligence experts at CIA, DIA, and NSA headquarters in and around Washington work around the clock examining, evaluating, and collating the mass of raw intelligence streaming in day and night from abroad. Among the experts there are military specialists, political and economic analysts (many of them with an impressive array of academic degrees), and people knowledgeable in virtually every area of human endeavor. There are men and women who have an encyclopedic knowledge of Communist political structures, and there are others who probably

know more than any other Americans about such areas as West Africa or Mongolia. There are specialists on geography and geology as well as on weather in Indochina and railways in Eastern Europe.

Distilled from this immense volume of information are the highly classified reports —CIA's daily bulletins—submitted every morning to the president and the secretary of state to keep them abreast of breaking developments. Other and less sensitive roundups go out daily to several hundred key policy officials. There is also a weekly compilation of the most interesting intelligence developments along with speculation on their meaning. Frequently the intelligence community produces National Intelligence Estimates (NIEs) on specific subjects such as Indochina or the Middle East, containing projections of future events. After Henry Kissinger's abortive Middle East peace mission last March, for example, the community produced an NIE weighing the likelihood of a new Arab-Israeli war. They concluded that there was little chance of a war before the fall of 1975. And in the spring of 1975, when Vietnam was crumbling, an NIE declared that the North Vietnamese would negotiate with Saigon for a new régime and that the South Vietnamese could defend the capital.

The CIA, the NSA, and the air force's National Reconnaissance Office share the responsibility for monitoring Soviet nuclear deployments and advances. This is the only way the United States has to assure itself that the other side is not cheating on the agreements on the limitation of strategic forces (SALT). The Russians, of course, monitor our nuclear activities for the same reason.

But how good is the quality of American intelligence? Although this question cannot be fully answered, enough is known of the performance of the CIA and its sister agencies to make some judgments. On the whole, most experts agree, the performance deserves relatively good marks, particularly in the case of the CIA. But the problem is that Kissinger and his top advisers do not always go along with the agency's conclusions—and the final result is disastrous.

In 1969, for example, the CIA warned the White House that the Vietnam war would never be won through massive B-52 bombings. The agency built an impressive case for the resilience of the North Vietnamese society and made the point that no matter how intensive the bombings the Chinese could always keep Hanoi supplied. The White House, as we know, disregarded this analysis and spent many years bombing North Vietnam to no avail. In another instance, the CIA warned against the 1970 helicopter raid to rescue American POWs from a North Vietnamese camp, arguing that the prisoners were not at that location. The CIA turned out to be right. The agency, disagreeing with the majority of the intelligence community, also warned the administration that the South Vietnamese could not withstand a Communist offensive.

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But there were also occasions when the CIA, acting in a self-serving way, sought to please the White House at the expense of accurate information. In the most famous case of this type, senior CIA officials rejected figures provided by agency analysts on the North Vietnamese and Vietcong strength. The analysts went for high figures, which were accurate, but their bosses pared them down to fit Kissinger's preconceptions about the military situation.

In general, the quality of political intelligence is also reasonably high, according to foreign policy experts outside the intelligence community, but, again, the problem is that Kissinger often tends to disregard the CIA's conclusions in favor of his own perceptions of the state of the world. This is probably the greatest single weakness of the intelligence community in the political sense: Kissinger is the *producer* of intelligence in his capacity as the chief of the NSC machine, which includes intelligence, and its major *consumer* in his role as secretary of state. As an embittered CIA official remarked recently, "Kissinger just talks to himself."

And, finally, what overall assessment can we make of foreign intelligence as practiced by the CIA and the other agencies?

A realistic answer is that the United States national interest is ill served by the kind of cold war covert operations spelled out in Richard Bissell's "secret charter." If the United States is to maintain a leading position in the world as a moral force for the good—backed when necessary by our military might—it must dispense with subtle or unsubtle forms of subversion. The percentages in this game now tend to run against us, and the disgrace acquired from the CIA's foreign adventures outweighs their political advantages.

The argument that the Russians and the Chinese are engaging in subversion is no longer convincing. In fact, their form of subversion has also brought them limited benefits. Allende's election in Chile or the Portuguese military revolution in 1974 were not produced by Communist subversion but by complex forces of history with which the United States must learn to cope in more sophisticated ways. The practice of political assassination adds little to the lustre of the American image.

But, just as realistically, one must recognize that we live in a predatory world and we must, therefore, maintain and improve our intelligence collection capability—even by covert means if needed. Without adequate intelligence, we cannot understand the world and, therefore, we cannot formulate rational foreign policies.

So what we need is a CIA that concerns itself with the gathering and interpretation of intelligence. The United States should not have to rely on subversion and murder in the execution of its foreign policy. ○+■

(This is the fourth article in a monthly series on America's intelligence community.)

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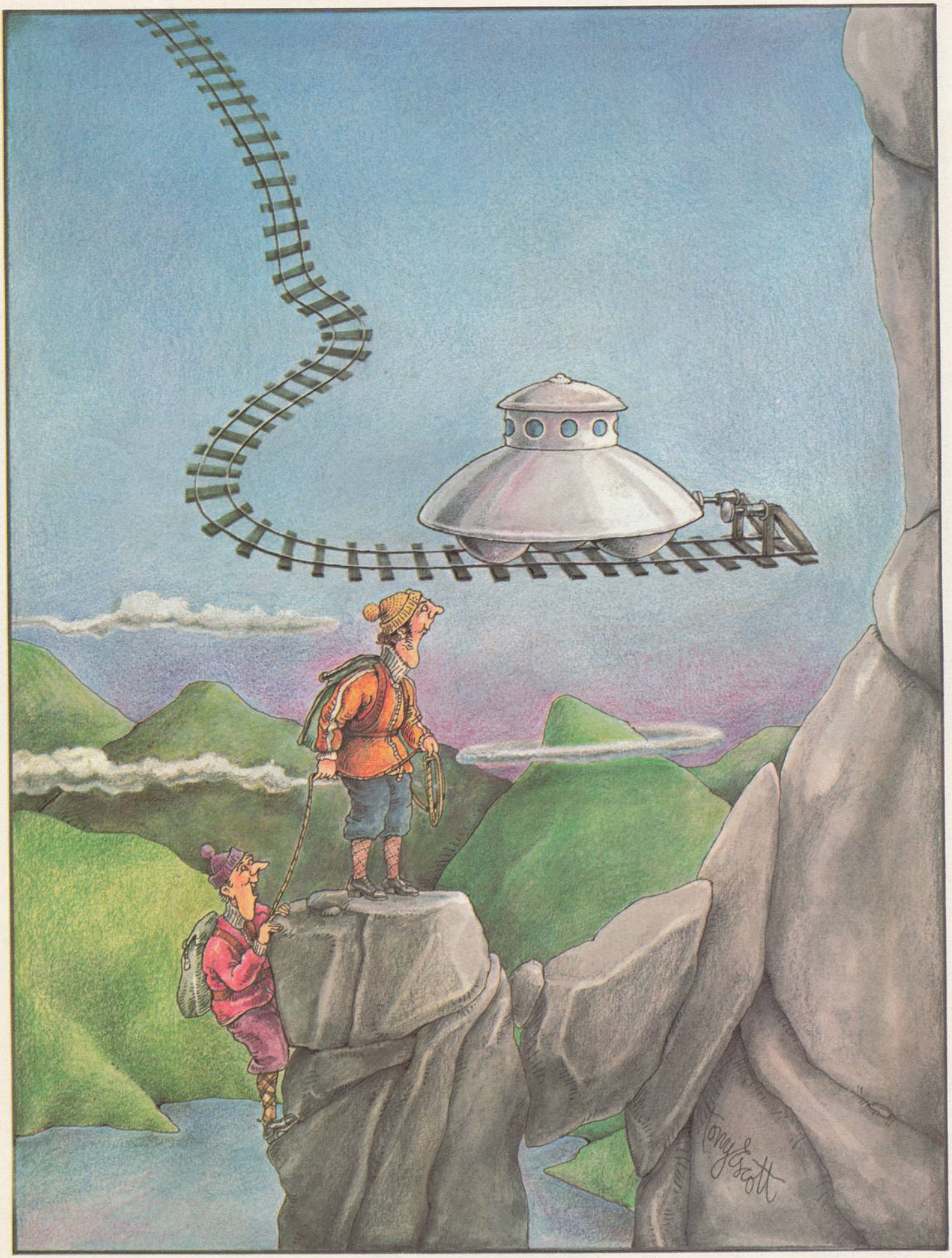

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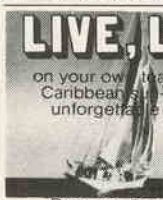

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THE DESTRUCTION OF A HUMAN BEING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

hit by iron bar, and he sought psychiatric aid on one occasion, reporting antisocial behavior and blackouts."

Relations with Susie deteriorated in the familiar pattern, and she left with the children in April—once again pregnant.

But at the year's end Downing's ordeal stopped as suddenly and mysteriously as it had begun. New orders came through, assigning him to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. DaCosta told him the computer school was at Monmouth, and after a few days Downing allowed the first stirrings of relief and elation to surface. By the time he got back to Oil City with the good news he was, to his family's relief, almost his old self again—and bursting with proverbial pride at the sight of his new baby, Keri. He and Susie patched things up once again and vowed to make a go of it. Buoyantly, they went house-hunting in New Jersey and quickly found a "great place" in a town called Avon-by-the-Sea—just the setting for a happy family. They *were* happy for the first time in several years—surely no more troubles for them.

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He was told that Fort Monmouth had no record of a Downing, Edward Charles, and the Department of the Army in Washington could shed no light on why they had a Downing, Edward Charles, on their hands. But since they clearly did, it was decided that he would be allowed to attend the school.

Downing went to see his guidance counselor and learned that he was now enrolled not in computer programming school, but in computer repair school. He approached a first sergeant and handed over his sealed records. The first sergeant disappeared with them into an inner room. Seconds later he was back, fuming. "The guy blew his stack and asked me what I was doing with the Combat Infantryman's Badge [a routine Vietnam award] on my uniform. I thought he was kidding me." Downing was marched into the CO's office and listened in shock as the first sergeant referred to him as a recruit. "Whadd'ya mean recruit? I'm prior service. Look at my record. He said, 'You look at your record,' so I did. It had been eliminated." The only entry on Downing's papers was the recent year in Germany. There was no Fort Gordon, no Vietnam.

At this inopportune juncture, it was time for morning formation. The first sergeant marched Downing out and ordered him to strip his ribbons publicly. Then at some point, in somebody's office, when he was

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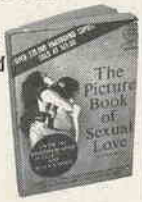

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past all surprise, Downing's contract was produced. The signature appeared to be his own, but the document did not say computer programming school, and not even computer repair school. Instead, unbelievably, it said "military occupational specialty producing school," the army's generic term for a variety of nineteen schools. (This document, too, eliminated his prior service.)

The chaos began to take rough shape a few days later when Downing finally found someone to listen to him, a "hell of a nice guy," named Duane Thompson. Downing was about three sentences into his tale when Thompson interrupted him wearily: "You just got back from Germany? Did you know a Staff Sergeant DaCosta?"

At the lugubrious response, Thompson led him to another room. There, in varying states of turbulence, were eight more future computer programmers of America, all from Downing's battalion in Germany, all chastened at this rude ending to their undemanding little dreams. Within a few days, recalls Downing, their number grew to at least fifteen (and may eventually have gone as high as eighty).

Downing later learned from Thompson the logic behind the mutilation of his records, and he recently pieced it together for *Penthouse* as best he could. His own assumption is that DaCosta was responsible for the confusion, and Thompson's explanation substantiated the belief. According to army regulations, Downing had not been remotely eligible for reenlistment when DaCosta approached him—and would not have become eligible until near the end of that three-year enlistment. A new recruit, however, could reenlist only eight months after entering the service. So DaCosta simply turned Downing into a recruit *on paper*. June 25, the date Downing had actually entered the army, was altered to read January 25, to make it appear that he had been in the army for seven months and twenty-two days—close enough to the required eight months that no one would object. And if DaCosta were questioned, hypothesized Thompson, he could pretty safely claim to have misread "Jan." for June. Afterward, it was simple enough to prepare a new form for Downing, eliminating the record of his prior service.

Moreover, testimony from several of the men who served in Germany with Downing indicates that DaCosta was definitely pitching computer *programming* school:

"I almost reenlisted myself," recalls John Natale, who is now living in Indiana. "I saw the contract. It said computer programming—and I got my choice of duty station afterwards."

"It was definitely computer programming," says Gary Russell of Florida. Russell was friendly with a boy named Kenny Austin who, he says, was reenlisted by DaCosta four times.

Remembers Don Bodin, "I can think of at least a dozen guys off the top of my head who signed up. It was definitely computer programming. DaCosta approached me too, but I didn't bite. As part of the processing out—when you leave the army—you were *required* to go to the reenlistment office, and they were really pushing computer programming." Inquiring about Ed's whereabouts, Bodin added thoughtfully: "Ed was a real nice guy, very honest. He was really interested in programming."

Further, the waiver that DaCosta tried to get Downing to sign is of crucial importance. Had the contract Downing signed really said "MOS producing school," no waiver would have been necessary, for Downing could have been sent anywhere. Only if the contract specified a school—such as computer programming school—would a waiver have been necessary.

And that troublesome contract itself—the one that turned up at Fort Monmouth—is by nearly all accounts a ludicrous document. Echoing the assertions of several officers and enlisted men, Brigadier General Richard C. Horne III, U.S. Army, retired, who was Monmouth's commanding officer at the time, recently told *Penthouse*: "Normally the contracts signed by the boys were very specific. They were one-page documents that gave the code number of the school and how many months it lasted." (That Downing's contract contains none of that information is a peculiarity that has escaped official notice for four years.)

Sounding genuinely concerned, General Horne conceded with a sigh that the period in question was one of "maximum personnel turbulence." Indeed, so great was the turbulence that a year or so later, in January 1972, the army launched a major investigation into recruiter malpractice. Sixty recruiters were ultimately relieved for malpractice, and 459 more were cited for inefficiency. As a result, a "stringent new code of ethics was formed for recruiters," but a recent article in *TIPS*, an army quarterly publication, suggests that recruitment practices remain problematic (surely not surprising in a volunteer army). Although the scandal affected only recruiters, not reenlistment NCO's such as DaCosta, it is clear that the goals and pressures of each job are identical. It is also clear that, against such a "turbulent" background, Downing's account is neither unlikely nor unusual, as various army officials have suggested to *Penthouse*.

Last November *Penthouse* located the one man who could answer our questions. Staff Sergeant Philip DaCosta was then working as an army recruiter in Buffalo, New York, but he revealed that he was to be discharged in about forty-five days, after fifteen years in the service. Why? "I think there's better opportunity outside."

When DaCosta indicated that he remembered Downing, we asked, "Why did you want to enlist him for computer programming school?"

"I did recommend him for computer programming. To tell the truth it was the best school that was available at that time and we felt it would benefit him in case he decided to leave the service—for a future career."

DaCosta said he remembered nothing

about a waiver, so we asked why Downing and the others had ended up in computer *repair* school in Fort Monmouth.

"I can't give you an exact explanation because I've been back from Germany for three years now and he reenlisted nearly five years ago, if I'm not mistaken."

"There were others boys involved—Austin, Shutts. Do you remember those names?"

"I remember those names." Pause. "Well, if they wanted the programming school it was an eight-week course if I remember right. Repair school was thirty-two weeks—so they were benefiting themselves if they ended up in Fort Monmouth. If you can repair something, you can operate it. It's a heck of a way to look at it, but to me it would be more beneficial to take the repair school. See, when we said computer programming—that school they were going to in Fort Monmouth entails just about everything—so when we said computer programming, computer repair, things like that, they could get that in a portion of the school. . . . I mean you weren't going to be a programmer, you were going to be a repairman. But you could get a basic idea of programming during the thirty-two weeks."

DaCosta claimed that Downing *had* been eligible for reenlistment on some technicality, adding inexplicably that "anyone, regardless of the time of service, can reenlist, if I'm not mistaken." According to *Penthouse*'s information, he is very much mistaken. DaCosta also denied tampering with Downing's papers, claiming: "Personnel handles all that. I just sent the papers up. Personnel typed it. Anyway, why didn't he question it at the time? Why did he wait five years? This is the first time I've heard about it. Nobody ever asked me about Downing. Nobody ever asked me about Austin. Nobody ever asked me about Shutts. Nobody ever asked me about any of them. To my own thinking they were happy ever after."

That storybook line echoes nastily into the past, back to Fort Monmouth four years ago. The helpful Thompson was explaining to Downing that he was eligible for an immediate discharge—not because of an unfulfilled reenlistment contract (that was impossible to prove without a document), but on the technicality that he had been ineligible for reenlistment.

Downing opted for discharge, but he now believes he could have simply walked away with impunity. He reasoned that he had already been discharged from his earlier three-year reenlistment, so that if his current contract were erroneous, he was in essence a free man. One boy, he remembers, did leave, but Downing wanted to do it "legally." "I wanted to do it the army way."

Two agonizing years passed before the army found a way. And if the plot thickened on Downing's arrival at Fort Monmouth, it all but disappeared a few weeks later.

GETTING OUT

Downing applied in writing for his discharge. He remembers that Thompson affixed little cards to the document, to be re-

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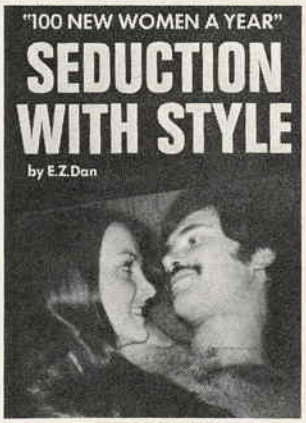

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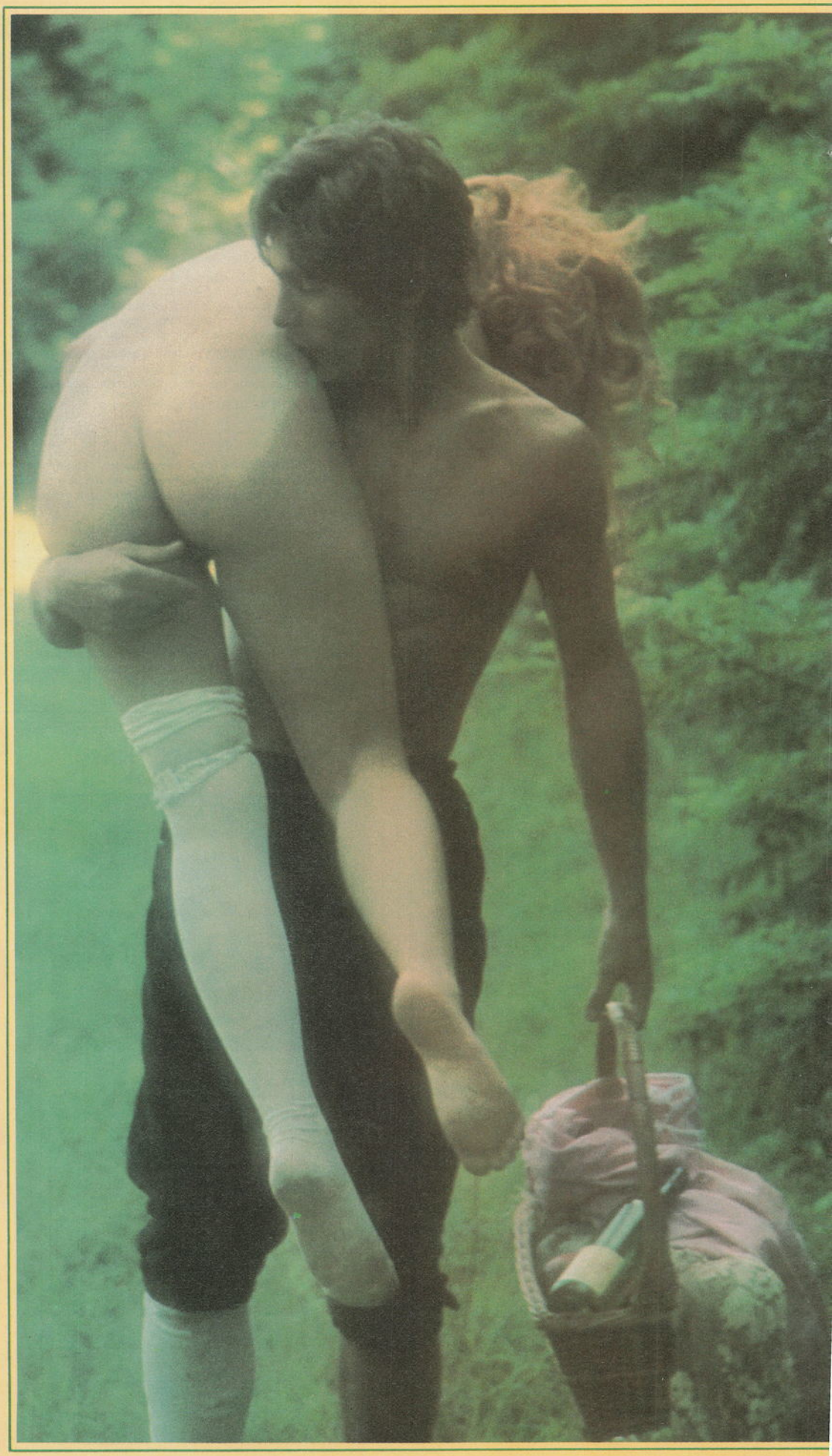

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turned by the recipient, stating that it had reached station A, station B, and so on, and sent it on its mysterious way. "The cards," says Downing dolorously, "never came back." No response came back, either, through the dreary winter months, despite Thompson's inquiries.

Early in January, after a cheerless Christmas, Downing carefully repeated the original procedure. In February, he called the Washington office of Senator Richard Schweiker, his home senator. He asked for help. An aide promised to look into the matter, and so he did.

Such action is known as a congressional inquiry and, of course, like everything else connected with the army, it generates enormous amounts of paperwork. So it is curious that the paper that is *missing* from Ed Downing's permanent file—paper concerning his discharge requests and Schweiker's inquiries—would make confetti enough to bury a military parade. There is not a scrap of paper in the huge army records center in St. Louis today to suggest that Ed Downing ever breathed the word "discharge" until June 1972, nearly two years after he arrived at Monmouth.

Evidence for his earliest discharge request, in October 1970, *has* disappeared without a trace, but some cryptic correspondence in Senator Schweiker's own file attests incontrovertibly to Downing's January request. It is a telegram from General Horne, apparently in response to Schweiker's own inquiry to Fort Monmouth: "Specialist Downing submitted a request on 15 January to have his present enlistment contract voided on the grounds that it is in fact erroneous. His request was forwarded to the Department of the Army on 29 January 1971 for final determination." (The Secretary of the Army's office today states: "The reason for the absence of these documents, if they existed, cannot be determined," adding that they might have been destroyed, misfiled, or simply not forwarded to the correct unit.)

In any event, "final determination" was not reached for another six months. (According to Thompson, the procedure should take no more than two months.) In June 1971 Senator Schweiker—but not Downing himself—was informed that "Specialist Downing's request to have his present enlistment contract voided was not favorably considered by the Department of the Army." Nobody—not Downing and not Schweiker's alert young aides—even asked why. The case was forwarded by the department to his new unit, the 501st Administration Company, Fort Hood, Texas.

What did the army need so badly in Fort Hood, Texas? A military policeman—and Ed, by then trailing a health record nearly as tall as he is, was the man for the job.

When Downing presented himself in Texas, he was something like a month overdue, for he had managed, on a maudlin evening back in Oil City, to get himself into an automobile accident that left him temporarily paralyzed. Recovery took several weeks.

He expected several hundred dollars pay

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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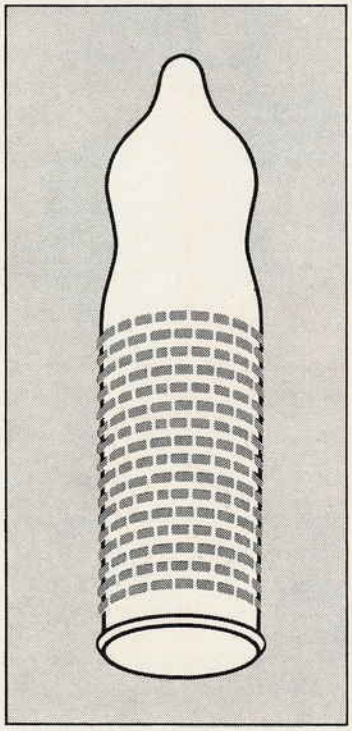

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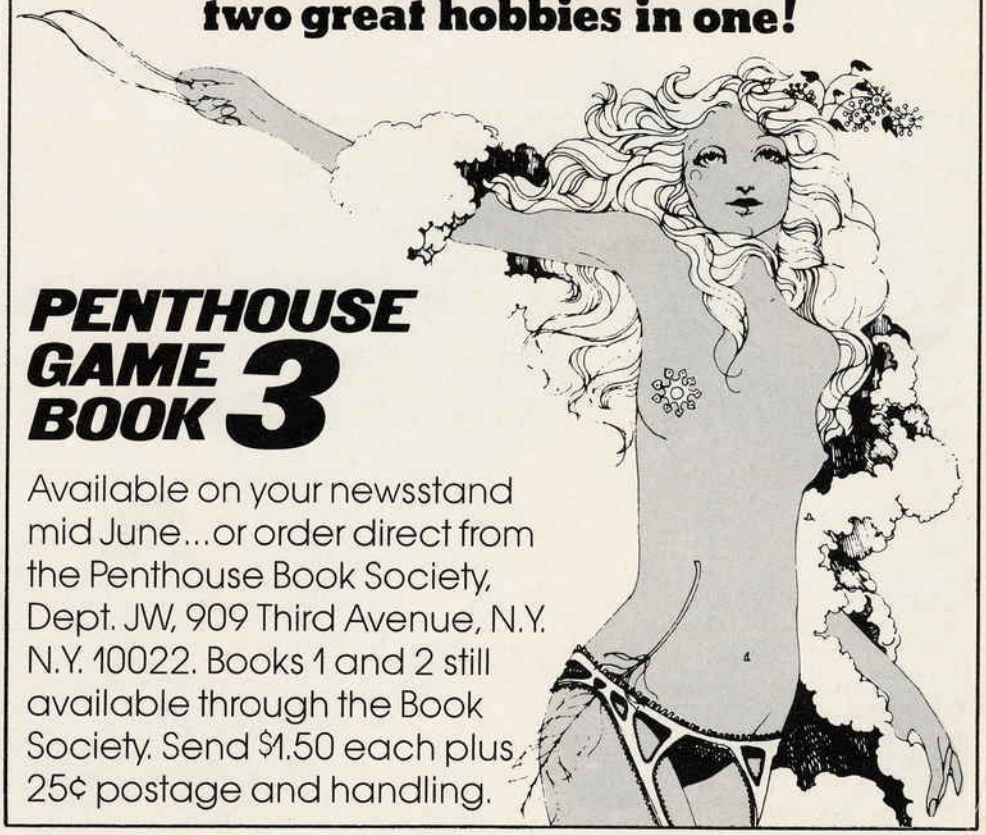

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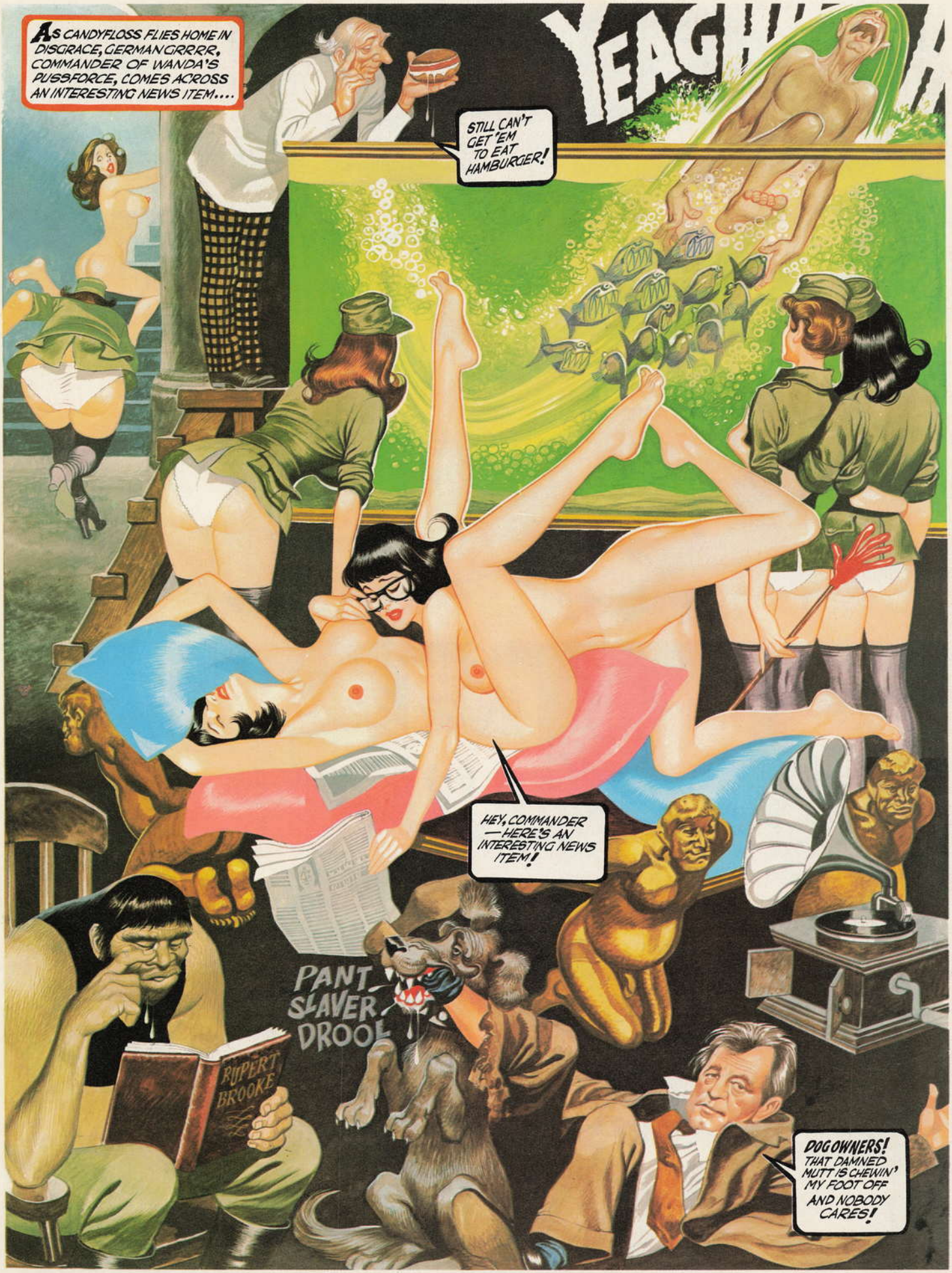
I WISH TO LODGE A PROTEST IN THIS, WOMEN'S LIBERATION YEAR. THIS STRIP ABUSES THE FAIR FLOWER OF WOMANHOOD! IT USES US AS SEX OBJECTS!
MY TWO BANKS ARE BULGING WITH YOUR LIQUID DEPOSITS. BUT MY INDUSTRIAL BASES ARE FEELING....
HEY, BUDDY—WHAT'S THE CURRENT VALUE OF THE DOLLAR HERE?
TWO PIASTRES A TON!
BUT LADY—WHAT THE HELL ELSE CAN I USE FOR A SEX OBJ..UGH!
HOW DARE YOU LAY YOUR LUSTFUL HANDS ON ME!
TAKE THAT!
PERVERT! HAIRY CREEP!
NOT MY RIGHT ARM! I'VE GOT TO DRAW THE REST OF THE STRIP!
KNOCK IT OFF! I'M TRYIN' TO FOLLOW THE STRIP —AND THAT AIN'T EASY WITHOUT THE NOISE!
BUDW

... THE PINCH!
SO HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO!
I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST FOOTBALL FANS WHO BEHAVED LIKE THAT!
GOOD HEAVENS NO! THE VENEER OF CIVILIZED BEHAVIOR IS PRETTY THIN IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE!
THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING!

MEANWHILE ON HOWARD HUGE'S CARIBBEAN ISLAND. HE-WHOM-THE-WORLD ASSUMES TO BE HUGE CONSULTS BURPO BOSSOTUTTI, THE COSA NASTI GODFATHER.....
BEAT IT, SMART ASS!
YOU'RE TRYIN' TOO HARD, KID!
ARE ALL THESE LADIES FAMOUS FILM STARS?
NO. THEY'RE CALLED STARLETS OR MODELS OR EXTRAS. THEY'RE JUST HIRED TO DECORATE THE STRIP WHEN THE CARTOONIST RUNS OUT OF IDEAS!
SHE MAY LACK LOOKS, BUT BOY— SHE'S GOT AMBITION!
I SAID A COOL BEER!
WHY IS IT ALWAYS OLD MEN WHO ARE RICH?
THIS VON KREESUS BRAT HAS SOMEHOW GOT THE OIL SHEIKHS OVER A BARREL! I WANNA KNOW WHY— AND FAST!
APART FROM THE NORMAL AMOUNTS OF SEWAGE, OIL, CHEMICAL WASTE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFLUENCE—THESE OYSTERS ARE FREE FROM CONTAMINATION!
WE GOTTA GET INTO THAT SCHLOSS OF HERS....
DIET TABASCO

BURPO SPOTS A BUNCH OF MINI-CHICKS AT THEIR MORNING SEXERCISES.....
WHAT YOU'RE DOING RIGHT NOW IS CALLED VOYEURISM!
.... AND I JUST GOT ME AN IDEA HOW TO GET AT THE VON KREESUS BROAD!
SLURP!
BURP!
SOMETHING SNAPPED!
MEANWHILE....
THAT'S SETTLED THEN! HALF YOUR REVENUE GOES TO MY INDUSTRIES, TO BUY OIL WITH. THAT WAY WE KEEP THE MONEY CIRCULATING!
MS WANDA—THE PRIME MINISTER WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU URGENTLY!
I SHOULD'VE STUCK TO BREEDING CAMELS!
WE'VE GOT A MAJOR POLITICAL CRISIS ON OUR HANDS!
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND IS CAUSING GRAVE UNREST AMONG OUR WOMEN!
SHE HAS BOUGHT UP MOST OF OUR RESERVE MALE STOCK....
AAAAGH!
.... AND KEEPS MAKING THESE PHONE CALLS TO THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS!

KNOCK! KNOCK!
I'VE SEEN THINGS NO TEDDY BEAR OUGHT TO SEE!
COME RIGHT IN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
BOO'FUL! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR....
...NOTHING!
GO PACK YOUR BAG, PUSSCAKE!


AS CANDYFLOSS FLIES HOME IN DISGRACE, GERMAN GRRRR, COMMANDER OF WANDA'S PUSSFORCE, COMES ACROSS AN INTERESTING NEWS ITEM....
YEAGH!
STILL CAN'T GET 'EM TO EAT HAMBURGER!
HEY, COMMANDER — HERE'S AN INTERESTING NEWS ITEM!
PANT SLAVER DROOL
RUPERT BROOKE
DOG OWNERS! THAT DAMNED MUTT IS CHEWIN' MY FOOT OFF AND NOBODY CARES!

SIX "MINI-CHICKS" STRANDED IN ZURICH BY SOME CHEATIN' IMPRESSARIO!
STOP TRYING TO INGRATIATE YOURSELF WITH ME!
I NEED INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION— NOT SUFFOCATING BLOODY DEVOTION!
YAP! YAP! YAP!
THEY LOOK CUTE! MAYBE I SHOULD RECRUIT THEM TO THE PUSS FORCE!
GO ON— I DARE YOU!
HERE, DICKY— DICKY!
OH-OH— SOMETHING TELLS US BURPO'S NOT BEEN WASTING ANY TIME! BUT WHAT'S HIS GAME PLAN? HANG IN THERE TILL NEXT MONTH!

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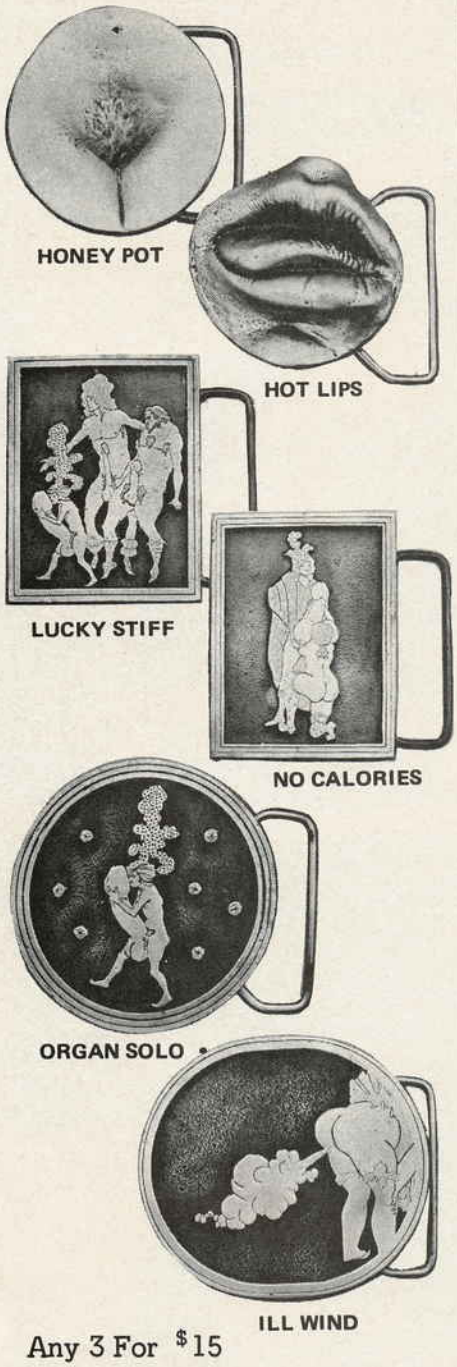

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THE DESTRUCTION OF A HUMAN BEING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

when he signed into Hood, but he received instead the grand sum of eighty-seven dollars, because, despite the documentation he presented from the Oil City hospital, he was in excess of leave during the time of his injury. It wiped out an entire month's salary. By the time his family arrived two weeks later, they had less than one hundred dollars between them and it went as down payment on a trailer. A few extra dollars bought a round of bologna sandwiches.

Penthouse was able to verify Downing's hospitalization with a five-minute phone call, but it was not until the end of May that the army gave him *partial* pay for that period, covering only nine days of the month he was laid up. Nearly a year later, in April 1972, they paid him for four more days.

The Downings were broke enough that year for Ed to appeal three times to the Red Cross, and to undertake a part-time job in a Burger King. And his obsession with getting his discharge never waned. He told his story repeatedly to Fort Hood authorities with no success, and on June 7, 1972, he filed a new official request for discharge—his fourth or fifth, he believes.

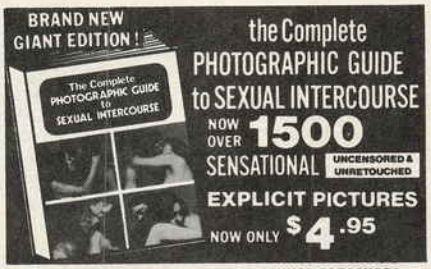
He hand-carried his abrupt little document to each station for approval. And since his was a clear case of erroneous reenlistment (as it had been for two years), each station recommended immediate approval. The matter was sent to Houston for "final determination." Word came back swiftly: request granted.

On July 14, 1972, in something under five minutes, Edward Downing was honorably discharged from the United States Army.

Incredibly, his tale had still another degrading chapter to stumble through before it wound down to its pathetic conclusion. He was out of the army, but he wasn't out of Texas—and he didn't get out of Texas for another month.

On the day of his discharge, Downing had expected a hefty final check—a few hundred dollars plus, he hoped, back pay. What he received was exactly eighty-three dollars and forty cents, designated as travel pay. He raised hell in every office he could get into but not a cent more was forthcoming, and there was a complicated pay voucher to prove it. More than one hundred dollars went toward bond payments. Mysteriously, he was told that he was in excess of leave again—nearly $200 worth. But the largest collection, $262.72, was applied to an unexpected debt: Downing learned that he owed the army the "unearned portion of his reenlistment bonus." It came to $758. He still owes $495.90, and he is periodically billed for the sum.

When Downing got home that day, with the insulting eighty-three dollars wadded in a pocket, he discovered his car had been stolen. In the next few weeks he appealed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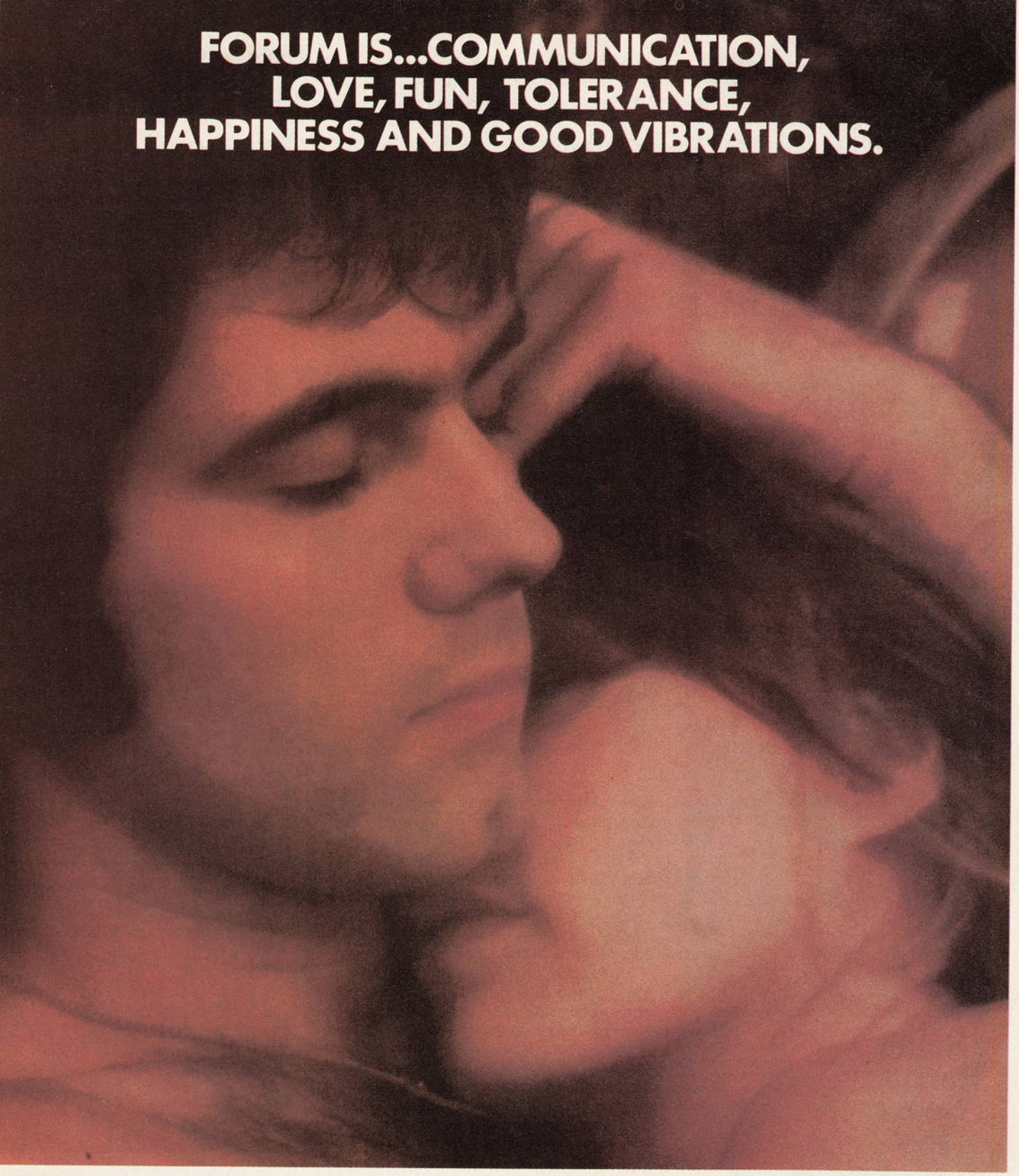

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again to Schweiker; he tried to get a job; he made another run across the border and got ripped off. Then, with three hungry children, a wife, and a sister all stranded, he committed an act of despair. Like a defective robot capable of only a single motion, he tried to reenlist. The army turned him down. He wasn't eligible yet.

Finally a sympathetic officer agreed to help Downing get airline tickets, and what was left of his family straggled back to Oil City. They had lost their trailer, of course; they had hocked several items; and the local sheriff had claimed their color television set (a gift) in lieu of a small bill.

Early one morning, less than a week after he arrived home, Downing set out on the path his father had taken for twenty-seven years. He went to work in the oil well. He got the job because of his war record.

His marriage disintegrated with excruciating predictability. Financially ruined and emotionally ravaged, Downing and his wife divorced in October 1973.

He now holds a single idea: justice.

Dismissed as a crank by both the army and Schweiker's office, from whom he sought aid repeatedly in the past four years, in March 1974 he phoned *Penthouse*. We investigated his story for months, checking files, tracing witnesses, and questioning Downing over and over. On July 17, we summarized our evidence and, because earlier official accounts were so grossly inadequate, queried the Secretary of the Army's office once again, through Senator Schweiker. Although we were told, "The Secretary of the Army's office is distraught over your letter," when the response came back *three months later*, it showed no evidence of careful research or even concern. Most shocking of all, DaCosta was never questioned about the role he played in Downing's troubles even though a paper in Downing's file indicates that the army knew DaCosta was—at the very least—guilty of backdating Downing's orders.

Meanwhile, on medical advice, Downing quit his job late last spring. Rarely well enough to work more than three days a week, his health deteriorated still more. Internal hemorrhaging, a recurrent problem caused by a Vietnam wound, weakened him, and he was sunk in depression. A few months later, he pulled himself together enough to seek assistance from Social Security and even the Veterans Administration, and he has started to see a psychiatrist regularly. He still has never talked about Vietnam, and he rarely sleeps or eats. More than anything, he has been alone, as tense from trouble today as he was during those three lost days in the Vietnam jungle.

The events that brought him full circle are unknown to most of the folks in Oil City, but it's easy for them to see he's not the boy he was. His hair is too long now, and his face too grim. They remember his fights, and they remember the time he brought that colored fellow into the VFW. But he is a war hero too, and that means something in Oil City. But what? No one knows anymore. ○—■

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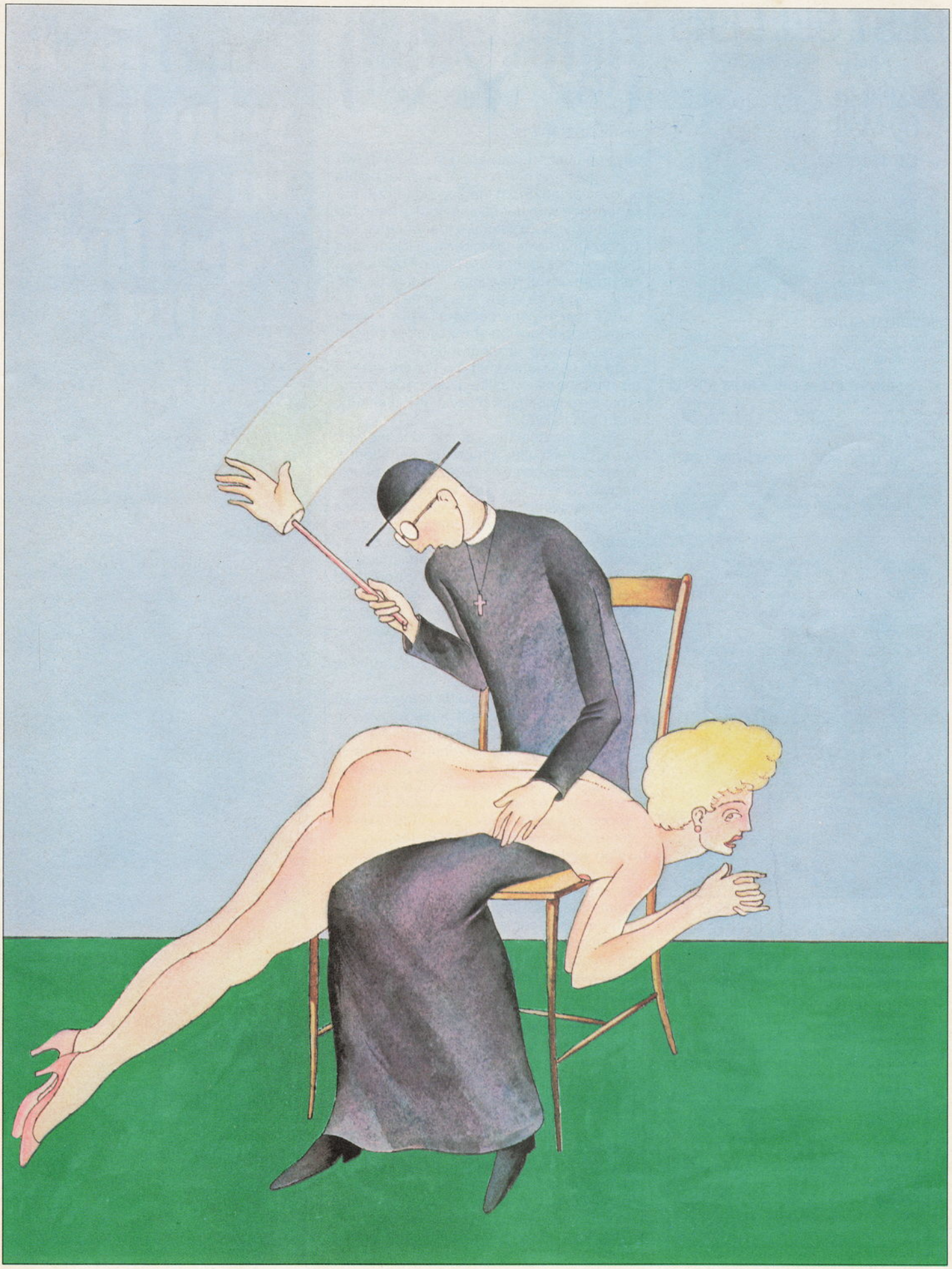

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COUPLE OF THE MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

physically adequate) enough to spend two hours teaching him some of the finer points of lovemaking. From the way he tells it, the experience with her has obviously been his most memorable sexual experience so far. The fact that he needs to recount it indicates that he needs to reassure himself of his sexual adequacy at the same time that he lets us know that he really is a ladies' man.

This is really the cause of Jeff's unconscious apprehension about the true state of the relationship. Instinct tells him to try to keep his self-doubts at bay—for the sake of his happiness—with the illusion (delusion): "I have everything I want sexually, mentally, and physically."

Hence his difficulty coming to terms with Ann's promiscuity. It must be a shattering experience to come home and find the woman with whom you are having a "superfine relationship" having it off with another man—which can mean only one thing to someone like Jeff: that he is not sufficiently adequate sexually to satisfy her completely.

Which brings us to Ann. From the outset of her sexual awareness, Ann has had quite the wrong idea of the function of sex (women's lib?), at least in my old-fashioned view. Sex should be used to cement a relationship, not to prove the sexual superiority of one or the other partner.

I agree with Jeff: "It wouldn't have been so bad except that we had made a commitment to each other." Ann knows what she has done to this boy. But though she feels guilty about it, like most, if not all, people who express their dominance through sex, she is selfish. Instinctively, I think, she has recognized Jeff's reliance on older women (influenced by his mother's dominance, which was stronger than he thought). She knows that he will accept any type of relationship dictated to him by her. So she tries to salve her guilt feelings by suggesting that Jeff should become as promiscuous as she is. Jeff tells us, "She said I was too young to be monogamous with her or anyone else. That no matter how I tried, I probably wouldn't be for very long." Then she made sure that he would be promiscuous.

She professes to *love* Jeff, but one of these days—good lover though she admits he is—she is going to opt out on him if she continues to think "You're always too young to cement yourself to someone else." In fact, I believe she is incapable of cementing herself to anyone.

Maybe the first stirrings of the break are already manifesting themselves and Jeff senses it. But he hasn't the experience to identify the signs; note, for instance, Ann's acceptance of what others tell her about Jeff.

Steel yourself, Jeff! Or better still, get the blow in first. ○+

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Case #R-039

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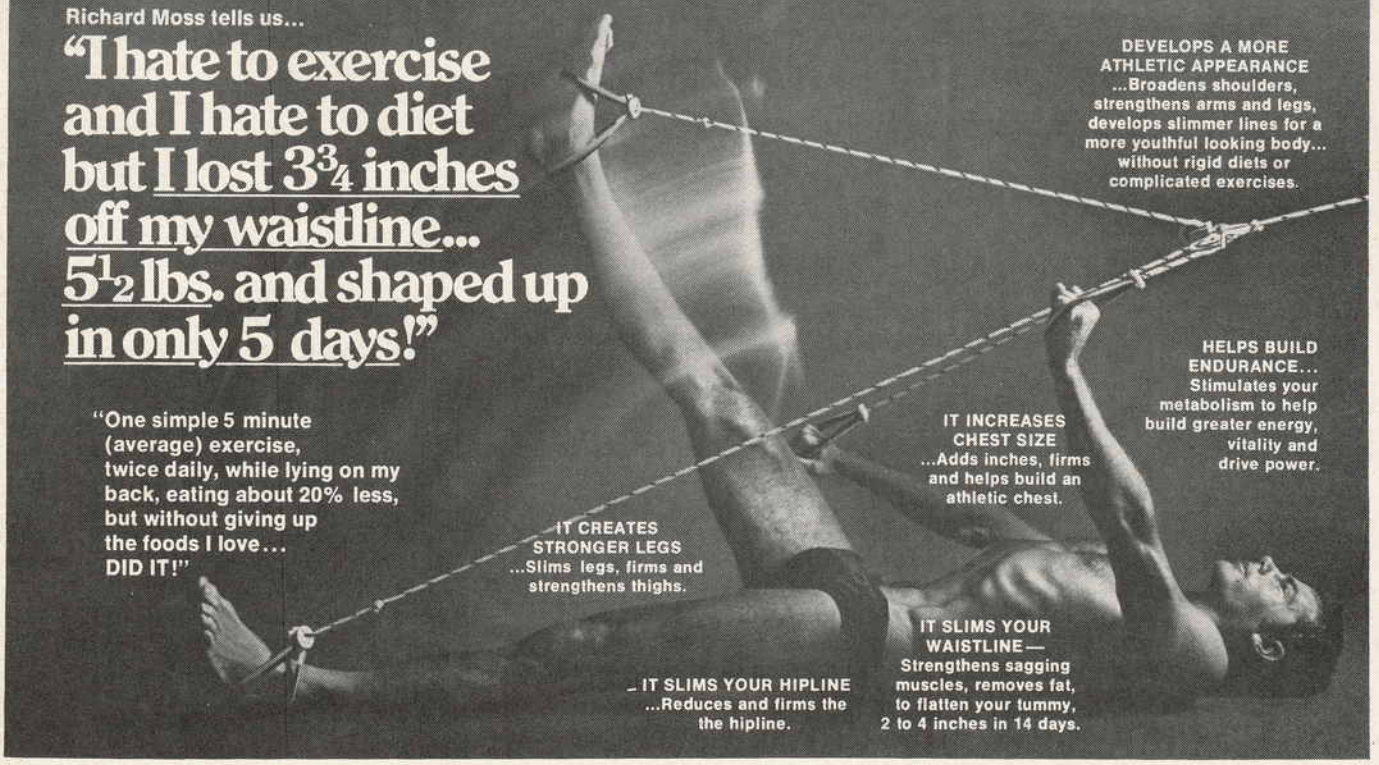
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Weight: 153½ lbs. Waist: 35½ in. | **Weight: 148 lbs. Waist: 31¾ in.**

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Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
G. C.	25 lbs.	5¾ in.	(14 days)
M. F.	32 lbs.	6⅜ in.	(24 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	6 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6¾ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6¼ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake —temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

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THE SENSUOUS APE

The story of Mr. G., a gorilla who speaks cultured English, appears on talk shows, freely discusses his sex life, and comes to a bad end. Fiction from Kenneth Bernard.

GETTING STUCK

Writer Craig Karpel concludes that the seventies are so barren of new ideas that nostalgia is the only way out—be it for sadomasochists, hotel designers, or writers.

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Scenes from the memoirs of one of the most notorious rock groupies, in which she details who, how, and when she did it—plus snatches of poetry from her nightclub act.

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An examination of cockteasers—the Vietnam vets' ombudsman . . . Wicked Wanda!

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PLAYING AROUND: WOMEN AND EXTRA-MARITAL SEX

What accounts for the rising prevalence of infidelity among women? Linda Wolfe, as well-known journalist who specializes in human sexual behavior, answers this question and others in a definitive study of female adultery.

IS THE CURSE SEXY?

Many men and some of their girl friends think it is.

SENSUOUS WOMEN-IN THE FRENCH STYLE

Six of the most memorable French movie stars in the world—Jeanne Moreau, Delphine Seyrig, Simone Signoret, among others—give their opinions on erotica and life to Paul Gardner.

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A young woman's summer blossoming—fiction by Sue Kaufman, author of *Diary of a Mad Housewife*.

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TRISEXUALITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

used to jostle around so much on the bed that I'd end up falling on the floor on my behind half the time. It's no fun getting black and blue if you're not even getting spanked or whipped."

Oddly enough, it's the innocent-looking twenty-one-year-old Tammy who brings the triad into the vaguely kinky aspects of their trisexuality. Tammy enjoys mild bondage and discipline. On B & D nights, Faye ties Tammy down, binding her wrists and ankles to the bedposts with flimsy chiffon scarves. Maggie goes down on Tammy, eating her sweet juices, teasing her nipples to the throbbing point, and then breaks off abruptly while Faye playfully, lightly slaps the naked girl's breasts, stomach, and pelvic region. "That only gets me more excited," Tammy confirmed. This is repeated a few times until Tammy reaches climax or, more often, a burst of short, fast climaxes. Then Faye and Maggie untie Tammy who in turn massages, licks, and sucks her lovers, using every sort of manual stimulation she can improvise, until they've come. After that? "It's a free-for-all," Faye confessed. "We just try to give each other pleasure in as many ways as we can think of. Maggie's got a specialty though—she's a sort of human vacuum cleaner, a human broom. That girl's got a tongue like an anteater!"

Maggie, PhD anthropologist that she is, blushed slightly and changed the subject: "None of us is a confirmed lesbian. At least, we're not lesbian in the way I'd always assumed gay women would be. I've slept with several men, too, since Faye and Tammy and I became intimate—a steady thing."

"But none of us considers the men as more than passing fancies," Faye reflected. "I guess it's nice to get reminded what a cock looks like once in a while. Yet I feel sex with women is just as satisfying as sex with men, maybe even more so, since you know just what to do to give another woman pleasure: it's what gives *you* sexual satisfaction. I think I've had more orgasms—if that's any reliable gauge of sexual satisfaction—in the six months the three of us have been together than I had in all my years with men."

"I don't think I could have begun, much less maintained a sexual relationship with one woman," Maggie went on, leaning forward in her chair to make the point. "I would've thought of myself as a dyke, and that's something I never wanted to be. Since there are three of us, not two, that somehow makes it feel more 'right.' As long as there are three of us, I'm not just your neighborhood dyke-anthro-professor—I'm an exciting, desirable, sexually adventurous woman.

"Isn't it amazing what one extra body can mean? I'm not what my puritan parents would call perverted. I prefer to think of myself as sexually daring, as chic. It feels good to be fashionable for a change!"

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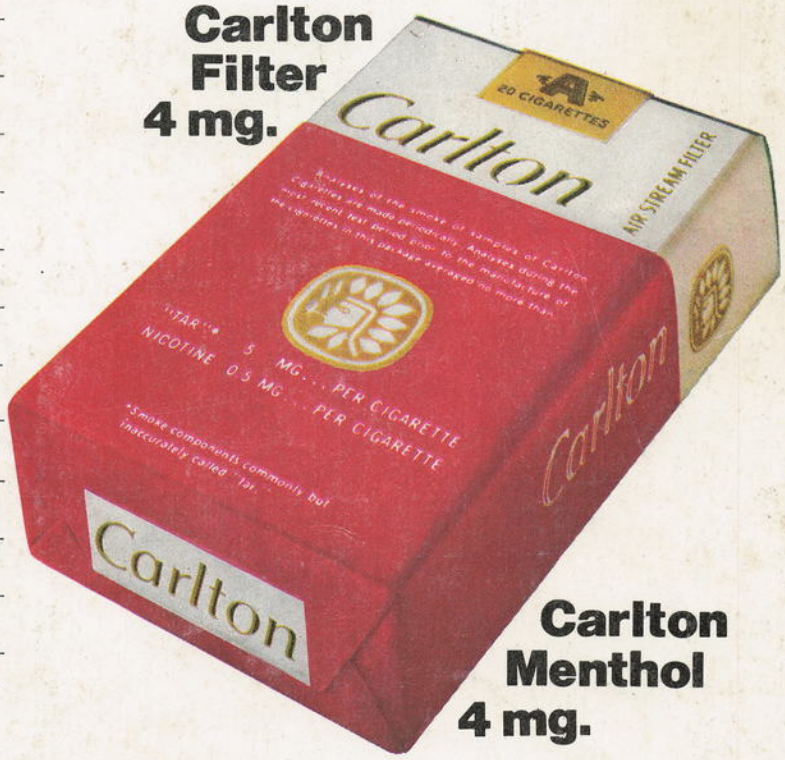

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